

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XIX., NO. 2 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. FEB., 1896

Current Comment

Turkey, the Bluebeard of the Orient Turkey, the Bluebeard of the Orient, is industriously piling up appalling statistics of slaughter. The annals of history present no such spectacle as this conversion of Armenia into a vast blood-covered arena,—the nations of the world placidly looking on, with their thumbs turned downward. With dainty diplomatic courtesy and the tactics of modern prize-fighters, the Powers conduct their warfare through private secretaries. The keen, sharp, persuasive argument of the sword, and the penetrating, aggressive logic of shot and shell, at the end of the nineteenth century, gives way to neat, harmless little letters of mild protest. These scented diplomatic missives sent by the Powers have not yet reached the heart of the Sultan. The method is like trying to quiet a rhinoceros with cologne from an atomizer.

A petty violation of treaty rights, the squabble over a bit of South American forest, the payment of indemnity for assault upon an English citizen, the possibility of capturing a gold mine on a disputed border-line—any of these is "sufficiently important" cause for real war. But the bitter cries of outraged humanity, of thousands of Armenians assaulted, shot, hungered, reviled, hunted, and oppressed, make a whisper that is not loud enough to penetrate into the fastnesses of international diplomacy. We read of the excitement in India when a few tigers break loose from the forest and roam in the villages; but here is a nation where the tigers of humanity hold feast of carnage over the helpless. And the great civilized nations of the world can dare look on and be politic. O for a moment of that savagery that sees a wrong, slays—and *thinks* afterwards! There are situations in life where kindly persuasion is out of place, where Christianity is of the muscular kind, where the lash of justice should flay the offenders and bring them to terms, as when Christ scourged the desecrating moneychangers out of the temple.

Armenia, like the certain man who went down to Jericho, has fallen among thieves "which have stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half-dead." We have the sad spectacle of the great powers of the world, the nations that mould its destiny, like the priest and the Levite passing by on the other side. The good Samaritan that has come to the rescue of Armenia is the Society of the Red Cross, under the leadership of Clara Barton. It has undertaken the work of feeding, nursing, caring for, and protecting, so far as lies within its power, the hundred thousand victims of the Turks. They have gone to heal the sick and wounded, to bring new life to the starving, to give new hope to the hopeless, to be ministering angels of sweetness and light, to make Christianity a living fact. The Red Cross does not squabble and parley and debate before taking action; it does not, like the great Powers, ask for a guaranteed slice of Turkey, before dismembering this carrion bird of the

nations. Their crusade, with the red cross at their head, is a more hopeful sign of the progress of civilization, of the growing brotherhood of man and of the spiritual advance of humanity than all the wonders of modern science.

Is Patriotism a Lost Art? The one great topic of the month has been "war." A war-cloud has hovered over the two Americas upon a claim to a disputed bit of South American territory. The scene-shifters of national affairs in Europe have set the stage for battle, over a piece of African land. Of far greater importance for the moment than the mere question of the right or wrong of the demands is the question, "How do the people regard the issue? What is their point of view for judging?" It hardly seems, to the close observer, to be one wherein patriotism is the crucible in which the issue is tested. Patriotism seems to have shrunk in its spelling to the six letters of "policy." The question as discussed in the clubs, in society, in the street, in the exchanges, is not "Is the Monroe Doctrine a just one? is it for the best permanent interests of the nation? is it called forth in the present issue of the Venezuelan boundary? is it part of our duty as citizens to stand boldly on that platform at any cost?" No; the common point of view seems to have been a commercial one, as if the Monroe Doctrine were a new stock put on the market. "Will it pay me to invest in it? How will it affect the times? How will it modify our trade? Will it increase taxes? Will it make my investment in Harlem lots a failure?"

This is not the proper point of view of the citizen. It is not the spirit that heartened the barefooted soldiers of the Revolution to make a strip of seaboard colonies into one of the greatest nations of the world. The citizens of a nation, the men who should be patriots, do not own their country; they are not proprietors; they are but trustees holding a life interest in its privileges and its destiny. Each generation receives it as a sacred trust with the weight of protecting care given to its preservation by the preceding generation. Every privilege we inherit from the nation's past becomes a duty to the nation's future. We cannot pay the patriot dead who died for their country, but we can preserve that country for the patriots yet unborn. And this mighty trust should be the one supreme question that ever shrivels the pettiness of individual fortune into nothingness.

The issue is never primarily "Shall we have war?" It is, "Are we right?" If we are wrong, we can do right, only by surrendering a wrong claim. If we are right, let us stand boldly by it, not reckoning the cost. Let us try discussion, conference, peace treaties, arbitration, every possibility that the wisdom of the nation's best thinkers can devise; then, if war be inevitable, let it come; let us accept it with the great, serious realization of its awful-

ness, as when the angel of death takes from us all that is dearest in life. War may be needed to purify the international atmosphere as a fierce thunderstorm in summer brings freshness, coolness and new life. Let us not fall down prostrate before the god of Trade like blinded savages before wooden images their own hands have made. Let it not be said that Americans are invulnerable to all except that which affects the national treasury, the individual pocketbook. Let us not sell the nation for a paltry thirty pieces of silver. Let America be invulnerable to all things; let it be an Achilles that can be touched and wounded only through its heel, and its heel is its patriotism.

*The New Laureate
at Work*

Alfred Austin has secured the position of English poet-laureate and entered upon his duties with the beginning of the new year. The poet-laureateship doubtless originated in the practice of crowning the class-poet at the universities with a wreath of laurel, thus making him "Poeta Laureatus." The nation in its growth felt the need of a poet to write songs for the people, to tell in stirring verses the victories of the nation, to put marriage bells into rhyme at royal weddings, to write hypocritical lullabies to lull to sleep memories of weakness and sin of royal favorites, to be chorus at all calls and at all times. It was in 1630 that the first patent of the office was granted. This was under Edward IV., when John Key was made laureate. He was followed by Barnard, Skelton, Spencer, Daniel, Jonson, Davenant, Dryden, Shadwell, Tate, Rowe, Eusden, Cibber, Whitehead, Warton, Pye, Southey, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and now Austin. Scott and Gray had the courage to refuse the proffered honor.

The salary for the work is £100 per annum, nearly \$10 a week. It was customary to give the laureate as a perquisite every year a tierce (about 42 gallons) of Canary wine. During Southey's tenancy of the office the gift of spirits was withdrawn and a check for £27 on the royal treasury given instead. The reason of this change is not stated. It is believed by some that the wine worked its way disastrously into the verse of the poets; others believe that the laureates did not know what to do with the wine; others hold to the opinion that it arose from the protest of the W. C. T. U. of the time against royal encouragement of intemperance in literature. Be this as it may, it is not important. It was at one time part of the duty of the laureate to write an ode on the birthday of the sovereign. But the birthdays came so frequently, and the verse became so bad, that the people rose in their wrath, and fearing a rebellion and possibly a change of dynasty, George III. toward the end of his reign mercifully removed this exaction, generously permitting the \$10 a week to continue. George III. had his faults, his intellect was not of the strongest, he had tenacity of purpose and a sense of decorum, and his mind gave way several times. It is not just for us to inquire whether it was in a lucid flash of decorum or a spasm of insanity that he rendered the birthday ode obsolete. We should accept mercies as they come, without carping skepticism.

The poet-laureateship is responsible for some very bad verse, not only in itself, but in the sycophantic samples of verse given by laureate-candidates, many of whom, we are thankful, were not elected. There is one good side to elections, they eliminate all the candidates

but one. Some notable poets have written excellent verse, invaluable contributions to our literary treasures while chartered poets. But they did this because they were strong enough to rise above the limits of their official position, not to be swallowed by it. Kipling would have made an excellent laureate in its best sense. He would have been the voice of the people, manly, ringing, strong, patriotic, not the mere echo of the throne subdued to mild harmony with court sentiment. Alfred Austin, the new laureate, donned his laurel wreath at an auspicious moment. England was again adjusting her trailing robe of chaperonage over the universe; the United States, a rebel unregenerate child, had dared to make protest; Germany had forgotten family and national ties and interfered in the chastising of an African colony; English naval power in its magnificence was ready to war against all comers; the whole world seemed against the great English nation, none to take her hand in friendly counsel and strength. At this crucial moment, with his opportunities to shout the clarion cry of British power, patriotism, defiance; to tell the world that British courage backed British claims, that the great empire of the modern world would rise as a unit at the turn of a hand in Downing Street; at this crucial moment, the favoring gift of the gods to a real poet, Austin perpetrated his first official poem, Jameson's Ride in the Transvaal. The concluding stanza cabled to America is this bit of valentine verse:

I suppose we were wrong—were mad men,
Still I think at the judgment day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There will be something more to say.
We were wrong, but we are not half sorry,
And, one of the baffled band,
I would rather have had that foray
Than the crushings of all the Rand.

With such weak, trembling lines, such rachitic attempt at rhyming, such wasted opportunity, it speaks but ill for the future of the laureate. A poet's license covers a good many imperfections, but in the present instance we think the poet's license should be revoked, and Austin should have the good taste to hand his wreath back to Queen Victoria and venture to suggest that Kipling (or any other poet) should be his successor.

Journalism and Laundries

Modern ingenuity prides itself on its combinations, novelties in invention, that do double duty, like folding-beds that when not in use can be closed up into mantel clocks, and the like. A Spanish Yankee has seriously planned *La Tela Cortada*, a new journal to be printed on linen. In an article boozing the value of it from a sanitary point of view, it is claimed that after reading, the paper can be laundered and then used as a pocket-handkerchief. The idea is a noble wedding of utility and art—and could well be applied to our journalism. What a splendid piece of bed-apparel an American Sunday blanket sheet would make after being returned from the "blanchisseur de fin," as Du Maurier says. A Sunday paper might even by dexterous cutting be made into a table-cloth, six napkins and four doylies. At the risk of being unkind, we would suggest that it would be well to try the antiseptic laundering process on the accounts of scandals, police reports, etc., before permitting the articles to appear,—those articles that make our papers post-graduate classes in modern crime and degradation.

GALLOPING DICK'S GUEST: QUANDARY OF THE BISHOP

BY H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON

A selected reading from *Galloping Dick: Being Chapters from the Life and Fortunes of Richard Ryder, otherwise Galloping Dick, sometime Gentleman of the Road.* By H. B. Marriott-Watson. Published by Stone & Kimball. A delightful book, with an air of realness in chronicling events, an impassive reserve as of one who cares not to comment or moralize, that suggests Daniel Defoe at his best. It was a wild, snowy evening on the moors; the Bishop on his way to a marriage ceremony at the residence of Lord Petersham, meets with a misfortune in the breakdown of his coach. While his man has gone for assistance, Galloping Dick rides up and interviews the Bishop. Dick, with the easy savoir faire of a true gentleman of the road, relieves the Bishop of his valuables, and then, pleased with the unruffled, amiable calmness of the reverend gentleman, gives him back his money and watch. They drift into an easy current of conversation, each humoring the odd situation, until at last Dick proposes to take the Bishop to an inn, and thence show him the way to Lord Petersham's if the Bishop will be Dick's guest. The Bishop, with becoming courtesy, accepts the offer, and together they go to the inn.

The inn was empty; but the chamber into which the innkeeper showed us roared with flaming logs, and at the first glow of the light upon the wooden walls the Bishop turned to me and smiled. "We shall do well," he says, "if the supper be in any keeping with this show of comfort."

"And by the Lord, my lord," I put in, "you may trust Dick Ryder for that."

My stomach was tolerable enough when the feast was served, and I clapped my spurs under the chair and fell to with all my teeth. And none so backward was his lordship, neither. He snuffed up the rich odors of the stuffed veal with his inordinate nostrils; he breathed in the fine-smelling spiceries with an air; and he took possession of the table with magnificent and easy pomp. The dignified behavior of the creature, so incongruous to his circumstances, tickled me rarely, and I could have slapped my thigh to see me there, squatting over against such company, with all the graces of an Earl at Court. And first he flings me out his napkin and spreads it evenly across his belly. "And now," says he, "a little grace, Ryder, will come convenient 'twixt you and me. We must e'en consecrate a feast derived one knows not whence."

He spoke so smooth and with so gentle a sarcasm that I should have been a sorry knave to have taken any offense out of his words. Indeed, I had no disposition now to look upon anything save with humor, and the phrase was pat enough in all knowledge.

"If your reverence," says I, "cannot muster prayers for both, why I'll make shift to furbish up a tag for myself."

"Tis part of our episcopal duty," he returned, "to take charge of these small courtesies to our Maker." And with that, having muttered a scrap or so—which did well enough for me, God knows!—he whipped up a knife and fell on the victuals.

There was a fullness about his hunger which was much to my mind. The fire roared behind him, and the room was very pleasantly filled with warmth and perfume. I cannot bring to mind that we spoke much or of consequence for the first ten minutes. But somewhere about the third course (an extremely well-jugged hare), and when for my own part the edge of my appetite was blunting, I looked up and met the Bishop's eye,

which was fixed upon me meditatively. He raised his glass and sipped of the claret slowly; set it down upon the table; and, pinching up his eyes the while, stared thoughtfully from it to me and from me to it again.

"Of a cold, hard night, Ryder," said he, picking out his words, "a warm, soft wine lines a stomach gratefully. We oppose opposites in the meetest sense; and, to take my own poor judgment, the frankest advice, if it be for the common comfort, consists with the most polite and sacred usages of society. This wine—?" He paused, and inquired of me in silence.

I brought my fist with a thump upon the board. "Sink me for a scurvy, worthless loon," said I, angrily, for I was in a blush of shame to have played so evil a trick on him. I took a draught myself, and plumped down the glass with an oath. "'Tis so, by Heaven," I said; "cold, harsh stuff and biting to the vitals." And I sprang at the door to call upon mine host.

"I felt," explained the Bishop, politely, "that some point was askew in a dinner else so perfect."

I roared to the landlord, who came falling up the stairs in his fuss and fright. I took him in by the shoulders and drubbed him with round abuse. "Perish my soul," I cried; "you filthy tapster, to fub off upon the Bishop and me this griping verjuice, that is fit not even for a surfeit of swine! Are we gutter hogs," I said, "to swill on swipes and sour the edges of our teeth on vinegar? And his lordship, there, of as delicate a stomach as any lady in the straw!"

There was never a wretch made so mean a figure as the rascal when I had him by the collar under this storm; but the Bishop said nothing till the fool was got off, shambling in a fit of terror, to his cellars. Then he lay back and looked at me very mildly.

"There is a certain rough vigor in your tongue, Ryder," said he, "and of scurril terms you have a most remarkable empire. But it sounds so strangely in my ears that it has fallen with something like a clap upon me. I will not criticise my host," says he, "and to cross the habits of a life smacks of a meddling Anabaptist. But, an' you must march in your full habits as a man, 'Bishop' were best left unsaid, Ryder, and 'his lordship' might with profit hold over till the blood runs cool. You will observe that I tuck up my apron for convenience."

"You speak well, my lord," I replied, penitently, "and if you will be so good as to shrive me for the sacrilege, split me, I'll hold by your directions for the future."

And, here came the flasks with the innkeeper, which, uncorking, we dipped our noses in a rare old burgundy. My lord held up his head and blinked at me good-humoredly across the table. "For all that I will not deny," said he, "the value of such vigor."

We drank again. The wine was rarely generous. The Bishop drained his glass and poured it full afresh. He beamed at me, and twirled the shank between his fingers and against the light.

"'Twas an admirable thought, Ryder," he said, smiling, "that you recalled this inn. I wonder, now, where that laggard coachman of mine may be?"

"Deep to his neck in drifts," says I, with a laugh.

"Twould be a pity," said the Bishop, shaking his head, "an ill bed upon a bitter night. But let us hope," he added, cheerfully, "that the rascal is kicking his heels by a comfortable fire."

"And drinking some such noble liquor as his master," I put in.

The Bishop laughed, showing his fine white teeth. He laughed, and drank again. "And yet," said he, moralizing, "rightly thought on, Ryder, these afflictions and visitations of the weather have still their divine uses." I cocked my eye at him, in wonder, to see him break out in this preaching fashion. "They teach us, Ryder, to cast up the blessings of our homes, and they are uncommon fine in titillating an appetite," he ended, with a chuckle.

"And a thirst, by your lordship's leave," I added, addressing myself to the wine.

The Bishop's eyes followed the dusty flask, and lingered upon it with thoughtfulness. "We will have another," said I, promptly, rising to my feet.

"Another?" said the Bishop, dubiously.

"Why, yes, another," I repeated, with decision; "I am no sandbed, but I am no stop-the-bottle, neither."

"Well, then, another," assented the Bishop, with a sigh.

When I took my seat again the Bishop was contemplating me with some curiosity. "You have a wife, Ryder?" he asked.

"I have as good," I answered, "and as pretty a doxy as lives this side of London. Here's to her health," says I.

The Bishop took out his snuff-box, and, tapping it very carefully, "I do not know," said he, "if there be any sufficient authority for the relation in canon law, but 'twill serve, doubtless, for my argument."

"And for our toast, my lord," said I, stoutly. The Bishop looked at me, his eyes twinkled suddenly, and he lifted his glass. "And for our toast, as you have well observed, Ryder," he agreed.

In the pursuit of my business I have had occasion to mingle in a variety of company. I have dined with the Lord Chief Justice—not with his will, to be sure; I have encountered a Royal Prince; and I have entertained several noble ladies and gentlemen of title upon compulsion. Altogether I have a tolerable acquaintance among the quality. But the Bishop was more to my taste than the most amiable among them; and when he spoke of Polly Scarlett in such kindly terms, the friendliness went straight to my heart, and I reached over my hand and stuck it at him.

"My lord," says I, "you take me by the heart, and 'fore Heaven, if you had a score of purses, you should go free of the confraternity. As one gentleman of the road should speak to another, so do I speak to you. And now, if there be any toast your lordship may be nursing in his desires, do not smother it up," said I, "but unwrap it and show it forth, and I will drink it, though it should be to the topsman himself."

"I am under infinite obligations for the favor, Ryder," said the Bishop, bowing at me, "but I fear I have no one for this honor."

"Come," I protested, "roll 'em all in your mind, my lord, and turn 'em over on your tongue. I'll warrant there's a pretty woman somewhere at the back."

The Bishop seemed to consider, and shook his head

gravely. "It appears, Ryder," said he, "that you are too sanguine. We will leave the tribute where it stands."

"Then," I exclaimed, "sure, we will drink without it." And I pushed over the flask.

The Bishop daintily filled his glass with his fat fingers, and we drank once more. His stomach merged over the table; it ranged collateral with the wine, and tickled me with the notion of some great vat beside the empty bottles. I shook with laughter, and the Bishop smiled genially. "Speaking as one gentleman of the road would to another, Ryder," says he, "I declare I have never kept such disreputable company in my life."

I have confessed the wine was rich and cordial; it flowed warmly through my veins, and set my head high and whirling like a weathercock. And at this jest I fell to laughing louder, for the thrust appeared to me a piece of pretty wit. I smacked my thigh, and bellowed till the rheum ran over my eyes, and at last I pulled up and found the Bishop very quiet, and fallen into a kind of abstraction. In my merry mood I took this ill; for a gentleman must needs complete a bargain to the end, and I hate your sour looks and solemn faces.

"Look'ee, my lord," I cried, with some choleric, "if 'tis my Lord Petersham that you are regretting, why have it out, and let us finish your thoughts aloud."

The Bishop lifted his eyebrows with a faint expression of amusement. "I vow, Ryder," said he, "that I had clean forgot my Lord Petersham."

"That is well," I returned, dropping back into my chair. "But," he continued, thoughtfully, "in truth, now that you recall me to my duty, I must remember also that pleasure has an end."

He rose, and I rose with him.

"My lord," I said, for I was all for a long night, "it would ill become me to press you from your duty, but if you will consider the night——"

"Ah, Ryder," he interrupted, smiling graciously, "pray do not beset a poor sinner with temptations." He stood before the fire, warming his legs. "This has been a pleasant encounter," says he, "and now I will keep you to your promise."

As he put it in that way, I had no more words against his purpose, and, having settled the score, we set forth again upon the horses, myself this time upon Calypso. The night was still very bitter, but I, at least, was warm with wine, and, I think, the Bishop, too, was full enough for comfort. Yet the cold edge of the wind somewhat reduced my fervor, and where I was rolling three-parts free in liquor ten minutes back, I was now mainly sobered and continent of all my senses. I knew the land by rote, and we proceeded easily by lanes and windings through a grievous slush of snow, until at the end of half an hour we came out on the ridge of the hill (I knew it of old) which lies in the rear of my Lord Petersham's castle.

At the crossroads the Bishop reined in his horse, and turned to me. "I think, Ryder," said he, but courteously, "that we shall be well quit of each other here. I make a dull companion for youth, and you have, doubtless, a long ride before you."

"Dull," says I, "be damned! I'll wager upon you before all the bucks in town."

The Bishop smiled. "So rich a testimony from yourself, Ryder," he observed, "should go far to keep me in repute."

"You may have it and welcome, my lord," I an-

swered. "And here," I added, as a noise of wheels came up the hill, "no doubt you will find some friends with whom I may leave you."

I could hear the horses snorting and the heavy carriage creaking as it strained slowly to the top. "Ryder," said the Bishop, after a pause, and looking at me quizzically, "I am like to eat worse dinners than to-night's, and to meet much poorer entertainment."

At that moment the heads of the horses came popping over the rise. "Why, as for entertainment," says I, jovially, for the devil, somehow, took me all in a second, "'tis not all at an end, neither, I can promise you." For the fancy caught me up of a sudden, and rapt me off in the maddest of whimsies; and as the carriage rolled out into the moonlight I beckoned the Bishop forward and rode up in his company. I was not two minutes over the business. There was the postilion imploring mercy on his knees, the woman shrieking, the gentleman himself swearing a stream of oaths, and my pistol through the window—the whole rare picture in a flash!

"Why, what is this?" stammered the Bishop in amazement. "What—why—" And his horse, backing and plunging under his clumsy handling, saved me the rest of his protest. But, seizing the bridle in my left hand, I brought his nose up to the window.

"Sir," said I, politely, to the man in the coach, "the frost holds hard, and the snow lies heavy, and my friend and I, lacking purses of our own, must needs borrow of our neighbors to carry us to that excellent host, my Lord Petersham's. And as on this great occasion of the Lady Mary's marriage, we should think shame to do things with a niggards hand, why we are fain to dip deep into your pockets. I am sure," says I, with a glance at the lady, "that this lamentable condition of my friend in particular, for I am of younger and more vigorous blood, will merit the tender consideration of the sex."

I could have fallen off the mare with laughter, and for the first time in the adventures of that night I caught a look of consternation stamped upon the Bishop's face. But as for the couple in the coach, they made no more ado after their first emotion. I have the repute of a manner, which, though it becomes me little to brag of it, carries me forward in my business without much trouble. The purses were flung out (one, as I live, at the Bishop), the window was closed, and the horses were slapping down the hill ere the Bishop's face had lost its frown or his tongue found words. I turned and met him squarely, but I was in a sweat to keep from laughing. He bit his lip, and at the sight of his discomfiture, I could contain myself no longer, but broke into merriment. He was most horribly taken aback, I vow. But "This is unseemly, Ryder," was all he said; repeating it sharply then and there, "This is unseemly."

I gave him some foolish retort, for I was cackling like a hen, and, steering his horse round quickly, he started down the hill at a leisurely pace. But he had not gone very far ere I was on him, and catching at the reins of his horse, I gave him the barrel at his eye.

"Nay, nay, my lord," says I, "it is discourteous to take such brief leave of a friend and companion. You shall have your share, honorably enough. Dismiss your dudgeon. Meanness was never cried of Galloping Dick. We shall take part together. Come, you and I are engaged for a fine evening's pleasureing."

And with that I let him snatch a glimmer of the pistol. He stared at me reflectively for a space, with a frown upon his forehead, and then shrugged his shoulders after a foreign fashion of his. "It seems," said he, "that, having made free with the devil, I must e'en abide his company."

"That is so," I retorted on him, grinning, "and 'tis not the first time the Church has made friends with him."

"Tis a lesson," said the Bishop, continuing his thoughts, "one might protest against bodily indulgence."

"Fie! fie!" says I, "a wit turned preacher?"

"I will have you observe, Ryder," says he, with asperity, "that I am still your guest." His ease had not deserted the man, even in his anger, and I would have made him a decent apology for the sneer had not the rumble of approaching wheels distracted my attention.

"It appears," said the Bishop, calmly, "that the post is well chosen, and you are like to capture all his lordship's guests."

"We, my lord, we!" I cried, laughing. "Of myself I make no pretensions to courage, but, buckled with a fine, fat fellow like yourself, I am fit to hold the road against a regiment of his Majesty."

I declare that I had no anticipation of the event at the outset. The act was merely incidental; but when I smote the Bishop's horse upon the rump, he put up his forelegs and plunged out upon the road, fetching his head, with a crash, through the window of the carriage as it pulled up. Confusion fell in a moment, and a frightened face shrank into the interior of the coach. The Bishop himself, for he was an indifferent horseman, being heavy above the saddle, was flung in a lump across the mane, and sat looking in at the window with a very red and angry face. He was a formidable fellow, with great thick eyebrows, and I swear it was as much the contortion of his ugly features as my own appearance with the pistol that finished the business on the spot. And he was scarce back in the seat ere the carriage was bowling away down the road. Then it was, perhaps, that I had most occasion to admire the man, for, righting himself with much labor, and settling his hat anew, he blew like a porpoise for some minutes. At the end he drew out his box with great difficulty, and, turning to me, tapped it, after his habit; and, says he, snuffing, "That was Lady Crawshaw," says he. "Twas the last week but one I dined with her."

"I trust," said I, "that she served your lordship well?"

"Indifferent, Ryder," he declared, "indifferent only. She has a shrewish tongue, and can keep no cook of parts. Indifferent; and the wine, too, after a woman's heart." Then, "You will observe, Ryder," he said, presently, "that I am an old man, and, however exciting the adventure, that the wind bites hard."

"My lord," I replied, bowing, for I was still under the spell of his demeanor, "I can ill afford to lose so useful a comrade, and there is the hedge for shelter against our next enterprise."

Perhaps it was scarce what he had expected, but he made no reply.

I was already in excellent temper, for the humor of the affair fairly set my head buzzing; and on the next episode of the night I was flushed with my own roaring spirits, as though I had been still drunken in the

inn. And no sooner was the sound of horses' hoofs come up the hill but I caught the Bishop by the arm, and, horse by horse, we took the road. "Here, comrade," said I, "faith, we have, as it seems, a fuller job to our hands." For at the moment two horsemen cantered into the crossways. "Two merry young bloods from London town," says I, "who, I dare swear, have some spunk in the pair of them. But forward, forward, my bold cavalier! And we'll lay the gallants by the heels ere they so much as darkle at us." And clapping a pistol in the Bishop's hand, I pricked up Calypso and rode forward to meet them.

I swept upon the two like a whirlwind, the Bishop by my side clinging to his pommel, his apron flapping indecorously in the wind; and ere they had sense of our business we were side by side with them under the light of the moon. At the first sight of my firearm the young buck upon the hither side drew up his reins with dispatch, and his beast came down upon its haunches, while the other opened his mouth and gaped vacantly at me.

"Hold, my pretty cullies," says I, smoothly, "for my lord and I have a little catechism for your ears."

I tell the tale to my own discredit, but I was nigh mad with excitement, and the humors of the evening had drove all my wits afloat. But the truth is that I saw the fellow fumbling at his holster, and my own pistol was at t' other's head; and so, with never a thought, I called merrily to the Bishop to stop him. "Show your mettle," says I, laughing. "Show your mettle, my lord."

"Why, in sooth, with all my heart," says the Bishop, smartly. And with that, all of a sudden—damn me!—there was a cold nose at my temple, and the Bishop's face, looking devilishly wicked, smirking into mine!

The thing took me sharply aback, and there was I, staring like a fool, and, for once in my life, with never a word to say for myself. But not so the Bishop. "Tis a pretty sort of triangular duel," says he, pleasantly, "in which it seems I have the least to lose. But I trust it may be averted with a little discretion and humility. Drop your weapon," says he, sharply.

He had made me as safe as a fowl trussed for the table, and I could do nothing but follow his order. Thereupon the two cravens, coming to themselves, and eager to be quit with sound skins and full purses, whipped round their horses and made off; and the Bishop and I were left together in the road. My lord regarded me maliciously, and at last, breaking into a something foolish laugh, I found my tongue. "Why, one gentleman of the road to rob another!" says I. "Tis monstrous, my lord."

"You will have a better knowledge of the etiquette than myself, who am but a novice, Ryder," says he, mightily pleased with himself.

"For a guest to rum-pad his host!" I urged. "Tis beyond all manners."

"Faith, I am so new to the trade that you must pardon me if I am blind to these delicate distinctions," says the Bishop, chuckling.

"Come," I remonstrated, "this jest is, after all, in ill season. Put down that pistol."

"The thought came into my head of a sudden," mused the Bishop. "Indeed, it was of your own inspiration."

"An' you do not," I cried, angrily, "the devil take

me but I will shortly blast your ugly head from off your shoulders."

"An' 'twas well I took lessons from so excellent a master as yourself," returned the Bishop, unperturbed. "It had been disastrous to have mistook the barrel."

"Well," says I, sulkily, "if you will act with this gross dishonor, pray, what terms are you pleased to make?"

"Why, here is reason," says the Bishop, smiling, "and a very proper spirit of contrition. And, for the night does not mend and my bones are old, I will not keep you longer. First, and to secure the good name of the Church which stands committed in myself, you shall return me all those purses."

"Half had been your share without this foolish piece of comedy," says I, surlily.

"Which," he went on, smiling, "I will endeavor to restore to their several owners. Secondly, you will retire to the foot of the crossways, and I myself will watch you gallop out of sight within three minutes of the clock. Thirdly—" quoth he.

"Thirdly," says I, with a laugh. "Why, here is all the fashion of a sermon!"

"And this," he observed, "is a point to which I will entreat your best attention—you will rescind my invitation to the Palace, which, you will recall, was bespoke in general, not in particular. And, for corollary to this same item, Ryder," says he, with a whimsical look, "should we meet, as by some strange chance of Heaven we may, I exact that you shall not hail me for a boor fellow before the world."

"Offered," said I, suddenly, "like a worthy Bishop, and accepted like a good highwayman. And here's my hand on it," says I.

And at that, flinging off Calypso, I sprang up at him and clutched the wrist that held the pistol, that reverend hand more fitting to hold a crucifix.

The Bishop was fat and old and awkward, but for all that he was no child at pap, and he made a gallant wrench or two for liberty. He struggled with my hands, heaving his poor old shoulders up and down with stiff, ungainly motions till I fell to laughing again, and had well-nigh desisted for laughter. But then, all of a sudden, there came a sharp little crack, a hard smack fell on my leg, and the flesh of it pinched and burned and tingled as if it had been snatched by the devil. I hopped and danced upon the snow, and swore out my soul; and then, jerking out my sword, I limped forward, and, seizing the Bishop's bridle, put the point swiftly to his breast. He never blenched, but looked critically and with interest at my leg. "That," says he, mournfully, "is but my second shot, and the pity of it is that both hit of accident."

I could not have helped it; his face and the words set me off once more; and, dropping my blade, I put my knuckles in my hips and shouted with laughter.

The Bishop waited; and when at length I came to a pause, he looked at me with interrogation.

"I suppose," says he, "that I shall not now have even my own half of the booty?"

"Take it!" I shouted, bursting out afresh. "Take it all, and go in God's name, or whoever be your master. I would not rid the Establishment of such a pillar—no, not for salvation from the pit."

And, flinging the bags at his apron, I mounted Calypso and rode off, laughing still.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE: AMERICA FOR AMERICANS*

COMPILED BY J. N. LARNED

With the closing of the war of 1812-14, and the disappearance of the party of the Federalists, there came a period of remarkable quietude in the political world. "Then followed the second administration of Monroe, to which was given, perhaps by the President himself, a name which has secured for the whole period a kind of peaceful eminence.

"It was probably fixed and made permanent by two lines in Halleck's once famous poem of Alnwick Castle, evidently written during the poet's residence in England in 1822-23. Speaking of the change from the feudal to the commercial spirit, he says 'Tis what our President, Monroe, has called 'the era of good feeling.' . . . It would seem from this verse that Monroe himself was credited with the authorship of the phrase; but I have been unable to find it in his published speeches or messages, and it is possible that it may have been of newspaper origin, and that Halleck, writing in England, may have fathered it on the President himself."—Thos. Wentworth Higginson in *Larger History of the United States*, page 394.

One lasting mark of distinction was given to the administration of President Monroe by the importance which came to be attached to his enunciation of the principle of policy since known as the "Monroe Doctrine." This was simply a formal and official statement of the national demand that foreign nations shall not interfere with the affairs of the two American continents. "There has been a good deal of dispute as to the real authorship of this announcement, Charles Francis Adams claiming it for his father, and Charles Sumner for the English statesman, Canning. Mr. Gilman, however, in his late memoir of President Monroe, has shown with exhaustive research that this doctrine had grown up gradually into a national tradition before Monroe's time, and that he merely formulated it, and made it a matter of distinct record. The whole statement is contained in a few detached passages of his message of December 2, 1823. In this he announces that 'the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are not to be considered as subjects for colonization by European powers.' Further on he points out that the people of the United States have kept aloof from European dissensions, and ask only in return that North and South America should be equally let alone. 'We should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety;' and while no objection is made to any existing colony or dependency of theirs, yet any further intrusion or interference would be regarded as 'the manifestation of an unfriendly spirit towards the United States.' This, in brief, is the 'Monroe Doctrine' as originally stated; and it will always remain a singular fact that this President—the least original or commanding of those who

early held that office—should yet be the only one whose name is identified with what amounts to a wholly new axiom of international law."—Thomas W. Higginson.

"At a cabinet meeting, May 13, 1818, President Monroe propounded several questions on the subject of foreign affairs, of which the fifth, as recorded by John Quincy Adams, was this: 'Whether the ministers of the United States in Europe shall be instructed that the United States will not join in any project of interposition between Spain and the South Americas which should not be to promote the complete independence of those provinces; and whether measures shall be taken to ascertain if this be the policy of the British Government, and if so to establish a concert of them for the support of this policy.' He adds that all these points were discussed, without much difference of opinion. On July 31, 1818, Rush had an important interview with Castlereagh in respect to a proposed mediation of Great Britain between Spain and her colonies. The co-operation of the United States was desired. Mr. Rush informed the British minister that 'the United States would decline taking part, if they took part at all, in any plan of pacification, except on the basis of the independence of the colonies. This,' he added, 'was the determination to which his Government had come on much deliberation.' . . . Gallatin writes to J. Q. Adams, June 24, 1823, that before leaving Paris he had said to M. Chateaubriand on May 13, 'The United States would undoubtedly preserve their neutrality provided it were respected, and avoid every interference with the politics of Europe. . . . On the other hand, they would not suffer others to interfere against the emancipation of America.'"—D. C. Gilman.

"After Canning had proposed to Rush (September 19, 1823), that the United States should co-operate with England in preventing European interference with the Spanish-American colonies, Monroe consulted Jefferson as well as the cabinet, on the course which it was advisable to take, and with their approbation prepared his message. . . . Enough has been quoted to show that Mr. Sumner is not justified in saying that the 'Monroe Doctrine proceeded from Canning,' and that he was 'its inventor, promoter and champion, at least so far as it bears against European intervention in American affairs.' Nevertheless, Canning is entitled to high praise for the part he took in the recognition of the Spanish republics, a part which almost justified his proud utterance, 'I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old.'"—D. C. Gilman in *James Monroe*.

Other important references to the Monroe Doctrine may be found in Charles Sumner's work, *Prophetic Voices Concerning America*, page 1,7; in George F. Tucker's book, *The Monroe Doctrine*, and in F. Wharton's *Digest of the International Law of the United States*, vol. 1, section 57.

[The Saturday Review, commenting on the Venezuelan Question, says: It appears that during this century we have drawn no fewer than seven lines defining the boundary of British Guiana. Under these circumstances there should be no difficulty in submitting the whole question to arbitration.]

* This selection is from *History for Ready Reference From the Best Historians, Biographers and Specialists*. Their own words in a complete system of history, for all uses, extending to all countries and subjects, and representing for both readers and students the better and newer literature of history in the English language. By J. N. Larned. Published by C. A. Nichols Co., Springfield, Mass.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Pot Pourri....Austin Dobson....Story of Rosina (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

I plunge my hand among the leaves :
An alien touch but dust perceives,
Nought else supposes ;
For me those fragrant ruins raise
Clear memory of the vanished days
When they were roses.

" If youth but knew ! " Ah, " if," in truth—
I can recall with what gay youth,
To what light chorus,
Unsobered yet by time or change,
We roamed the many-gabled Grange,
All life before us ;

Braved the old clock-tower's dust and damp
To catch the dim Arthurian camp
In misty distance ;
Peered at the still-room's sacred stores,
Or rapped at walls for sliding doors
Of feigned existence.

What need had we for thoughts or cares ?
The hot sun parched the old parterres
And " flowerful closes ; "
We roused the rooks with rounds and glee,
Played hide-and-seek behind the trees—
Then plucked these roses.

Louise was one—light, glib Louise—
So freshly freed from school decrees
You scarce could stop her ;
And Bell, the Beauty, unsurprised
At falling locks that scandalized
Our dear " Miss Proper " :

Shy Ruth, all heart and tenderness,
Who wept—like Chaucer's Prioress,
When Dash was smitten ;
Who blushed before the mildest men,
Yet waxed a very Corday when
You teased her kitten.

I loved them all. Bell first and best ;
Louise the next—for days of jest
Or madcap masking ;
And Ruth, I thought,—why, failing these,
When my High-Mightiness should please,
She'd come for asking.

* * * * *

Louise was grave when last we met ;
Bell's beauty, like a sun, has set ;
And Ruth, Heaven bless her !
Ruth that I wooed,—and wooed in vain,
Has gone where neither grief nor pain
Can now distress her.

Hero Worship....Charles Lotin Hildreth....The Masque of Death

Idols of wood and stone, conquerors and kings—
Creatures of gilded dust with feet of clay—
See how the nations worship these vain things
A breath has made, a breath might sweep away !

Puppets, lost in the lustre of a crown,
Imperial but by irony of birth,
Unworthy heritors of old renown,
Yet more than gods to half the heedless earth ;

Soldiers, who leave posterity a name,
A statue in the shrine of fear and hate—
To nobler minds the synonym of shame,
An effigy to scorn and execrate ;

Leaders of State, coiners of ringing phrase,
Prating of common weal and patriotism,
Insatiate pensioners of public praise,
Froth on the fickle tide of party schism ;

To these the world bows down, the incense fumes ;
Fame in her false and florid blazonry,
Inscribes the legends of their deeds and dooms,
And credulous history repeats the lie.

But there are lofty spirits in disguise,
Heroes in common garb, whose meek brows bear
The thorny crown of perfect sacrifice,
Whose simple souls are kingly unaware ;

Lives to one sacred mission consecrate
Of duty death alone can swerve them from,
Or love that glorifies their lowly state
Through fiery pangs of lifelong martyrdom.

They tread with us the dusty paths of time,
Or lie in uncommemorative sod,
Unrecognized, unhonored, yet sublime,
Their greatness witnessed only by their God.

Jebel-Al-Tarikh....Francis Saltus Saltus....Shadows and Ideals
Gibraltar speaks.

A giant captive, I command
The entrance to Hispania's strand ;
A foreign flag above me floats,
My flanks are girt by foreign boats,
Inviolate I may remain,
But all my spirit is with Spain.

In the warm Andalusian sun
I dream of the brave deeds undone ;
I watch my rightful owners pass,
With eyes averted, and, alas !
Although they merit my disdain,
My love and hope are still with Spain.

The redcoats on my haughty brow
Pass stern and silent, even now ;
While in the fertile plains below
The idle Spaniards come and go,
To claim their rights they do not deign :
But still my spirit burns for Spain.

She has no hosts of valiant knights,
In armor clad, to scale my heights ;
There is no Cid Campeador
To drive the stranger from my shore,
With flash of swords and fiery rain ;
But still my spirit yearns for Spain.

The days of valorous deeds have passed,
And chivalry is dead at last.
I see proud England's haughty fleet
Hover in safety at my feet ;
There is no blood to wash my stain ;
But still my heart is warm for Spain.

Ah ! better far the glorious years
When Caliphs, flanked by Moslem spears,
Fought on my terraces like men.
Spain nursed a race of heroes then ;
To humble me foes sought in vain ;
For all my spirit was with Spain.

I can recall with pride immense
The rows of Saracenic tents,
When Tarik dwelt upon my breast,
Protected by the Moorish crest ;
I saw his legions dot the plain ;
But all my heart was true to Spain.

I, too, recall when Guzman came
In silk and steel, in smoke and flame;
The flag of Christ on high he waved;
My walls with Moorish blood he laved;
No danger could his hand restrain;
And all my soul was proud of Spain.

Again the fierce Moors to me thronged,
And to their sovereign I belonged;
While, warring with a Christian zeal,
I saw Alfonso of Castile
Die near his myriads of slain;
And all my soul went forth to Spain.

Then came the hated men in red,
For massacre and pillage bred;
In lines I marked their swift advance,
Against the chivalry of France.
Alas! the battle was their gain;
But still my heart believed in Spain.

They came in shouting bands, like Huns,
And armed me with their thousand guns;
They filed my arcades, dark and dumb,
With the loud rattle of the drum;
They trampled down the summer grain
And bade defiance to my Spain.

Ah! how much longer must I stand
A captive in my holy land?
Will no Manrique arise to drag
Through blood and mire, that crimson flag?
Must I live on in silent pain,
And learn to lose my love for Spain?

Ah! no; the future brighter seems;
Prophetic visions fill my dreams;
For there shall come a day of pride
When I, with Spaniards at my side,
Shall thunder from my guns again
My loyal, deathless love for Spain!

A Valentine....James Russell Lowell....Last Poems (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Let others wonder what fair face
Upon their path shall shine,
And fancying half, half hoping, trace
Some maiden shape of tenderest grace
To be their Valentine.

Let other hearts with tremor sweet
One secret wish enshrine
That Fate may lead their happy feet
Fair Julia in the land to meet
To be their Valentine.

But I, far happier, am secure;
I know the eyes benign,
The face more beautiful and pure
Than Fancy's fairest portraiture
That mark my Valentine.

More than when first I singled thee,
This only prayer is mine,—
That, in the years I yet shall see,
As, darling, in the past, thou'll be
My happy Valentine.

Parable.....William Dean Howells.....Harper's
The young man who had great possessions dreamed
That once again he came to Christ, and seemed
To hear Him making answer as before—
“Sell all thou hast and give unto the poor,
And come and follow me.” And now he did
In all immediately as Jesus bid.

Then some of those to whom he gave his wealth
Mocked at him for a fool or mad, by stealth

Or openly; and others he could see
Wasting his substance with a spendthrift glee;
And others yet were tempted, and drawn in
The ways of sin that had not dreamed of sin;
Others, besides, that took were robbed and killed;
Some that had toiled their whole lives were unwilling
By riches, and began the life accurst
Of idleness, like rich men from the first.
Some hid his money in the earth, a root
From which should grow a flower of deadly fruit;
Some kept, and put it out at usury,
And made men slaves with it that had been free.

The young man's dream was broken with his grief,
And he awoke to his immense relief,
And wept for joy, and cried, “He could not know
What dire results from His behest would flow!
I must not follow Him, but I can fulfill
The spirit, if not the letter, of His will.
Seeing the things I have been shown in sleep,
I realize how much better 'twere to keep
The means that Providence has bestowed on me,
Doubtless for some wise purpose, and to be
The humble agency and instrument
Of good to others not intelligent
Enough to use the gifts of God aright.”
He rose up with a heart at peace, and light;
And thenceforth none of the Deserving Poor
Ever went empty-handed from his door.

Song of the Sea....Richard Burton....Dumb in June (Copeland & Day)

The song of the sea was an ancient song
In the days when the earth was young;
The waves were gossiping loud and long
Ere mortals had found a tongue;
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed to a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive isles among
Or slept in the open main.
Such was the song and its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
In the days of the coming of man;
A mournfuler meaning swelled her moan,
And fiercer her riots ran;
Because that her stately voice began
To speak of our human woes;
With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes.
Such was the song as it grew to be,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
As the human years unrolled; [drowned,
For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and
Or choked with a shipwreck's gold:
Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
So sorry a story said
As the midnight cry of the waters old
Calling above their dead.
Such is the song and its threnody,
Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life;
It is grave and great as the judgment day,
It is torn with the thought of strife;
Yet under the stars it is smooth and rife
With love-lights everywhere,
When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding-day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the song of the sea.

ALFRED AUSTIN: THE NEW POET LAUREATE*

Alfred Austin, conservative and journalist, a lawyer and a poet in his youth, and of late, since Tennyson died, again inspired by poetic activity, has been appointed Poet Laureate by Queen Victoria. Thus does the ruler of the British Empire celebrate the beginning of 1896, and the fifty-ninth year of her reign. Alfred Austin is but two years older than her Majesty's reign, and will be 61 years old on May 30, 1896.

His father was a merchant in Headingley, a little town near Leeds, in Yorkshire. There, in the centre of a closely peopled district, where scores of collieries and where factories make the external atmosphere anything but poetic, the future laureate of England was born. It was, however, a more promising birthplace for a poet than a far greater poet than Austin had, and the parentage of Keats was also less fortunate, as things are judged. But there was an old ruined abbey not far from Austin's birthplace, and the Yorkshire walks have beauty and nurture for a sensitive spirit, as well as the view of struggling life in the hard work and hard lives which the boy must have seen. All these things were part of his training, and served him in his later life as a journalist. Austin has had a hand in the liveliest work of his times in English journalism. He has been editor of the *National Review*, and earlier a regular writer for the *Standard*, serving that newspaper as special correspondent from Rome during the sittings of the ecumenical council of the Vatican, and also as special correspondent from the headquarters of King Wilhelm during the Franco-Prussian war. To enter active life, his way was the path of the self-made man. His father was not rich. His mother was a sister of Joseph Locke, a civil engineer of some prominence in his time.

Both of his parents were devout Roman Catholics, and the youth was educated at Stoneyhurst, and at St. Mary's College, Oscott. From these institutions of the parental faith (which he afterward drifted away from) Austin went to the University of London, where he took his degree at the age of 18. When he was 22 he was admitted to the bar. But life in the Inner Temple was not profitable or pleasant to the young man with a hankering for the society of the muses. Beginning with his twenty-sixth year and continuing, with some natural interruptions of mood or intent, for twenty years, Alfred Austin wrote much poetry and more prose, and came into a position of high recognition among men of letters. Poetry has been to him an art to be served, not a means to be used. And a critical judgment must applaud the wise guidance, whoever may have influenced Queen Victoria, which has given to the closing years of the Victorian era of poetry in England a laureate who has preserved its traditions of absolute purity of poetic intent. Austin has never been diverted from honest service of the muses, even by his own political fervors (and he has had as many as John Milton—vide his prose, *Tory Horrors*, a reply to Gladstone's Bulgarian Horrors, *Russia Before England* in 1876, *England's Policy and Peril*, *A Letter to Lord Beaconsfield*, etc.).

He has kept on persistently, going up on Helicon to bathe his brow in the one cool brook that flows from the one fountain, and there is little wonder that in the

long run fortune has given him his heart's desire, and he has become Poet Laureate. It would be interesting to get hold of an essay written by Alfred Austin and published as a sort of preface for his first book of any serious importance that survives to-day. This was *The Human Tragedy*, and the essay was *On the Position and Prospects of Poetry*, and must contain an early statement of Alfred Austin's poetic creed. *The Human Tragedy* first appeared in 1862, when the ambitious beginner in literature was 27 years of age.

Preceding *The Human Tragedy*, Mr. Austin had published his first volume, *The Season: A Satire*, which is still to be found, although his answer to its critics, *My Satire and Its Censors*, was long ago suppressed as a piece of boyishness not worthy a poet's dignity. It was Alfred Austin, by the way, who wrote the celebrated *Vindication of Lord Byron*, in reply to Mrs. Stowe's attack upon him, on her visit to England, soon after our civil war. Another satire, *The Golden Age*, appeared in 1871, but it is not to be counted with the best even of his early work. *Madonna's Child*, on the contrary, is good work, and has lately been republished, after being long out of print. *Soliloquies in Song* is a good typical volume of Austin's best lyrical mood, and is a good book for a beginner with his work to begin on; for, of course, it will be the business of everybody who wishes to know about literature to know Alfred Austin now, if they never did before. It is not easy to read *Prince Lucifer*, the somewhat tiresome drama, with at least two good songs interpolated, which was finished during the year of the Queen's jubilee, and dedicated to her. The poet said he had no lyric or ode to offer on "that memorable midsummer day," the fiftieth year of the Queen's reign, so, later, he offered her, by permission, the drama he was at work on at the time, expressing to her Majesty the hope that "if it escape oblivion, it may do so by being associated with your touching virtues, and may be remembered along with worthier fruits of your resplendent reign." *Fortunatus the Pessimist* is a much more readable drama, and with a meaning simply and poetically unfolded. It is "affectionately inscribed to George Meredith." *The Tower of Babel* and *Savonarola* are other dramas.

His Lyrical Poems and Narrative Poems are better, and have gone into more editions, too. But, in this country at least, his recent prose has been more popular—and with very evident reason—than his poetry. In *The Garden that I Love* there are some lovely lyrics sifted through the prose, written by Veronica's Poet for Veronica, and the same "scheme" prevails in the new book, *Veronica's Garden*. Upon the death of Lord Tennyson, in 1892, the man who was destined to succeed the illustrious poet in the laureateship wrote a eulogy entitled *The Passing of Merlin*, which carries a singular and interesting significance in view of the distinguished honor that her Majesty has at last conferred upon Austin. His words, "But shortly once again the isle will ring," with a laureate's voice, seem to come either as the fulfillment of a prediction or as the sovereign's reward for the patriotic confidence of the living poet above the bier of the dead.

* From the Boston Transcript.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

W. A. Fraser and His Short Stories Among the writers of short stories who are rapidly winning public recognition is W. A. Fraser, of Toronto, Canada. Mr. Fraser's work is distinguished by originality, strength, and a charming, dainty humor that enlivens every line he writes. He knows a good story and he tells it well, and in his thirty-six years he has accumulated a wondrous fund of material. He was born in Nova Scotia, though his father was an American citizen. His early schooldays were spent in Boston, and later in New York. Mr. Fraser showed artistic talent that seemed to destine him for a sculptor's life, but the changes brought about by the death of his father led him to surrender art for engineering. He made a specialty of petroleum, and as an oil expert went to India in 1881 for some British capitalists, and later was employed by the British Government in Beluchistan. In 1889 he returned to Boston, and married a Canadian lady in Toronto. Later he returned to India with his wife for an eighteen months' stay. Mr. Fraser is a cosmopolite, and knows the world from "Greenland's icy mountains" to "India's coral strand," backwards and forwards, up and down, and has an amount of local color that would keep a syndicate of writers employed for years. He is thoroughly familiar with the Barren Lands which Caspar Whitney has been exploiting in Harper's. Mr. Fraser has won from the Cree Indians a large fund of valuable legendary matter, which he has written in a delightfully simple style. These sketches he has promised to put in book form after they have serial publication. Mr. Fraser has studied art under George Reid, Canada's famous painter of *The Foreclosure of the Mortgage*. In three years, painting under Mr. Reid, Mr. Fraser has become as expert with oil on canvas as he is with oil in wells, and has done work of a high character. His first short story was written for the *Detroit Free Press*, which has since published many of his best sketches. His work has appeared in many of the journals of Canada and the United States; one of his recent stories appears in this number of *Current Literature*. Mr. Fraser is Secretary and Treasurer of the Fraser clan in Canada, and is a great favorite with all who know him. He is an enthusiastic admirer of Kipling, and says he is the strongest and most absolutely truthful of living writers.

Mr. Fraser shows the artist-author in this view of life which may serve as an interpretation of his point of view in writing. "It is the beautiful touches in nature which makes the whole world beautiful; the wide expanses of sea and plain are not beautiful; it is the splashes of color—the rose leaves, the glint of bright plumage, the gleam of the snow-crested blue wave that makes the dullness of extent a setting for a gloriously beautiful picture. And so of feeling; the moments of joy, of pathos, of sublime resignation, these are the jewels studded in the dull setting of every-day life which illuminate the gray."

Cockburn Harvey, Author of The J. B. Lippincott Co. has The Light that Lies. now in press and will soon publish The Light that Lies, by a new author, Mr. Cockburn Harvey, an Englishman. Mr. Harvey is a public-school and college man who, like many other gentlemen in

England, adopted the stage as his profession; after playing two seasons in the stock company at the Girard Avenue Theatre, Philadelphia, and one with the House on the Marsh Company, in this country, he finally decided to follow the natural bent of his inclinations and abandon histrionics for literature. He has written several plays of which capable judges say that more will be heard hereafter, and has from time to time contributed articles and short stories to the magazines. Mr. Harvey has recently undertaken the editorship of *Information*, a paper which is rapidly winning its way in the affections of the reading public, and is also at work on a novel of adventure. He spent some years in the west, and is an enthusiastic horseman, and is known in the Genesee Valley, where E. S. Martin and George Hibberd and other sporting authors congregate when the huntsman's horn is heard. *The Light that Lies* is a short history of the adventures of a youth, more susceptible than discreet, who flirts outrageously with every woman he meets, but with whom one cannot help sympathizing when one closes the book. The title is of course taken from Tom Moore's poem:

"The time I've spent in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies in woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing;"

and Mr. Harvey evidently wishes to play upon the word "lies" in a manner which is rather more sarcastic, perhaps, than gallant.

Henry B. Fuller, Author of With the Procession No one can read Mr. Henry B. Fuller's four novels, *The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani*, *The Chatelaine of Trinité*, *The Cliff Dwellers* and *With the Procession*, says Mary J. Reid in the *Book Buyer*, without discovering that their author is an architect and musician as well as a novelist. For his own pleasure Mr. Fuller has studied architectural drawing and architectural styles, and most of his European travel shows the same bias. He has made, for example, a number of cathedral tours in England and on the continent. Music is, perhaps, the art Mr. Fuller loves the best of all. Like his own hero, the Chevalier, he improvises delightfully, for hours at a time. But this amusement he reckons his own; only two or three intimate friends have ever shared this pleasure with him.

The earlier novels reflect his European travels and are idealistic studies, while *The Cliff Dwellers* and *With the Procession* are realistic pictures of Chicago, the life of which has always been familiar to him. This study of the old inhabitants would seem to have been a labor of love, since Mr. Fuller's paternal grandfather (a man of remarkable business ability) was one of the pioneers of Chicago, settling there soon after the incorporation (1840); and it is not unlikely that Mr. Fuller as a boy was witness to several meetings of the early settlers where the Java March, Old Dan Tucker and other classics were revived for the sake of old times, just as he has described them in *With the Procession*. As to Mrs. Granger Bates (called the American "Madame Réjane"); Jane Marshall, the faithful Brower, and the irresponsible Truesdale Marshall,

they are types which may be found in any Western city, and have only been waiting for the master-hand to fashion them into form. Henry B. Fuller's remote ancestors were English on both sides; his father's family reaching New England soon after the Mayflower, and his mother's immediately after the War of 1812. He was born in Chicago in 1859, was graduated from the Chicago High School, and spent thereafter several years in business. His trips abroad were made in 1879, 1883, 1892 and 1894. In the course of these journeys he visited Rome, Bayreuth, Munich, the Tyrol, Spain and England.

Mr. Fuller has the reputation of being the most reserved man in Chicago, but to his intimate friends his manners are charming. He converses very much as the Chevalier and the Chatelaine converse—the same delicate, scholarly humor bubbles up like champagne, exhilarating the listener. Personally, Mr. Fuller is tall and slender, his eyes are blue and luminous, his hair and beard auburn and his features regular. His own remark in *With the Procession*, "Get the right kind of New England face and you can't do much better," might be applied to himself. When in the mood for talking or for letter writing, his criticisms upon art, books and men display much sympathetic insight and originality. The following extract from a recent letter quite fairly represents his own views of his own art: "When I was a young fellow I lived several years on Dombey & Son and Bleak House; I even used Dickens as a sort of standard of measure, if you can believe it. After Dickens came Howells and James, of course. Silas Lapham I regard as the great representative novel of American manners. The Portrait of a Lady I enjoyed more than any novel I ever read. I could not enjoy it so much to-day—nor any other novel. Yes, I acknowledge the supremacy of Thackeray, but do not care to have the king show himself in his shirt sleeves. I never appreciated the breadth and measurement of Thackeray until last fall, when I read Vanity Fair (for the first time, straight through) at sea. I have got a good deal out of Balzac, Flaubert and the rest of the realists; but on the absurd question of realism vs. idealism I refuse to take sides; enjoying Maeterlinck, for example, as much as any of these positive Frenchmen, and probably more. Do you know his Sept Princesses? Can you think of any work which so robs words of all their intellectual meaning, yet replaces the vacancy with such a fullness of emotional and sensuous meaning? a real little symphonic address straight from the orchestra!"

Mrs. Sophie Almon-Hensley It is our exceptional privilege this month to record the appearance of a new poetic star in our firmament, Mrs. Sophie Almon-Hensley, whose volume of verse, *A Woman's Love Letters*, entitles the author to take a prominent rank among our modern poets. Doubt, a selection from this volume, appears in our *Minor Key*. Mrs. Hensley, says Fanny Mack Lothrop, is a poet according to the accepted estimate of the eternal fitness of things—she possesses youth, beauty, charm of manner and talent all in a very conspicuous degree, and in addition there is perceptible in her verse a degree of finish and a sense of melody such as are usually to be found only in the works of those grown old and eminent in letters. Mrs. Hensley is the daughter of the late Rev. Henry

Pryor Almon, D.C.L., of Nova Scotia, descendant of Cotton Mather, of Massachusetts; she was born in Nova Scotia and educated in London and Paris. For her knowledge of the technique of verse she is indebted to Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, formerly professor of English Literature at King's College, Windsor, N. S., and certainly no pupil ever did her teacher more credit. The cadence of her measures, her knowledge of perspective and her genius of restraint, which make the imagination of the reader give double value to her words—these are all her own, and they are unique in a young writer. Mrs. Hensley is a resident of this city, where her lectures on Browning have attracted much favorable notice.

George William Curtis's Advice

Speaking of his experience as a lecturer, Hamilton W. Mabie, in the Bookman, related this incident: "I had a long talk with Mr. Curtis one summer morning at Ashfield with regard to the matter of public speaking. He told me, among other things, that when he began to speak, and found that he was likely to be frequently called upon, he went to a person whom he knew to have some local reputation as a speaker, and asked him for a few hints. This gentleman said: 'To begin with, Curtis, despise your audience, and regard yourself as superior to them.' Mr. Curtis said, 'I knew very little about public speaking then, but I knew that that was wrong. I have always treated my audiences as made up of my equals, because I believe that half the men to whom I speak could speak as well as I if they had the same opportunities of training.' This," Mr. Mabie added, "seemed to him to be the true attitude of the speaker toward his audience, of the writer toward the men and women around him, of the artist toward his own age."

Garrett P. Serviss

Garrett P. Serviss, president of the astronomical department of the Brooklyn Institute, was born, says Brooklyn Life, at Sharon Springs, New York, in 1851, and educated at Cornell University and Columbia Law School. When but a boy he got a pocket telescope and became interested in astronomy. In 1882 he became the night editor of the New York Sun, which position he retained until 1892. During his connection with the Sun he began to write anonymously for that journal on astronomical topics. These articles soon came to be looked upon as a peculiar feature of the Sun, and were copied throughout the United States. Thus, "The Sun's astronomer" acquired a wide celebrity, although few knew his name. Mr. Serviss also wrote on his favorite topic for various scientific publications, and the Appleton's published for him a book on Astronomy with an Opera-glass, which has run through many editions. In 1892 Andrew Carnegie invited Mr. Serviss to give a series of lectures in New York, illustrated with elaborate stage settings and electric light devices, representing the scenes of an imaginary "trip to the moon," and views of the earth during its progress from "chaos to man." These scientific spectacles, under the name of the "Urania lectures," were continued for many months in New York, and were also presented during the next two years in Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Denver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco and other cities. These were followed by many popular lectures on astronomy, a subject on which Mr. Ser-

viss is constantly writing and lecturing. More recently he has gone into the field of travel and mountaineering, wishing, as he says, "to get as far away as possible from the centre of terrestrial gravity." The result has been a new series of lectures on his experiences on the high Alps and other interesting parts of the globe.

J. Matthewman An interesting literary man is

J. Matthewman, who translated *The Lost Child*, a delightful story by Coppée in our Christmas number. Although the life of the writer has infinitely more attraction for Mr. Matthewman than that of the teacher, he still continues to combine the two. This he achieves solely by means of burning the midnight gas. He makes the combination in obedience to the advice of Sir Walter Besant, who counsels young writers to not plunge recklessly into the sea of literature without having something else to fall back on in case of necessity. Mr. Matthewman also follows the example of Guy de Maupassant (many of whose stories he has translated) in writing and polishing, for the sake of the profit accruing therefrom to style.

He has found the translating of stories from foreign languages, and the writing of short articles on subjects upon which he has gathered information, to be the best possible training. For years he has been a rambler both in Europe and America, teaching, lecturing, and writing; and, although he does not contradict the old proverb—"A rolling stone gathers no moss"—he considers that the information he has gathered fully makes up for the loss of moss.

Like most writers, he is a firm believer in having a number of irons in the fire. He is a contributor of articles and translations to many of our leading journals and magazines, has also turned his attention to the editing of French and German readers for schools, and is a regular contributor of hymn tunes to the Church Standard. As his hymn tunes met with such hearty acceptance, he was induced to compose several songs, which were very favorably reported upon by musical critics to whose judgment they were submitted, and which are soon to see the light of day.

Richard Burton

Arthur Reed Kimball, in the Book Buyer, gives this sketch of Richard

Burton: On Forest Street, in Hartford's "literary corner" (where are the houses of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mark Twain, and Charles Dudley Warner), lives Richard Burton, the poet, one of the most versatile of America's younger writers. His house, a colonial cottage of unique and attractive design, looks out on a stretch of park, representing the combined estates of Mr. Warner and his brother, George H. Warner. The view from Mr. Burton's study window is unbroken by sight of a human dwelling, and one might easily imagine one's self on the edge of a forest, when the fact is that Farmington Avenue, with its line of residences and its trolley cars, is only a step away. The atmosphere of Hartford is in itself favorable to a healthy literary productiveness. Hartford is a typical New England city. Mr. Burton says, in explaining why he has refused attractive offers of college professorships: "I like to live in Hartford, mainly, I suppose, because my friends are there, and for the peculiar opportunity my home there affords me to keep in touch with nature. And then Hartford is very get-at-able or get-from-able. One can

easily run down to New York for the things there worth while, but can as easily run back again to this atmosphere, which is the best for quiet, unhasty, creative work, however humble. I feel as if my best could be done here under the trees."

Mr. Burton is as far as possible from being a recluse. People interest him, and so do affairs. His home is always thrown freely open to his friends, and he delights to dispense an unpretentious, informal hospitality. At the Monday Evening Club, which includes the "leading lights" of Hartford, and the Twilight Club, an organization of younger men, who are coming to the front, he joins heartily in the congenial fellowship of the hour, and takes an earnest part in the discussions. His bearing at such a time is very attractive from its modest deference to others' right of opinion, and its strong tenacity in maintaining the same right for himself. Mr. Burton's routine activities, too, bring him into constant touch with other men. For he is a working journalist and a lecturer as well as a poet. He is the literary editor of the *Hartford Courant*, writing its reviews, making up its column of book-talk, and contributing a daily editorial on some subject of literary, artistic, or musical interest; for Mr. Burton gives no small share of a busy life to the cultivation of music.

Mr. Burton's popularity as a lecturer is general over Connecticut, where he has appeared principally, though not exclusively, under the auspices of the University Extension movement. But his popularity is not confined to his own State, and he is in request for lectures at various colleges, and is sought after for authors' readings. Mr. Burton's strength as a lecturer lies in his individuality. His style is extremely colloquial, but it is always a natural and intense style, and exceedingly picturesque. His range of subjects is wide, from discussion of early English to a view of the passing novel of the moment. To sum up his literary creed, Mr. Burton is a strong believer in the dignity of letters, finds the career of a littérateur all-absorbing, and, a man of the world with a New England conscience, has only hot scorn for any "art for art's sake" theory which degrades or defiles literature. He simply believes in distinguishing the "nude" from the "naked"—Du Maurier from Zola.

Mr. Burton was born thirty-six years ago in Hartford. His father was the late Rev. Dr. Nathaniel J. Burton, pastor of the Park Church, a man whose originality of thought and spiritual insight made him in many ways a successor to Horace Bushnell. His mother, too, is a woman of literary taste, so that the career of the son was by heredity determined from his birth. He received his early education at the "Gunnery," the famous school at Washington, Conn., described by Dr. Holland in Arthur Bonnicastle. After a year's study at Amherst, which he left because of his health, he took his A.B. degree at Trinity in 1883. He next pursued a four years' course at the Johns Hopkins University, studying philology and literature, and received the degree of Ph. D., after distinguishing himself for original investigation. He completed his apprenticeship by a year of responsibility and hard work as managing editor of the *Churchman*.

Edwin A. Grosvenor

Edwin A. Grosvenor, whose sumptuous work on Constantinople, published by Roberts Bros., is attracting such attention, graduated at Amherst in 1867, being salutatorian and class-poet. He studied, says *The Bookman*, at Andover Theo-

logical Seminary and in Paris, and from 1873 to 1890 was Professor of History at Robert College, Constantinople. An ardent and tireless student, all his time was devoted to work along historical lines. His extensive and frequent travels in Europe and Asia seem like romances, each vacation or leave of absence being consecrated to some special subject of historical research. Thus he has traced a great part of the routes of the Ten Thousand and of Alexander, many of the campaigns of Napoleon, the checkered career of Joan of Arc from Domremy to Rouen, and all the journeys of St. Paul. Mr. Grosvenor is a member of the leading learned societies of Southern Europe, such as the Hellenic Philologic Syllogos of Constantinople, and the Syllogos Parnassos of Athens, an honor rarely accorded to foreigners. Resigning in 1890 from Robert College, he spent the following year in travel in the Balkan Peninsula, the Greek Islands, Asia Minor and Northern Syria. In January, 1892, he was called to Amherst College as Lecturer in History. During three years—June, 1892, to June, 1895—he was head of the Department of French Language and Literature at Amherst, and also for two years meanwhile, 1892–94, head of the Department of History in Smith College. At the Amherst Commencement of 1895 he was appointed to the new chair of European History, which position he now holds.

Col. Archie C. Fisk

The attention which Statesmen Three is attracting in the press and elsewhere makes a sketch of the author of that remarkable book of more than usual interest. Colonel Fisk was born in the State of New York, but was brought up in Ohio. At the first call for troops he raised a company, which was mustered into service as Company K, Twenty-third Ohio Infantry. In 1861–2 he was Assistant Commissary of Subsistence for the district of Kanawha, W. Va. At the battle of Antietam he was appointed by President Lincoln Assistant Adjutant-General, which position he filled until after the close of the war. He served as Assistant Adjutant-General of the Second Division, Fifteenth Corps, until after the fall of Atlanta, when he was assigned as Adjutant-General of the Department of the Mississippi, with headquarters at Vicksburg. In January, 1865, Colonel Fisk met a number of Confederate officers under a flag of truce. Among these was Col. (now Rev.) Howard Henderson, who was a Confederate Commissioner of Exchange. In return for some courtesy Colonel Henderson was induced by Colonel Fisk to enter into a cartel for the exchange of prisoners. Colonel Fisk was appointed Commissioner of Exchange for the United States, and succeeded in exchanging over 8,000 captives. The rendezvous for this exchange was called "Camp Fisk" in his honor. After the close of the war Colonel Fisk remained in Vicksburg and engaged in mercantile and manufacturing pursuits, building the first cotton seed oil mill erected in Mississippi. In 1873 he removed to Denver, Col., where he has since resided. He has been an active and a conspicuous figure in the upbuilding of Denver, engaging in real estate, horse and cattle breeding, farming, mining and railroad building. He has always been an active and influential member of the Denver Chamber of Commerce, the Real Estate Exchange and other business organizations, and is a leading member of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion.

The public addresses of Colonel Fisk before the business organizations of the West have attracted wide attention, and he is recognized as one of the leading advocates of free silver in the country, having made many stirring speeches on this subject before the great silver Congresses of the West and South. It was Colonel Fisk who suggested and organized the Trans-Mississippi Congresses, in all of which he has borne a conspicuous part. That Colonel Fisk is an ardent reformer and has the courage of his convictions is shown in his speeches and writings, especially in the newly issued book which is now causing such a stir. "The maintenance of a gold standard or a two-hundred-cent dollar," said the Colonel in a recent conversation, "is a crime perpetrated wholly in the interest of a small class of usurers at the expense of every producer and debtor, who are compelled to pay twice as much as they should."

Colonel Fisk will remain in New York for some time in furtherance of the interests of currency reform, having established in that city the headquarters of the Pan-American Bi-Metallic Association, of which he is President. Statesmen Three series is to be published monthly, and if the initial number is to be taken as a criterion, the books will create a profound sensation. This first volume deals in the most radical manner with the financial and other national legislation, severely criticising the present as well as past Secretaries of the Treasury and the administration of that department generally, while the acts of other public men are handled without gloves. Colonel Fisk is a vigorous writer, well informed and regarded as an authority on financial and other economic questions. It may be expected that in the coming of Colonel Fisk to the stronghold of the money power to carry on his propaganda, the single standard advocates will have to meet a foeman worthy of their steel.

Col. David Banks Sickels

Col. David Banks Sickels, formerly American Diplomatic Representative at the Court of Siam, is the author of a volume of delightful verse entitled *Leaves of the Lotos* (J. Selwin Tait & Sons). Few men are more widely known in this city as busy and prominent men of affairs than Col. Sickels, and probably many of his numerous friends will be surprised to learn that he is also a poet, well learned in all the subtleties of verse and with the true poetic instinct. Col. Sickels is vice-president of that mammoth concern, The American Surety Company, whose towering front dominates Old Trinity; he is Bank Director, Savings Bank Trustee and the holder of numerous other fiduciary trusts. He is also widely known as the exceedingly popular Treasurer of the Lotos Club. The majority of those who return to this country or to England after long residence in the East consider themselves entitled to a lengthened period of rest in which to recruit or habituate themselves anew to the changed conditions of life, but Col. Sickels left the sensuous, dreamy Orient, with its *dolce far niente* existence, to plunge right into active city life, where every waking hour has its allotted task. And yet, amid all the bustle and friction of this busy life, he preserves intact, in a degree which is quite conspicuous in our blunt, matter of fact age, all the urbanity and address of the polished diplomat. Col. Sickels' poems bear marked evidence of his life in the Orient, and they will not be appreciated the less on that account.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

The Poet's Function as Interpreter

KIPLING AND HIS BALLADS....LONDON SPECTATOR

People are apt to talk as if the poet had no function in the modern world, or at any rate as if his only function were to amuse and entertain, and as if the State, in its higher and political aspect, had no need of him. The poet, we are told in effect, is an anachronism in an age like the present—a mere survival from more primitive times. Those who argue thus are badly instructed, and are reasoning from the imperfect premises afforded by the early and middle Victorian epoch. For a moment the world was exclusively occupied with industrial and other utilitarian objects, and naturally enough the poet seemed out of place. He proved nothing, he made nothing, and he discovered nothing—or at any rate nothing in the regions of science and invention. But this overshadowing of the poet's function in the State was not real, but merely accidental and temporary. Though people thought so for the moment, machinery is not everything; nor is it the least true to say that the song of the singer is never something done, something actual. Tennyson put this with splendid insight when in his plea for the poet, he reminded the world that—

“The song that stirs a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed.”

While the possible need for a *Tyrtæus* exists, and that need can never be wholly banished, the poet must always have a real use. But there are other functions no less real, and hardly less important, which a poet may perform in the modern State. He may act as interpreter to the nation, and show it, as only he can, the true relations and the true meaning of the different parts which make up the whole. The great difficulty of every nation is its inability to realize and understand itself. Could it do this truly, a nation could hardly take the wrong road, and bring itself to ruin and confusion. But few nations have this faculty, and therefore they need so sorely an interpreter; one who by his clear vision shall show them what they are, and whither they tend. And for the mass of mankind, only the poet can do this. The ordinary man, whether rich or poor, educated or uneducated, apprehends very little and very vaguely, save through his senses and his emotions. Maps and figures, dissertations and statistics, fall like water off a duck's back when you talk to him of the British Empire, of the magnitude of our rule in India, and of the problem of the dark races; of the growth of the English-speaking people in Canada and in Australia; and of how our fate, as a nation, is inextricably bound up with the lordship of the sea. He hears, but he does not mark. But the poet, if he has the gift of the interpreter, and without that gift in some shape or form he is hardly a poet, whether he works in prose or verse, can bring home the secrets of Empire and the call of destiny to the hearts of the people. Of course, he cannot touch all, but when he does touch he kindles. He lays the live coal on men's minds; and those who are capable of being roused have henceforth a new and different feeling and understanding of what he tells.

Mr. Kipling's fascinating poem, *The Native-Born*,* published in the London Times, is a reminder to

us of how large a share he possesses of this interpreting power. His work is of extraordinary value in making the nation realize itself, especially as regards the Empire and the oneness of our kin. One of the great difficulties of the mere politician who knows himself but cannot interpret, is to get the people of this country to understand that when the Englishmen born over-sea assert themselves and express their glory in and love for the new land, they are not somehow injuring or slighting the old home. When Englishmen hear of, and but partly understand the ideas of young Australia, young Canada, or young South Africa, as the case may be, they sadly or bitterly declare that there is no love of England left in the colonies, and that the men of the new lands think only of themselves, and dislike or are indifferent to the mother country. The way in which the pride and exultation of the “native-born” is conveyed to the reader makes that pride and exultation misunderstood.

When we hear people talk a language which we do not know, we are always apt to think that they are full of anger and contempt, and that we are the objects of this anger and contempt. Now the uninspired social analyst or the statistic politician might have preached and analyzed for years, and yet not have got the nation to understand the true spirit of the “native-born,” and how in reality it neither slights the old land nor injures the unity of the Empire. His efforts to prove that the passionate feeling of the “native-born” should be encouraged, not suppressed, fall, for the most part, on empty ears. He may convince a few philosophers, but the great world heeds him not. But if and when the true poet comes, he can interpret for the mass of men and make clear and of good omen what before seemed dark and lowering. Take the new poem by Mr. Kipling to which we have just referred. The poet does not reason with us, or argue, or bring proofs—he enables us to enter into the spirit of the “native-born,” and by a flash of that lightning which he brings straight from heaven he makes us understand how the men of Australia, and Canada, and Africa feel towards the land in which they were born. Thus interpreted, their pride ceases to sound harsh to our ears, and we realize that the “native-born” may love their deep-blue hills, their ice-bound lakes and snow-wreathed forests, their rolling uplands, or their palms and canes, and yet not neglect their duty to the motherland or to the Empire and the race. Surely a man who can do this has done something, and something of vast importance for the whole English kin. He has dropped the tiny drop of solvent acid into the bowl, and made what was before a turbid mixture, a clear and lucent liquor. But we must not write of the poem and not remind our readers of its quality by a quotation. To show its power of interpretation, take the first three verses:

“We've drunk to the Queen, God bless her !
We've drunk to our mothers' land,
We drunk to our English brother
(But he does not understand);
We've drunk to the wide creation
And the Cross swings low to the dawn—
Last toast, and of obligation—
A health to the Native-born !

* The Native-Born was reprinted in Current Literature for January, 1896, page 84.

"They change their skies above them
 But not their hearts that roam !
 We learned from our wistful mothers
 To call old England 'home,'
 We read of the English skylark,
 Of the spring in the English lanes,
 But we screamed with the painted lories
 As we rode on the dusty plains !

"They passed with their old-world legends—
 Their tales of wrong and dearth—
 Our fathers held by purchase
 But we by the right of birth ;
 Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,
 Our love where we spent our toil,
 And our faith and our hope and our honor
 We pledge to our native soil !"

The verses, and those that follow, are a positive initiation. As we read them our hearts beat and cheeks glow, and as by fire we realize the feeling of the "native-born"—how he loves his own land, and yet gives his homage to "the dread high altars" of the race. Let no one suppose when we speak thus of this particular poem that we imagine it is going suddenly to become a household word in England, Scotland and Ireland, or that the world will immediately grasp its meaning. That is given to few poems. But without doing this, the poem, we believe, will have its effect on public opinion. Before it becomes popular in the ordinary sense it will work its way into the minds, first, of the more imaginative politicians and journalists and men of letters. Then through them and by various channels it will filter down and affect the mass of the people. What will happen will be not unlike that which happened in regard to the feeling of the nation towards the privates of the British army. Mr. Kipling, in his capacity of interpreter, and by means of his Barrack-room Ballads, made the nation appreciate and understand its soldiers infinitely better than they had ever done before. Indeed, it is not too much to say that by means of this process of interpretation he changed the attitude of the nation. But though many thousands of people read how—

"It's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' 'chuck him out,
 the brute ;'
 But it's 'saviour of his country' when the guns begin to
 shoot,"

the change was for the most part wrought indirectly. When you let fly into a whole heap of balls, all are moved and affected, though only one or two feel the impact direct. It is enough if the poet touches those who can influence the rest.

Another example of Mr. Kipling's power of interpretation as a poet is to be seen in his sea-poems. The Bolivar, The Clamperdown and The Flag of England are of incalculable value in making Englishmen realize that they have been and are still the lords of the sea, and what that priceless heritage means. You may talk to Robinson, the bill-broker, till you are black in the face, about the command of the sea, and its political, commercial and moral importance. He agrees, no doubt, and seems quite intelligent, but in reality marks you not. If, however, you can get him to listen to what the four winds made answer when they were asked what and where is the flag of England, who knows but you may have lighted a flame of inspiration which will remain with him, and make him realize the grandeur and high destiny of this realm of England. Take, again,

the way in which Mr. Kipling has interpreted the native East for Englishmen, and made them understand, as but few of them understood before, the gulf that stretches between the East and West, and realize that East and West, though each has its destiny, can never be one. Yet another example of Mr. Kipling's power of interpretation is to be found in the marvelous poem which he wrote on the American spirit, taking the Chicago riots as his "peg." The poet, as we pointed out at the time, was not quite as careful as he ought to have been to avoid wounding the feelings of our American kinsfolk, but for insight and exposition it was a work of rare genius. It interpreted a certain side of the American character to perfection. And to do this at that moment was a most useful work, for over here men were bewildered and distracted by what was happening in the West. We have spoken above only of Mr. Kipling, but it must not be supposed that we regard him as the only poet who acts as interpreter to the nation. We chose him because he does so to such practical effect, and because his last poem is just now in men's minds. All true poets are, as we have said, interpreters, each in his own sphere. If they are not, they are mere embroiderers of melodious words. Mr. Watson, for example, has shown true inspiration in interpreting for us the great poets and the great movements of literature. His verses on Wordsworth, on Shelley, on Matthew Arnold, and on Burns, are examples of what we mean. In those noble poems he brought many of us far nearer these mighty singers than we had ever yet approached, but before long the world will have an opportunity of seeing how he can interpret for his countrymen the splendid pageant of their past, and, as the lightning calls hill and vale out of the darkness, call up for an instant the mighty dead of England. No, as long as States are made and unmade, and men in their communities grope and wander, asking for the light, so long will the world need the poet's help. While there is anything to interpret and make clear to men who will act on what comes to them through their emotions, but will remain cold to the mere teachings of reason, the poet and his art will survive. When we are all so coldly reasonable that we cannot be stirred by Chevy Chase, then, but not till then, will the poet's occupation be gone. Meantime, let us remember that we lost America because we did not understand the feelings of the "native-born," and thank heaven we have a poet-interpreter to help save us from another such treason to our race as that George III. and Lord North incited.

Liberation Through Ideas

HAMILTON W. MABIE.....THE BOOKMAN

Matthew Arnold was in the habit of dwelling on the importance of a free movement of fresh ideas through society; the men who are in touch with such movements are certain to be productive, while those whose minds are not fed by this stimulus are likely to remain unfruitful. One of the most suggestive and beautiful facts in the spiritual history of men is the exhilaration which a great new thought brings with it; the thrilling moments in history are the moments of contact between such ideas and the minds which are open to their approach. It is true that fresh ideas often gain acceptance slowly and against great odds in the way of organized error and of individual inertness and dullness; nevertheless, it is also true that certain great ideas

rapidly clarify themselves in the thought of almost every century. They are opposed and rejected by a multitude, but they are in the air, as we say; they seem to diffuse themselves through all fields of thought, and they are often worked out harmoniously in different departments by men who have no concert of action, but whose minds are open and sensitive to these invisible currents of light and power.

The first and the most enduring result of this movement of ideas is the enlargement of the thoughts of men about themselves and their world. Every great new truth compels, sooner or later, a readjustment of the whole body of organized truth as men hold it. The fresh thought about the physical constitution of man bears its fruit ultimately in some fresh notion of his spiritual constitution; the new fact in geology does not spend its force until it has wrought a modification of the view of the creative method and the age of man in the world; the fresh conception of the method of evolution along material and physical lines slowly reconstructs the philosophy of mental and spiritual development. Every new thought relates itself finally to all thought, and is like the forward step which continually changes the horizon about the traveller.

The history of man is the story of the ideas he has entertained and accepted, and of his struggle to incorporate these ideas into laws, customs, institutions, and character. At the heart of every race one finds certain ideas, not always clearly seen nor often definitely formulated save by a few persons, but unconsciously held with deathless tenacity and illustrated by a vast range of action and achievement; at the heart of every great civilization one finds a few dominant and vital conceptions which give a certain coherence and unity to a vast movement of life. Now, the books of life, as has already been said, hold their place in universal literature because they reveal and illustrate, in symbol and personality, these fundamental ideas with supreme power and felicity. The large body of literature in prose and verse which is put between the covers of the Old Testament, not only gives us an account of what the Hebrew race did in the world, but of its ideas about that world, and of the character which it formed for itself largely as the fruit of those ideas. Those ideas, it need hardly be said, not only registered a great advance on the ideas which preceded them, but remain in many respects the most fundamental ideas which the race as a whole has accepted. They lifted the men to whom they were originally revealed, or who accepted them, to a great height of spiritual and moral vision, and a race character was organized about them of the most powerful and persistent type. The modern student of the Old Testament is born into a very different atmosphere from that in which these conceptions of man and the universe were originally formed; but though they have largely lost their novelty, they have not lost the power of enlargement and expansion which were in them at the beginning.

In his own history every man repeats, within certain limits, the history of the race, and the inexhaustible educational value of race experience lies in the fact that it so completely parallels the history of every member of the race. Childhood has the fancies and faiths of the earliest ages; youth has visions and dreams which form, generation after generation, a kind of contemporary mythology; maturity aspires after and some-

times attains the repose, the clear intelligence, the catholic outlook of the best modern type of mind and character. In some form every modern man travels the road over which his predecessors have passed, but he no longer blazes his path; a highway has been built for him. He is spared the immense toil of formulating the ideas by which he lives, and of passing through the searching experience which is often the only approach to the greatest truths. If he has origi-native power, he forms ideas of his own, but they are based on a massive foundation of ideas which others have worked out for him; he passes through his own individual experience, but he inherits the results of a multitude of experiences of which nothing remains save certain final generalizations. Every intelligent man is born into possession of a world of knowledge and truth which has been explored, settled, and organized for him. To the discovery and regulation of this world every race has worked with more or less definiteness of aim, and the total result of the incalculable labors and sufferings of men is the somewhat intangible but very real thing we call civilization.

At the heart of civilization, and determining its form and quality, is that group of vital ideas to which each race has contributed according to its intelligence and power, the measure of the greatness of a race being determined by the value of its contribution to this organized spiritual life of the world. This body of ideas is the highest product of the life of men under historic conditions; it is the quintessence of whatever was best and enduring, not only in their thought, but in their feeling, their instinct, their affections, their activities; and the degree in which the man of to-day is able to appropriate this rich result of the deepest life of the past is the measure of his culture. One may be well trained and carefully disciplined, and yet have no share in this organized life of the race; but no one can possess real culture who has not, according to his ability, entered into it by making it a part of himself. It is by contact with these great ideas that the individual mind puts itself in touch with the universal mind, and indefinitely expands and enriches itself.

Culture rests on ideas rather than on knowledge; its distinctive use of knowledge is to gain material for ideas. For this reason the Iliad and Odyssey are of more importance than Thucydides and Curtius. For Homer was not only in a very important sense the historian of his race; he was, above all, the expositor of its ideas. There is involved in the very structure of the Greek epics the fundamental conception of life as the Greeks looked at it; their view of reverence, worship, law, obligation, subordination, personality. No one can be said to have read these poems in any real sense until he has made these ideas clear to himself; and these ideas carry with them a definite enlargement of thought. When a man has gotten a clear view of the ideas about life held by a great race, he has gone a long way towards self-education; so rich and illuminative are these central conceptions around which the life of each race has been organized. To multiply these ideas by broad contact with the books of life is to expand one's thought so as to compass the essential thought of the entire race. And this is precisely what the man of broad culture accomplishes; he emancipates himself from whatever is local, provincial and temporal by gaining the power of taking the race point of view.

He is liberated by ideas, not only from his own ignorance and the limitations of his own nature, but from the partial knowledge and prejudices of his time; and liberation by ideas, and expansion through ideas, constitute one of the great services of the books of life to those who read them with an open mind.

Education in Novels of the Day

IN A MODERN UNIVERSITY....LONDON PUNCH

One of the latest of the new academic studies instituted in the United States is "a course of modern fiction." . . . The modern fiction class in Yale University numbers no fewer than 258 members.—London Daily Telegraph.

The tutor of St. Mary's, Cambridge, was sitting in his rooms interviewing a succession of undergraduates.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Jones," he said to the last comer; "I wish to speak to you very seriously on the subject of your work. The college is not at all satisfied with your progress this term. For instance, Prof. Kailyard tells me that your attendance at his lectures has been most irregular."

"Well, sir," said Jones, fumbling with the tassel of his cap. "I didn't think they were important—"

"Not important? How do expect to be able to get up difficult authors like Crockett and Maclarens unless you've attended a course of lectures on Scotch dialect? Do you know the meaning of 'havers,' 'gaby,' or 'yammering'? I thought not. Then your last paper on 'Elementary Besantics' was very weak. Have you really been giving your energies to your work, or have you been frittering away your time over other books?"

Jones looked guilty, but said nothing.

"Ah," resumed the Don, "I see how it is. You've been wasting your time over light literature—Homer and Virgil, and trash of that sort. But you really must resist temptations of that kind if you wish to do creditably in the Tripos. Good evening."

Jones departed, to be succeeded by another undergraduate.

"I sent for you, Mr. Smith," said the Tutor, "because—though your work on the older writers is pretty good—your acquaintance with modern realism is quite insufficient. You will attend the course of anatomy lectures at the hospital, please. You can't study your 'Keynotes' intelligently without them."

A third student made his appearance in the doorway.

"Mr. Robinson, I'm sorry to say that your work is unsatisfactory. On looking at your Mudie list, I find that you've only taken out ten novels in the last month. In order to see whether you can be permitted to take the Tripos this year, I'm going to give you a few questions, the answers to which must be brought me before Saturday. You will find pen and ink on that table. Kindly take down the following questions as I dictate them."

The Tutor cleared his throat and began:

"Question one. Explain 'P. W. D. accounts,' 'a G. B. T. shinbones.' Trace the bearing of the history of Mowgli on the Darwinian theory.

"Question two. 'The truth shall make us free.' Give context, and comment on this statement. Conjugate, in accordance with the library catalogue, *The Woman Who*—noting which of the tenses are irregular.

"Question three. 'There were two Trilbys' (*Trilby*, Part VIII.). Explain this statement. What had Mr. Whistler to do with it?

"Question four. Give the formulae for the employ-

ment of (a) the Mad Bull; (b) the Runaway Horse; (c) the Secret Marriage. What would you suggest as the modern equivalents of these?

"Question five. Rewrite the story of Jack and Gill—(a) in Wessex dialect; (b) as a 'Keynote'; (c) as a 'Dolly Dialogue.'

"That will do for the present," concluded the Tutor. And as his pupil left the room he seated himself at the writing-table and began Chapter XXIX. of his "Prolégomena to Three Men in a Boat."

The Twilight of American Novelists

EDGAR FAWCETT.....THE INDEPENDENT

George Eliot calls one of her essays *Silly Lady Novelists*, and in England there were a good many of them at the time she wrote it—more, it is probable, than there are to-day. Indeed, prior to the coming of Adam Bede, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, and, finally, *Middlemarch*, English fiction had grown strangely lax, slipshod and inartistic. It has always seemed to me that just at the time of George Eliot's arrival in the field of letters, opportunity had smoothed the way for a writer of precisely her repose and seriousness. Trollope, who had much of his early freshness gone, still held a noted place among the English novelists; but his style, always having tended toward too bald and wooden a realism, always having lacked spirituality and poetry and the minor graces born of these qualities, had, of late, become sadly perfunctory, machine-made and dull. He padded his stories so unconsciously that his stanchest admirers were losing faith in him. Never a brilliant writer, he had gained such triumphs as a winsome, entertaining, and even lovable one, that to compare the charms of *Barchester Towers* and *Framley Parsonage* and *Miss MacKenzie* and *The Small House at Allington* and *Phineas Finn*, with later efforts in which all his faults were accentuated, and from which most of his virtues had fled, was to deplore unspeakably his wanling powers.

Then, among other famous writers, there was Charles Reade, with a large constituency of worshipers, though perhaps few of them cared half so much for his style, which is fatally bad, as for his vivacious human portraiture and craft of tale-telling, both of which rank well above the common. Wilkie Collins was also still alive, expending enormous energies on tales that resemble life as much as the picture of a mermaid resembles something classifiable in natural history. The command of this writer over the curiosity of his readers could not be surpassed; he was the master of the puzzling plot, and through all his many hundreds of pages one looks in vain for a sensation keener or finer than that of mere mystification. In his best novel, *The Woman in White*, he created a character, Count Fosco, it is true, which stands forth saliently and refreshingly from the general artificiality and mechanism of his fiction. Usually, in the astonishing ingenuity and shrewdness of his work we find all his people subordinated to the demands of the story, and playing the parts of puppets in the furtherance of his enigmatic ends. As for Collins' style, it was colorlessly correct. It had force and terseness; but its hard, chill self-control just succeeded, and no more, in making it endurable as literature.

Miss Braddon, apparently, we have always with us; and we had her then. She is, in some respects, to my thinking, an underrated writer. Many of her novels I

have not read, and some I have read and thought flimsily poor. *Eleanor's Victory* I recall as a strong and vivid story, and *The Doctor's Wife* seemed to me rich in humor and intensely interesting besides. "Ouida" was holding her own at this time, and there is so much to be said concerning both her merits and failings that I hesitate to touch upon either in so brief an essay as this. It seems to me, however, that her *Ariadne* and *Bébée* and *In Maremma* and *Signa* and *Folle Farine* are wonderfully noble and beautiful prose poems. To her other "society" tales, like *Strathmore* and *Idalia* and *Granville de Vigne* and *Chandos*, I fear more condemnation than praise is due; and yet they are, nevertheless, remarkable works, in spite of extravagance, exaggerations and even vulgarities. Then there had been the craze over Miss Rhoda Broughton's books, for no milder word quite expresses the spell which this author wove. She wrote, it will be remembered, always in the present tense (the "historic present," as it was satirically called) and with great eccentricity and audacity of phrasing. Miss Braddon and two or three other "lady novelists" imitated her mannerisms for a time very closely, and even wrote in her own beloved "historic present." Miss Broughton unquestionably has talent of no mean order; but, like not a few English novelists of her period, she wrote in a bastard, harlequin, devil-may-care style which has stamped most of her stories with perishability.

George Eliot marked in English fiction an epoch of reform. She took great pains with her style, which had a new-old, Addisonian flavor, was entirely free from superficial affectations, and breathed an academic dignity. More than this, she concerned herself with the psychology of her characters as no story-teller of her race had ever done before; and from the year 1872 till surely a year before her death (1880) her fame was overshadowing, unique. Pecuniary profit kept pace with it, too; she rapidly became one of the richest writers of her land, besides being the most distinguished. Never in my own experience have I witnessed such adulation of an author as that by which she was now universally beset. The London Saturday Review, then a powerful organ in spite of its excessive bitterness, praised her to the verge of hysteria. Indeed, as far as I can recollect, she was the only literary personage whom it did not either censure with acidity or eulogize with lukewarm condescension. She affected certain young American writers, too, and none more potently than Mr. Henry James. His style never really resembled hers, being at its best too French in crispness, grace and sparkle. But there were strong traces of her influence in those brilliant and beautiful novels, *Roderick Hudson*, *The American*, and *the Portrait of a Lady*. Till recently all American fiction had languished. With Mr. James and Mr. Howells both writing copiously for *The Atlantic Monthly*, it seemed to have taken a new and long lease of life. "Howells and James" was a phrase for several years at the nib of every reviewer's pen. Beyond doubt these two story-tellers gave a creative impetus to many others. The American novel became once more a thinkable fact. Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Bishop, Mr. Julian Hawthorne, Mr. Boyesen, Mr. Cable, "J. S. of Dale," Mrs. Ellen Olney Kirk, "Miss" Charles Egbert Craddock, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Robert Grant, Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler, and nota few others, made rapid reputations as tellers of tales. With nearly all of these American writers vulgarism and mere idle wirepulling of "plot"

were conspicuously absent. Nearly all wrote with finish and care and honest, idealistic impulse, that justified their success.

Ten years ago, America presented for the criticism of the civilized world an astonishing group of novelists. The psychologic aroma of George Eliot clung to most of them, but by many was shown a tendency to draw largely upon such writers as Daudet, Maupassant, Cherbiliez, and even Zola, in the way of inspiration and aid. The method of these masters, and especially their technical security and dispassionate self-effacement, underwent obvious though never slavish reproduction here. In critical gatherings, even among weekly and daily journals, English novelists were seldom discussed. If their works had signal transatlantic sales, I cannot say, but cultivated people rarely either extolled or abused them; they simply ceased to extend them more than meagre heed. And now, what a wave of change has swept over our public mind! In a leading newspaper I read something, the other day, about "the deadly stupidity of the American novel." It seems to be the fashion to say this and write this, whether one really thinks it or no. Every new month some new English writer dawns with the splendor of an immense popularity upon our firmament of fiction. Does he so dawn—or has he previously so dawned—upon his own? All the vivid, strenuous, thoughtful, poetic work of our native novelists has passed into oblivious disregard, for the work of the younger English school of storytellers has caught the American ear.

A troop of men and women who are, for the most part, imitators of Robert Louis Stevenson, usurp attention and comment. It would be foolish to deny that merit exists amid this flood of rather hectic and flamboyant literature. But in it, I should say, are few signs of permanency. The stories are mostly written with an aim of mere passing amusement; some of them are literature, but few are good literature. Cleverness in plenty they may contain, but seldom either subtlety, meditation or depth. They often have the air of being dashed off at white heat; and the impressions which they make, whether historic or contemporaneous, are in few cases lasting. Their style is mainly one of staccato pertness; at their best they are apt to be etched rather than painted. They have plenty of "color" and "go"; sometimes they bristle with bayonets and rattle with gunshots. A great deal is "done" in them; the "action" is prodigious. But too frequently their good people and their bad people are the merest shadows. Epigram is substituted for analysis, and a dread of fatiguing the reader by giving him anything really to think about is so prevalent that it suggests the very drollery of commercialism.

Meanwhile the poor American novelist can only bow his head and accept his destiny. If he has gone out of fashion, he should console himself with the reflection that fashion is, after all, but another word for caprice; and he should recollect, too, that thus far, in the entire esthetic history of nations, his own American country people (as regards loyalty to their writers of books, painters of pictures, and even molders of statues) are the most hot-and-cold, fast and loose, whimsical, freakish, and generally unpatriotic ever yet known. Just now it is surely the twilight of our American novelists. Will night follow, or another morning? I, for one, very firmly believe the last.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

A Missed Spring....Love's Lost Hope....All the Year Round

Spring flowers? Beloved, lay them here,
And let me clasp with pressure dear
The hand that pulled for me
These bonny blossoms—snowdrops white,
Blue violets, yellow aconite,
And frail anemone.

Spring flowers! Ah! loyal heart and true,
Spring flowers for me, who never knew
The gladness of life's spring;
Who never felt the sunshine warm,
Whose youth was wrapped in cloud and storm,
The darkest fate could bring.

Unmeet for me. Yet lay them here,
Close to my hand, and draw a-near
With your grave, tender smile;
Nay, closer yet, that I may trace
Each feature of the well-known face,
Although I sigh the while.

Time-worn, but resolute, I see
The face that makes earth heaven to me
Through these my shortening days.
Grief-worn, but patient, it has cheered
My heart that doubted, shrank, and feared
In life's bewildering maze.

It might have made my summer bliss—
Ah, dearest! take it not amiss,
That I am sad to-day.
We met too late—dull autumn's time
Had touched our lives with chilling rime,
Our skies were bleak and gray.

We met too late—for us no spring
Might lead to summer blossoming.
And yet it might have been!
If I had known you when the flowers
Were budding in life's early hours,
And all hope's leaves were green!

It might have been! But ah! not now,
Too late, too late, for lover's vow,
Too late for wifely kiss.
Too late for dreams of love and home,
“The time of singing birds is come,”
Sweet music I must miss.

Too late! But see! I take from you
The snowdrop white, the violet blue,
The pale anemone.
And, dear, I think that otherwhere,
A spring eternal, new and fair,
Doth wait for you and me.

Doubt...Sophie M. Almon-Hensley...A Woman's Love Letters (Tait & Sons)

I do not know if all' the fault be mine,
Or why I may not think of thee and be
At peace with mine own heart. Unceasingly
Grim doubts beset me, bygone words of thine
Take subtle meaning, and I cannot rest
Till all my fears and follies are confessed.

Perhaps the wild wind's questioning has brought
My heart its melancholy, for, alone
In the night stillness, I can hear him moan
In sobbing gusts, as though he vainly sought
Some bygone bliss. Against the dripping pane
In storm-blown torrents beats the driving rain.

Nay, I will tell thee all, I will not hide
One thought from thee, and if I do thee wrong,
So much the more must I be brave and strong
To show my fault. And if thou then shouldst chide
I will accept reproof most willingly
So it but bringeth peace to thee and me.

I dread thy past. Phantoms of other days
Pursue my vision. There are other hands
Which thou hast held, perchance some slender bands
That draw thee still to other woodland ways [hours
Than those which we have known, some blissful
I do not share, of love, and June, and flowers.

I dread her most, that woman whom thou knewest
Those years ago, — I cannot bear to think
That she can say: “ My lover praised the pink
Of palm, or ear,” “ The violets were bluest
In that dear copse,” and dream of some fair day
When thou didst while her summer hours away.

I dread them, too, those light loves and desires
That lie in the dim shadow of the years;
I fain would cheat myself of all my fears
And, as a child watching warm winter fires,
Dream not of yesterday's black embers, nor
To-morrow's ashes that may strew the floor.

I did not dream of this while thou wert near,
But now the thought that haunts me day by day
Is that the things I love, the tender way
Of mastery, the kisses that are dear
As Heaven's best gifts, to other lips and arms
Owe half their blessedness and all their charms.

Tell me that I am wrong, O Man of men,
Surely it is not hard to comfort me,
Laugh at my fears with dear persistency.
Nay, if thou must, lie to me! There, again,
I hear the rain, and the wind's wailing cry
Stirs with wild life the night's monotony.

The Irony of Time....Charles Lotin Hildreth....The Masque of Death

If we could resurrect the years again,
When life is on the wane;
If we could learn by many a bitter truth
The value of our youth,
Ere the inexorable hand of Time
Has harvested our prime—
How we should drain from every flower we meet
The last drop of its sweet!
We scorn the present hour, and strive to borrow
Some foretaste of the morrow;
The morrow has its morrow and the pain
Of hope deferred again;
So waste the years, till Age defeated stands,
Desolate, with empty hands.

Pilgrims on paths our fathers trod before,
We trace their footsteps o'er;
On every height, in every vale we meet
Signs of their toiling feet
Gashed on the rock and wounded by the thorn,
Where we are stung and torn.
What was it that they sought? O burning eyes,
Fixed on low western skies!
The beckoning shapes that seem so fair to you
Wear the same dazzling hue
That lured the Vikings through tempestuous seas,
Beyond the Hebrides,
Toward purple isles of peace and golden lands—
To die on freezing strands.

Time has no precious treasure stored away
Beyond our grasp to-day;
Earth has no secret garden of delight
Hid from our aching sight.
Too late we learn the humble highway flower
Is life's best gift and dower;
The light that kindles in meek, maiden eyes
Is love's divinest guise;
Too late, too late we find there is no more,
On any sea or shore,
Than those rich offerings we have overthrown,
Pursuing the unknown;
Nor any road by which we can attain
Youth's vanished grace again.

For Love's Sake....Zitella Cocke....A Doric Reed (Copeland & Day)

Ay, love me, sweet, with all thy heart,
Thy mind, thy soul, and all thou art
And hopest to be,—love me with love
That naught beneath the heavens may move;
Yet say not wherefore; say not why
Thou lovest,—since in these do lie
The seeds of death to Love,—but say
Thou lovest and must love alway!

For shouldst thou love some witching grace
Of word or manner, form or face,—
Should thy heart's worship thus be bought
By any gift that time hath wrought,—
So art thou false to Love's pure creed,
And like to fail in sorest need;
But love for Love's dear sake, I pray,
Then shalt thou love me, sweet, alway!

The City of the Dead. .Richard Burton....Dumb in June (Copeland & Day)

They do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter blight and summer change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
In that burgh of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace
In the City of Surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun,
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

They Are Not Lost..David Banks Sicksels..Leaves of the Lotos (Tait & Sons)

They are not lost, though shoreless seas
Between us and our loved ones lie;
For, in the land of mysteries,
All life is immortality.

They are not lost; the starry spheres
May vanish from the vault of night;
But after an eclipse of years
Reveal their unextinguished light.

They are not lost; the drops of rain
That fall and swell the mountain streams
Are gathered by the sun again,
And sparkle in its golden beams.

They are not lost; the flowers decay,
And lose their beauty and perfume,
But come with each returning May
With brighter tints and ampler bloom.

They are not lost; though yearning eyes
Invite in vain their swift return
From other worlds beyond the skies,
With luring thoughts and hearts that burn.

They are not lost; though for awhile
By faith alone the void is crossed;
But oft their angel faces smile,
And then we know they are not lost.

Goodbye.....V. A. 8.....The Queen

Goodbye! That word how oft we have repeated
In idleness, without a passing thought
As to its ancient sense—that deeper hidden meaning
With tenderness, and longing blessing fraught.

Goodbye! May God be ever with thee, bless thee,
Guide thee, console thee, bring thee safe again—
Oh! such the prayer, that as some unsealed fountain
Rises spontaneous from a heart of pain.

Goodbye! Though far in distant lands thy duty call thee,
Though far from friends, from home, and loving care—
Oh may His Arm preserve thee in all danger,
His Mercy shield, His love protect thee there.

Goodbye! With aching heart, and tones that shake and falter,
And tears that rise, and will not be controlled—
And yet with joy, an almost painful sweetness,
Full oftentimes that little word is told.

Goodbye! And we are left in sudden desolation!
One pressure of the hand—one look—and he is gone.
A deathly blankness wraps our soul in darkness—
The light of day is fled—we are alone!

Tell Me So....Lilian Whiting....From Dreamland Sent (Roberts)

If you love me, tell me so,
Wait not till the summer glow
Fades in autumn's changeful light,
Amber clouds and purple night;
Wait not till the winter hours
Heap with snowdrifts all the flowers,
Till the tide of life runs low,—
If you love me, tell me so.

If you love me, tell me so,
While the river's dreamy flow
Holds the love-enchanted hours,
Steeped in music, crowned with flowers;
Ere the summer's vibrant days
Vanish in the opal haze;
Ere is hushed the music flow,—
If you love me, tell me so.

If you love me, tell me so,
Let me hear the sweet words low!
Let me now, while life is fair,
Feel your kisses on my hair;
While in womanhood's first bloom,
Ere shall come dark days of gloom,
In the first fresh dawning glow,—
If you love me, tell me so.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

Strange Accidents to Birds

NOT COVERED BY INSURANCE . . . CORNHILL MAGAZINE

Many strange accidents have occurred to birds while feeding. An Irish naturalist once observed a dunlin behaving very curiously on the seashore. The bird rose in the air and flew for a short distance, then alighted and shook its head violently in a vain endeavor to detach a round lump observable upon its bill. The incumbrance proved to be a cockle which the dunlin had found open, and, in innocently attempting to negotiate, had been trapped by it. This kind of bivalve accomplishment no less an authority than Mr. Tegetmier declares to be not at all uncommon on our shores. A Whitstable cockle recently bore testimony to the veteran naturalist's assertion by capturing a green linnet by one of its toes. A poor little chaffinch was found dead in the neighborhood of Epsom a short time ago, with its lower mandible firmly embedded in the shell of a beech-nut, that had become so inextricably fixed that the bird had died from starvation. A hen pheasant was not long since observed by a sportsman flying round and round in the most unaccountable fashion, and on being shot was discovered to have a large oak-leaf impaled upon its beak, so as to completely obscure its vision.

Herons sometimes choke themselves by attempting to swallow large trout; how large may be judged to some extent from the fact that I recently dissected a bird of this species, in whose maw was a large water-rat in a perfect state of preservation. An eider-duck has been killed through attempting to swallow a toad, and a bullhead, or "miller's-thumb," has proved too much for a water-rail, a little grebe, and a kingfisher. A member of the last-named species was discovered a season or two back in a Cambridgeshire ditch by some sportsmen, unable to fly except for a short distance, and upon being caught and examined it was found that the bird had a young pike protruding from its gullet. As soon as the fish, which measured no less than four and three-quarter inches, was removed, the kingfisher flew away, apparently none the worse for its experience.

Birds that employ hair in the building of their nests sometimes come to grief by hanging, but I should say very seldom, indeed, in the following singular manner. A gentleman who had a number of colts upon his farm, one day noticed a small bird entangled in the long hair of the tail of one of them. The little creature had evidently been in search of material wherewith to line its nest, and by some unaccountable accident had become ensnared in the unkempt hair of the colt's tail. Cases of birds getting their feet entangled in bits of yarn or string are not at all uncommon, especially in the breeding season, and whenever the victim of this kind of mishap happens to get the impediment fastened in a tree or among stones death is pretty sure to be the result, unless prompt human aid is forthcoming. In the spring of the year, as everybody knows, the dead leaves of pampas grass fall to the ground and curl up like the shavings from a carpenter's bench. A Field correspondent mentions finding a poor robin which had accidentally got one of these pieces coiled round its neck so tightly that it was unable to feed, and died of starvation. Booth describes a very peculiar accident to

a kingfisher, thus: "While snipe-shooting one winter round Hickling Broad, in Norfolk, I noticed some small object splashing in the water at the side of the dike, and on proceeding to the spot I discovered an unfortunate kingfisher that had come to grief in a rather singular manner. The bird had evidently at some former time been struck by a shot, which had passed through the upper mandible. This wound was quite healed up, but a small piece of the horny substance of the beak had been splintered, and into the crack produced by the fracture two or three of the fine fibres which form part of the flowers or seeds of the reed were so firmly fixed that the bird was held fast. It must have been flying up the dike and brushing too closely to the reeds that grow on the banks, to have been caught in the manner described."

The Defenses of Animals

ROBERT BLIGHT . . . N. Y. EVENING POST

The other evening I walked to the top of the hill to watch the sun set behind the "autumn glory" of the woods. After the last glowing light had swept the crimson and gold on the slopes, I sat still for a few moments, and all at once became aware of an animal leisurely walking upon one of the stone walls which form the fences between the fields. My constant companion in such rambles—the opera-glass—showed the creature to be a skunk, or, as the natives call it, a polecat. Onward the animal came, with its long white and black tail lying along its back, until it was not more than three yards from where I was silently sitting. I must have made some unconscious movement, for suddenly it stopped and the tail became erect. Without hesitation, I paid good heed to the danger signal and retreated a little distance. His mephitic majesty apparently was satisfied with the concession, and walked slowly on, still keeping to the top of the wall, but with his tail erect. I walked home musing on the curious means of defense which nature has bestowed on some of her subjects. "Dogs may delight to bark and bite" in their conflicts with their enemies, "bears and lions may growl and fight" in self-defense, but here is a creature which goes on its way peacefully, for even the mongrel cur of the hunter of "pelts" knows better than to come to close quarters with a foe which possesses the power of emitting one of the most powerful odors known in the world. And assuredly the animal seems conscious of its means of protection, it acts with such provoking coolness. There appears to be perfect control over the power of emitting the nauseous fluid from the glands which secrete it, for we have it on excellent authority that the skunk, when taken young, can be easily trained, and makes a cleanly, interesting and intelligent pet. All the Mustelidae are noted for their unpleasant smell—otters, badgers, martens, weasels, and skunks—but out of the whole number, the last-named is the only one which can actively use it as a means of defense.

We are accustomed to connect defense among animals with biting, scratching, stinging, and the like, and consequently are inclined to let slip some of the interesting instances in which other means are used. The toad, when suddenly seized, emits a yellowish

fluid which is acrid enough to cause irritation of a delicate skin. This, like the fluid of the skunk, is under the control of the animal, for I had a tame toad for several years which would hop from the writing-table to my outstretched hand, and sit there quietly until I placed it down again. Cuttlefish possess an ink-bag from which the cephalopod ejects a dark fluid which effectually conceals it from any disturber of its peace that invades its rocky retreat. Not only odor, but taste, is called in as a means of protection. It is well known that some caterpillars are so nauseous to the taste that insectivorous birds, even, will not eat them. And one of the strangest facts is that these caterpillars are not only brightly and attractively colored in their larval state, but also in the perfect form. Two mammals are provided with a strange means of protection—the porcupine and the hedgehog. The former is clothed with hairs some of which are thickened and lengthened into the porcupine "quills" which figure as penholders. A supposition formerly held was that the creature had the power of ejecting these spines, like so many arrows, at its enemy, but this story must be placed among the myths. What the porcupine does is to erect the spines, which then stand up, not at right angles, but at a slope over the body, and charge his enemy in that very un-Spartan-like way, backwards. Dogs are often seriously injured in this way.

The hedgehog, to which Caliban compares Prospero's spirits, and Lady Anne, the Duke of Gloucester—the hedgepig of Macbeth's witches—is a timid little European animal about the size of a half-grown rabbit. Like the porcupine, it is clothed in a spiny armor from head to tail, and at the slightest sign of danger it rolls itself into a ball. Violence will scarcely make it open itself out, but if water is poured upon it, the animal uncoils immediately. Few dogs care to attack a hedgehog, for the spines prick like needles. The armor is purely defensive and not an offensive provision. Any one who has handled a hawk or other member of the falcon family knows how well bill and claws can be used. Even the sparrow—that irrepressible English immigrant—will bite and scratch in an incredible way when caught. I have often watched the swan, especially at breeding time, and have been struck with the way in which it keeps intruders at a distance from the nest or from the tawny brood of cygnets which it leads in and out of the reeds. Certainly there are occasionally well-delivered blows of the formidable bill, but that member is mostly used in hissing. But woe betide the dog which receives a blow from the terrible wing. As a weapon of offense, and defense also, it may be questioned whether there is anything known among birds equal to the wing of the swan. It is said that a single stroke will break a man's arm. On one occasion I witnessed a fight between two swans, and I have rarely seen anything so terrible as their anger, unless it was a combat I saw between two stags. The rapid blows from the wings reverberated over the lake, and the water for a considerable space was lashed into foam. The bills seemed never to be used, but with curved necks, arched in evident pride, the two birds sailed towards each other and grappled with the wings. Occasionally one seemed to be forced beneath the water by a fearful blow, and then the turn of the other came for punishment. Receding, they swam round and round, as if taking breath, and then the fight was renewed in

the same way. At length they separated, ruffled and still angry, slipping from each other, as it were, hissing and arching their snake-like necks as proudly as ever.

Ostriches have powerful beaks, with which they can deal heavy blows, but their chief protection seems to lie in kicking. An ostrich's kick is nearly as bad as a mule's. It would seem as if the habit belonged to the relatives of the ostrich, also, for the emu has it. I often used to watch a domesticated emu which a friend had about his farm. The bird was very timid and retiring, and at the sight of anything unusual would quietly stalk to the other side of the field. One day a lady brought a terrier to the house, and as the dog had never seen an emu, it set to work barking and following the bird about. For a long time the emu took it very calmly, merely retreating to other parts of the field. The dog grew bolder, and once—once only—got too near the bird's legs. One flew out—I never could satisfy myself, from an anatomical standpoint, how the thing was done—and the dog was thrown with such violence on the ground that for several seconds he was dazed, and when he got back his wits he was a wiser dog, for he went home. This kicking, or striking with the feet, is not uncommon, one would imagine, in certain genera of birds. The domestic fowl generally uses this method, as can be seen in an impromptu "main" near the barn-door. I have seen grouse use the same means of defense, but the closest watching of the smaller birds has failed to show that they practice it.

Perhaps one of the most interesting, as well as the most inexplicable, means of protection with which nature has provided any animal is that of electricity. My attention was called to this some few years ago in England on the occasion of a visit to the Aquarium at Brighton. An electric fish was on exhibition; in the same room was a family of young alligators. The tanks were side by side, and some miscreant, unobserved, managed to drop an alligator into the tank of the fish. The consequence was utter prostration of the reptile.

There are three genera of fishes which possess the power of delivering an electric shock: the torpedo, the electric catfish, or electric sheathfish, and the electric eel. The torpedoes are rays, and are distributed over the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. It is said that individuals reach the weight of eighty and even a hundred pounds. The electric catfish or sheathfish belongs to the Siluridæ, as also does the catfish of American streams, is a native of tropical Africa, and attains a length of four feet.

The electric eel, or, to call it by a less misleading name, the *gymnotus*, is a native of the marshes of Brazil and Guiana. The electric apparatus extends down each side of the lower part of the tail, and the shock delivered by one of the largest fish, five or six feet in length, is capable of killing the most powerful animal. Humboldt has graphically described his experience with these strange creatures, and reports that certain roads were abandoned because of the number of horses destroyed by the fish in the pools on the route. The Indians secure them for food by driving horses into the water, and on these the fish exhaust their power, often killing the horses by their shocks. When the faculty of delivering an electric discharge is exhausted, the *gymnotus* draws near to the bank to avoid the plunging quadrupeds, and falls an easy victim to the Indian's harpoon.

Such are some of the strange means resorted to in the animal kingdom for that protection without which the balance of life could not be maintained. Soon, I suppose, the animal whose habits called up these jottings will be almost extinct. Man can kill suddenly and at a distance, and so the creature with a reduplicative name—*Mephitis mephitica*—hoists his unappreciated danger signal too often in vain.

Suicidal Wasps of Paris

ENTOMOLOGIC FELO-DE-SE.... PHILADELPHIA RECORD

M. Henry, a Frenchman, being curious to see the effect of benzine on a wasp, put some of it under a glass in which a wasp was imprisoned. The wasp immediately showed signs of great annoyance and anger, darting at a piece of paper which had introduced the benzine into his cell. By and by he seems to have given up the unequal contest in despair, for he lay down on his back, and bending up his abdomen, planted his sting thrice into his body, and then died. M. Henry allowed his scientific interest to overcome his humanity so far as to repeat the experiment with three wasps, only to find that the other two did likewise. He is, therefore, of opinion that wasps, under desperate circumstances, commit suicide. The Italian scientist, Cesare Lombroso, with his interesting theories of crime in relation to animal life could, doubtlessly, give in detail the psychic experiences and morbid reflections of these irritable insects.

Living Electric Batteries

CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.... THE OUTLOOK

The remarkable progress made in electrical science within the past few years has directed attention to the few and little-known living or animal electric batteries, the experiments which have been made with them, and the strange possibilities which are apparent. Among the fishes nine are known which have this singular faculty or power, the torpedo ray being one of the most familiar. As an illustration of its power, a fisherman told the writer that he had been almost paralyzed by accidentally coming in contact with one of these fishes, while other fishermen had had arms and hands benumbed by the slightest contact. Not very many years ago the fishermen of Italy believed that they were at times bewitched by some singular power that came up from the sea; and this was held until Redi, the Italian naturalist, discovered in the seventeenth century that the witch was a very common fish, the torpedo. Réaumer, who tested the fish, says that the benumbing sensation is unlike any that he had experienced, but more like a blow upon the "crazy" bone than anything else he could describe.

Neither of these scientists discovered the true nature of the power the fish seemed to possess, this being reserved for Dr. Walsh, an eminent physician of London, who by his experiments aroused remarkable interest in the living batteries with which he hoped to effect cures. He found that the fish is a perfect battery, constructed on the principle of the voltaic pile. It consists of two layers or series of cells of hexagonal shape, as many as two thousand five hundred being found in a small fish. Between them is a jelly-like fluid, so that each cell, to all intents and purposes, represents a Leyden jar. From each cell nerves extend away, the dorsal or upper side being positive, the lower, negative. Dr. Walsh gave

regular séances with the fish, which he conducted in a way to excite great curiosity. Having arranged his torpedo and audience so that they formed a perfect chain, he completed the circle, and succeeded in giving each of his auditors a shock which may be compared to that received from a Leyden jar. When the fish was insulated it communicated to many people, also insulated, four or five shocks in a minute. Matteucci estimated that the shock given by the fish is equivalent to that given by a voltaic pile of a hundred to two hundred and fifty plates.

The singular experiments of Dr. Walsh, given in a somewhat sensational manner, produced an electrical craze in London, and large sums were paid for the privilege of trying the new cure. Experiments showed that the fish could kill a reed-bird. Its power is not sufficient to kill a man, but fishermen have been knocked down by the shocks which passed up the handle of the spear. Even after death the powers of this singular battery are apparent, and those holding the dissecting-knife have been seriously interfered with.

The most powerful of all the living electrical batteries known is, without doubt, the *gymnotus*, or electric eel of South America, which was first brought to the attention of the European public by Richer, the astronomer, who presented his experiences with one of the big eels to the French Academy of Sciences in an elaborate paper, and was laughed at. No one would believe him, and seventy years passed before the story of an electric South American fish was credited. Then Condamine, the naturalist, proved it, and later a Dutch surgeon compared it to a Leyden jar.

The large eels, ten or fifteen feet in length, in their full vigor are often dangerous to human life. One which was captured near Calabozo for the British Museum prostrated a horse and rider in the struggle, and when finally dragged ashore by two natives gave them such serious shocks that they screamed aloud. An Englishman rushed forward and cut the line, receiving a shock himself.

The batteries, four in number, lie two on each side of the under surface, occupying nearly the entire lower half of the trunk. The plates are vertical instead of horizontal as in the case of the torpedo, while the cells are horizontal instead of vertical. They constitute the defense of the fish, and are powerful enough to kill the largest fishes. With this fish Professor Faraday performed his experiments, which were described by Professor Owen.

One of the African catfishes, "*malapterurus electricus*," is a famous electrician, and its powers are appreciated by the natives, some of whom use it for various purposes. As a medicine, it is used by placing several of the living electricians in a tub and forcing the patient to enter it, and thus receive a shock which is supposed to cure many of the ills that African flesh is heir to. Persons suspected of crime are forced to hold the fishes in their hands, their ability to do so being evidence of their innocence. In this little electrician the electric cells envelop the entire body except the fins and head, so that all enemies attacking it are received with a fusillade of shocks.

Of all the defenses found among animals, this is the most singular, and certainly one of the most effective, as few predatory fishes could withstand the series of electric shocks which would be the result of an attack.

WORDS OF WISDOM: THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS

COMPILED BY FANNIE MACK LOTHROP

Association with the Highest—In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest; not that the highest are always the best, but because, if disgusted there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, to ascend is impossible. In the grand theatre of human life, a box ticket takes us through the house.—Colton.

The Attacks of Inferiority—When people treat you ill, and show their spite, and slander you, enter into their little souls, go to the bottom of them, search their understandings, and you will soon see that nothing they may think or say of you need give you one troublesome thought.—Marcus Antoninus.

Conscience a Progressive Standard—Yesterday's conscience will not do for to-day's need, nor to-day's for to-morrow's. Conscience is a thing which must be growing all the time—must grow with our growth, strengthen with our strength. If it be stationary it becomes stagnant, it deteriorates, it may die. It must be kept up, its tone always equal to our best individual advances.—The Presbyterian.

Realization of Life's Possibilities—Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it, desperate.

Harmony with Conditions—Fate is unpenetrated causes. The water drowns ship and sailor like a grain of dust. But learn to swim, trim your bark, and the wave which drowned it will be cloven by it, and carry it, like its own foam, a plume and a power. The cold is inconsiderate of persons, tingles your blood, freezes a man like a dewdrop. But learn to skate, and the ice will give you a graceful sweep and poetic motion. The cold will brace your limbs and brain to genius and make you foremost amongst men of your time.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The Redeeming Minority—There has always been and there always will be the brave advancing minority, the world's hope, the invincible few—not a remnant, meaning something left over, but a leadership, keeping in the van of thought, bearing and daring for what they believe to be the truth and right.—John Learned.

The Individuality of Genius—The mind of genius is among other minds what the carbuncle is among precious stones; it sends forth light of its own, while the others reflect only that which they have received.

The Isolation of Superiority—Is it an infirmity of certain kinds of men, or a wise provision for their protection, that the brightest forms the truth takes in their private cogitations seem to lose half their lustre and all their grace when uttered in the presence of an un receptive nature, and they hear as it were their own voice reflected in a poor, dull, inharmonious echo, and are disgusted?

The Conquest of Trifles—Little things are often the hardest things. It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not so easy to do little deeds of quiet courage from day to day, unheeded by all and unheeding all. Perhaps

you are not called to do the great deed. But you are called every day to do the little deeds which more surely wear out life and strength in the long run. Be glad that you are called to this, for this is the harder task, and he who is faithful here will not be unfaithful in the easier great things.—Sunday School Times.

The Revelation of Simplicity—There are no miracles in the realm of science. The real philosopher does not seek to excite wonder, but to make that plain which was wonderful. He does not endeavor to astonish, but to enlighten.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

The Essentials of Greatness—He only is great of heart who floods the world with a great affection. He only is great of mind who stirs the world with great thoughts. He only is great of will who does something to shape the world to a great career, and he is greatest who does the most of all these things and does them best.—Roswell D. Hitchcock.

The Blight of Suspicion—Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness; he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt. It is too common for us to learn the frauds by which ourselves have suffered. Men who are once persuaded that deceit will be employed against them sometimes think the same arts justified by the necessity of defense. Even they whose virtue is too well established to give way to example, or to be shaken by sophistry, must yet feel their love of mankind diminished with their esteem, and grow less zealous for the happiness of those by whom they imagine their own happiness endangered.—Dr. S. Johnson.

The Incompleteness of Characters—Many build as cathedrals were built; the part nearest the ground finished, but that part which soars toward Heaven, the turrets and spires, forever incomplete.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Probation of the Great—The road to eminence and power from obscure condition ought not to be made too easy, nor a thing too much of course. If rare merit be the rarest of all rare things, it ought to pass through some sort of probation. The temple of honor ought to be seated upon an eminence. If it be open through virtue, let it be remembered, too, that virtue is never tried but by some difficulty and some struggle.—Edmund Burke.

The Loneliness of Existence—How little we know of each other's physical troubles; even those nearest and dearest to us know nothing of our conversations with the King of Terrors. There are thoughts which brook no confidant; there are griefs which cannot be shared. Consideration for others even bids us conceal them. We dream alone, we suffer alone, we die alone, we inhabit the last resting-place alone. But there is nothing to prevent us from opening our solitude to God. And so what was an austere monologue becomes dialogue, reluctance becomes docility, renunciation passes into peace, and the sense of painful defeat is lost in the sense of recovered liberty.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

Life Work of George Augustus Sala

JOURNALIST, AUTHOR, POET....CHICAGO TIMES-HERALD.

George Augustus Sala died on Dec. 8, after an illness of long duration. For a number of months past his remarkable powers have been wandering, due to a general breaking up of his physical system. He had already attained the age of 67, after a life of tremendous activity in the literary world. He was the foremost journalist whom London has given to the world, a character so unique in all that he did that his personality had as much to do with his success as his abilities. Mr. Sala was born in London, Nov. 24, 1828, the grandson of Claudia Sebastiano Sala, of Rome. His father was Augustus John James Sala and his mother Mme. Sala, a native of the Indies, a musician and actress noted for her vivacity and beauty in the London world of the early part of this century. Sala, who heard Thackeray sing The Mahogany Tree in Dicky Moreland's tavern, Soho, and who was one of the pall-bearers of Cruikshank, the caricaturist, was blind and deaf in his childhood. He was brought up in the days when children were sent out to be nursed, and the neglect of the woman in whose charge he was placed came near costing him his life.

Poverty attended all of his early life. He who was later in life to be taught to make a speech in public by Lord Brougham, learned to write by practicing calligraphy from a black-letter Chaucer. In after life from this practicing his penmanship resembled fine print. At 10 he could not speak a word of English, and three years of schooling in France did not bring him nearer to the understanding of the language in which later he was to find his mastery of the description of the picturesque. Malibran and Paganini were the associates of his mother. Of the latter he has left a picture in print never to be forgotten. "I can see him now—a lean, wan, gaunt man in black, with bushy hair, something like Henri Rochefort and a great deal more like Henry Irving." When 13 he began the study of English, of which task he has written that he found it more difficult than Greek. Clinging to the French he wrote in that language a short story of travel which attracted much attention from the wise and witty men and women who thronged his mother's home. Still they were inclined to believe that he was destined to become an artist and not a writer. He had already in his school in Paris gained the first prize for the modeling of a map of South America. It came about then on his return to London life that he was apprenticed to Carl Schiller, a miniature painter. He graduated from his studio two years later to accept the position of assistant scene painter to Beverley at the ancient and then famous Princess Theatre. Beverley, warm-hearted and generous, became Sala's instructor in architectural drawing and perspective. A strong friendship sprang up between the two.

Unfortunately, the to-be-litterateur was almost color blind. "I put black into everything," he said afterward, in describing what he had attempted to do. At the Princess he was nicknamed for this failing "the gentleman in black." Of his experience there, he has himself told a story not so much different from other

stories which other journalists on the American side of the deep might relate. "I used to model masks for the pantomime and to paint 'props.' As a linguist I translated French farces, as a calligraphist I had to copy out parts. From my early mathematical training I was put to keep the accounts, stock-books, and wardrobes—you know the sort of thing—two pairs of tights, seventeen dancers' dresses, three pairs of trunks, etc., all for \$1.55 a week. Yet I was never so happy in my life, and at the end of every week I had fifty cents left to lay out during the week ensuing in tea and toast. Out of just such experiences as this Sala stored away unconsciously tomes of material for the future bright color-work which he was to do in the field of newspaperdom and letters. Ackerman & Co., once a noted publishing house in English circles, were attracted to him by chance, and he was given work with them etching on stone. He mastered the whole process of engraving on copper and steel, and, on the advice of Adolphe Ackerman, apprenticed himself for three years to Henry Alkin. There he illustrated the first works of Albert Smith and Edward Lloyd, the latter afterward becoming the founder of Lloyd's News. At 24 his fame had spread throughout the city as an original illustrator, and he was commissioned, with Alkin, to execute an immense panorama of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. Sala executed in this hundreds of figures with such fidelity that he came nearly to losing his already impaired eyesight, and was forced to abandon a profession in which he was certain to have made a great name.

He had written a story in 1845 which had been accepted, published and not paid for. This discouraged him, and he did not resume literary work until three years later, when he wrote a poem on the occasion of a riot in the Drury Lane Theatre. A penny weekly called Chat gave him a sovereign for the production. In 1851 he wrote his first newspaper article, a communication to the London Times on the folly of balloon ascensions merely for the purpose of satisfying vulgar curiosity. The article was published and evoked a severe criticism from the Morning Post. Stung by the terms with which he was addressed by the Post, he determined to become a writer, and for six years thereafter was a constant contributor to Household Words. All of this time he was struggling with poverty. "I know," he wrote, "that I have often turned half sick when I went into a tavern for half a pint of porter to see a swaggering customer throw down a sovereign and rattle in his hand the shining change which the barmaid gave him. I had early fallen a victim to tobacco—the great consoler, the great afflicter, the merciless usurer. I know that when I have not had the means of purchasing a solitary 'screw' of bird's-eye I have taken a wretched pleasure in walking in the street behind a gentleman who was smoking a good cigar, and the aroma of his Havana wafted me into a kind of sensuous ecstasy, which was half gratification and half despair."

Writer though he had already made himself, in the battle to overcome his lack of money he did everything. He was an advertising agent, a lecturer on life insurance, a copier of music, a partner in a balloon manage-

ment, and at one time the proprietor of a patent pill. His politics about 1850 were those of a Conservative, but in later years he became and remained a consistent Liberal. "If an artisan," he once wrote, "is to be allowed to be judge of his own work, I may say that the very best of the poor stuff which I have produced has appeared in the leading columns of a daily newspaper, to which, during a period of twenty-seven years, I have been a constant contributor; and now that I am growing old and past service I sometimes reflect with no small amount of bitterness that the papers to the preparation and execution of which I have devoted all the knowledge and all the capacity which I may possess, and which contain the whole marrow of what mind I may have, will never see the light again, and that I shall be remembered, if I am remembered at all, only as a writer of a mass of desultory essays and sketches of foreign travel, of a mass of bald chat, and four bad novels." Charles Dickens brought to him his first great and lasting success. Sala always wrote over his own signature, and Dickens, then famous as an editor, was attracted to several by their originality and engaged Sala to write him a series of papers for five guineas each. Sala was dumfounded at this to him prodigious salary. "The knowledge that I had only to work four hours to earn five guineas," he said, "made me a lazy dog. I took to wandering. I went back to Paris, to the north of England and Ireland. But wherever I went Dickens never refused one of my articles." In 1856 a dispute with Dickens over the publication of his book, *Journey Due North*, led to the two drifting apart, and for a time the younger man maintained much bitterness towards the elder, of whom he was to write later: "He is a dear, good fellow."

Sala, quitting Dickens, went to the Daily Telegraph, and later became a contributor to the Cornhill Magazine, of which Thackeray was the editor. Still later he was the editor himself of Temple Bar, which became the rival of Cornhill. Prosperity from this on attended all of his undertakings, and he took front rank as a general war and political correspondent of the leading journals of London. He went to Russia for Dickens. When Alexander II. was assassinated he was sent to St. Petersburg by the Daily Telegraph, receiving for this trip alone \$500 a week and all of his travelling expenses. He was present at the coronation of Alexander III., some of his press dispatches at that time costing \$1,500 to send. He was the friend of Alphonse XII. of Spain; the intimate of the old Duke of Fife; the elder Sothern was his comrade. He made three visits to America—the first in 1863, when he acted as a war correspondent and was not over kind to the northern side of the question. In fact, he has never been regarded as a warm admirer of the American republic. He returned to the United States in 1878 for a brief period, and again some years afterward to deliver a series of lectures. He had the confidence in his prime of every great diplomat of Europe, and at the same time kept himself in complete touch with the literary and artistic world of London and Paris. His books number some thirty. The best known are *Twice Round the Clock*, *The Baddington Peerage*, *The Seven Sons of Mammon*, *Quite Alone*, and *My Diary in America in the Midst of War*. His compositions display much humor, some degree of wit and special powers of imagination.

He was married twice. Since the decline of his health set in he has lived in retirement at Brighton. He has been called "the prince of journalism," and while Americans have been inclined to criticise many of his writings in regard to them as sensational, he always defended the charge with the statement that he would not be guilty of writing a dull line. His salary on the Daily Telegraph until his retirement from that paper was \$10,000 a year, and his income from other sources \$5,000 more. His terms for special correspondence were \$40 per thousand words, and he found no difficulty during his eventful career in securing that price after reputation came to him.

John Hare, the English Comedian

HIS PERSONALITY AND HIS WORK....HARPER'S WEEKLY

Taking into view the thorough and affectionate acquaintance with Mr. John Hare's personality on his native stage, made by that large section of the American public who know theatrical London almost as intimately as theatrical New York, it is somewhat curious that the distinguished English comedian's first visit to this country has come no earlier than now. We had almost thought Mr. Hare long ago "one of us" by such a visit. Let us, however, borrow Mrs. Quickly's words, and shaking his hand cordially, tell him that "Blessing of your good heart, so you are!" Of his welcome from those who are familiar with his varied, delicate, refined art there could be no scanting. The American theatre-goer, to whom he has been hitherto only a particular name in British theatrical successes during some thirty years, will be quick in his applause of the masterly delineator of elderly men, of old men, of men plebeian or aristocratic, eccentric or every-day, bad or good, respectable or rascally men, but in each instance past middle years. These special types in such plentiful variants Mr. Hare has made vivid as only half-a-dozen actors in the world to-day can make them.

His brilliant career of success at the Prince of Wales Theatre, the Court, the St. James's, and the Garrick, in London, his many remarkable tourings around and about the United Kingdom, his high honors from royalty, and, better even than these good things, Mr. Hare's affectionate intrenchment in the heart of the British public, are all associated with the depicting of relatively old age. His genius seized on this line of expression promptly very long before his own years hinted at such impersonations. In fact, this is not now his case. Mr. Hare is not even a sexagenarian yet. He seems to have sprung toward his specialties equipped for them with an insight and a skill perfect for them, at a time of his life when most men would have scorned any rôles not allied to that of a "jeune premier." The result has justified his choice. The peers and rivals of this charming London actor and modest gentleman for a long time have been only such men as Got and Jefferson and Stoddart. He is one of the exceptional "vieux premiers," so to say, of our theatrical epoch, presenting the finest French art in English conditions. It is unfortunate that Mr. Hare's present visit may not enable him to offer his American audiences any satisfactory part of his large repertory. It is announced that he will limit himself to appearing as The Duke of St. Olpherts, in Mr. Pinero's *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith*, in which he made his New York début, and as Benjamin Goldfinch, in *A Pair of Spectacles*, the well-

known English version of *Les Petits Oiseaux* of Labiche and Delacour. The first-named is a repulsive rôle (though one worked up by Mr. Hare into consummate art) in a much worse than repulsive play. The other is as grateful and welcome an impersonation and piece as possible; and it will be of interest to contrast Mr. Hare's masterly delineation in it with Mr. Stoddart's of some seasons ago.

Yvette Guilbert and Her Songs

THE FRENCH SINGER.. FLANEUR.. SAN FRANCISCO ARGONAUT

Yvette Guilbert has made her New York début at Hammerstein's new Olympia Music Hall. The place was crowded on her first night, and the audience received her with stormy applause. It was a little surprising to me, because not one person in one hundred understood a single word she said. But it was a characteristic New York first-night audience, and every member of it seemed determined to make the others believe that he or she was thoroughly posted in the "argot Parisien" spoken by Yvette Guilbert. This French singer—or "disease," rather, because she speaks rather than sings her songs—is a curiosity in her way. Five years ago Yvette Guilbert was a saleswoman in the big shop known as the Printemps, a vast establishment like the Bon Marché. She was very ugly, very thin, very shapeless, very shabby. But she possessed a genius at mimicry which excited the admiration of her companions. During the few moments of leisure they had at the Printemps, after taking their luncheon, Yvette used to amuse them by imitating the celebrities of the "cafés chantants." About five years ago she suddenly concluded that her talents for mimicry were too much confined in the narrow circle of the Printemps shopwoman. She wanted a large circle. So she went upon the stage.

Five years! Only five years. In that space of time she has acquired a celebrity—or shall I say notoriety?—that is world-wide. The fact that she has been paid \$16,000 for four weeks in New York, shows how managers value her. She is still quite young, calls herself 25, and looks as if she were about 28. She is very ugly, and has a turned-up nose which has been immortalized in the celebrated posters painted of her by Lautrec, Chéret, Steinlen, and others. She has red hair, a sallow skin, and no figure at all. She always dresses the same way upon the stage—a white gown cut V shape and very low in the neck, with black suède gloves coming up to the elbows. She gave a private performance in one of the parlors of her hotel before her public appearance, and those who saw her there came to the conclusion that she looked better off the stage than on. She endeavors on the stage to intensify the peculiarities of her face and figure. In short, she is what in America would be called a freak. At her parlor in the Savoy, the other day, she wore a handsome tea-gown of white brocaded silk, trimmed with white lace and bands of sable fur. She has sparkling black eyes, and her red hair looks as if its peculiar shade came from a bottle instead of "le bon Dieu." She was being sketched by numerous artists while she was being interviewed by hordes of reporters. She talks English with great fluency, although she interpolates many French words. While she was rattling off her conversation to the reporters, she turned suddenly to an artist and said: "Give me a Grecian nose. That is what I wanted all my life. Give me a Grecian nose."

Yvette has expressed surprise at the views entertained in America regarding her songs. She does not consider them improper. In fact, she said to one reporter that she often sang them in Paris in private houses—among others in the house of the Duchess d'Uzès. She did not add that when she sang them in private houses the daughters of the household were locked up in the plate-closet, and that the house was disinfected after she went away. As a matter of fact, there is not one young woman of position in Paris out of fifty thousand who has ever heard Yvette Guilbert sing. As for the Duchess d'Uzès, she is an old lady with a lot of money, a past, and cranky ideas. She "staked" Boulanger. Nothing could hurt her, least of all Yvette Guilbert's songs. Therefore, when she and other elderly ladies with a taste for high game, "petits verres," and risky songs hire Yvette to sing for them, it is not particularly significant—that is, morally. Yvette has rolled up a fortune by her obscene songs. Five years ago she was a shabby shopwoman. To-day she is known all over the world, has a villa in the country, a handsome apartment in Paris, has accumulated 800,000 francs, and is now receiving \$16,000 and expenses for four weeks in the United States. And yet she is paid this money for singing songs which, if sung in English, would result in her being run off to the police station in the "hurry-up wagon."

Sergius Stepniak, the Russian Author

DEATH OF THE REFUGEE.... NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Sergius Stepniak, the Russian refugee and author, was accidentally killed at Chiswick, England, on the morning of December 23. He was going to visit a friend near his home. To reach this friend's house he was compelled to cross a railway track, which here crosses at grade. As he stepped on the track a train, which Mr. Stepniak did not see, came along and struck him. His body was terribly mangled. He was born in 1841 at Hadjatsch, in the Ukraine Mountains, in the government of Poltava. He came of a semi-noble family, descended from the Cossacks of Little Russia. He studied at Kieff from 1859 to 1863. In that time he published several works in the Little Russian dialect, which were prohibited by the Government in 1862. In 1865 he became instructor in ancient history in the University of Kieff, and in 1870 he became a professor, but was removed from his chair by the Government three years later. His criticisms on the systems pursued by Count Tolstoi, one of the Ministers of Justice, led to his exile in 1876. He went to Geneva then, and settled there, producing popular writings in the Little Russian dialect. In 1877 he began a series of reviews in the Ukraine dialect, called *Hromada*, which means, common things. At the same time he worked hard for the establishment of equal political rights for all people in Russia, and declared against Socialism as well as absolutism. Some of the principal works which Stepniak produced are *The Turks, Within and Without*; *Tyrannicide in Russia*, and *Little Russian Internationalism*. He also contributed to the magazines some papers on East European Peoples and the Propaganda of Socialism, and Historical Poland and the Muscovite Democracy. He is also known for his works on the ethnography, history and literature of Little Russia, and, with M. Antonowitch, edited a collection of Little Russian folk-songs, which attracted great attention.

TAKING THE BLUE RIBBON: AT THE COUNTY FAIR*

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

Great merriment there was, to be sure, at the Kildeer Fair grounds, situated on the outskirts of Colbury, when it became known to the convulsed town faction that the gawky Jenks Hollis intended to compete for the premium to be awarded to the best and most graceful rider. The contests of the week had, as usual, resulted in Colbury's favor; this was the last day of the fair, and the defeated country population anxiously but still hopefully awaited its notable event.

A warm sun shone; a brisk autumnal breeze waved the flag flying from the judges' stand; a brass band in the upper story of that structure thrilled the air with the vibrations of popular marches and waltzes, somewhat marred now and then by mysteriously discordant bass tones; the judges—portly, red-faced, middle-aged gentlemen—sat below in cane-bottom chairs critically a-tilt on the hind legs. The rough wooden amphitheatre, a bold satire on the stately Roman edifice, was filled with the denizens of Colbury and the rosy rural faces of the country people of Kildeer County, and within the charmed arena the competitors for the blue ribbon and the saddle and bridle to be awarded to the best rider were just now entering, ready mounted, from a door beneath the tiers of seats, and were slowly making the circle around the judges' stand.

One by one they came, with a certain nonchalant pride of demeanor, conscious of an effort to display themselves and their horses to the greatest advantage, and yet a little ashamed of the consciousness. For the most part they were young men, prosperous-looking, and clad according to the requirements of fashion which prevailed in this little town. Shut in though it was from the pomps and vanities of the world by the encircling chains of blue ranges and the bending sky which rested upon their summits, the frivolity of the mode, though somewhat belated, found its way and ruled with imperative rigor. Good riders they were, undoubtedly, accustomed to the saddle almost from infancy, and well mounted. A certain air of gallantry, always characteristic of an athletic horseman, commended these equestrian figures to the eye as they slowly circled about. Still they came—eight—nine—ten—the eleventh, the long, lank frame of Jenkins Hollis, mounted on Squire Goodlet's "John Barleycorn."

The horsemen received the ungainly addition to their party with polite composure, and the genteel element of the spectators remained silent, too, from the force of good breeding and good feeling; but the "roughs," always critically a-loose in a crowd, shouted and screamed with derisive hilarity. What they were laughing at Jenks Hollis never knew. Grave and stolid, but as complacent as the best, he, too, made the usual circuit with his ill-fitting jeans suit, his slouching old wool hat, and his long, gaunt figure. But he sat the spirited "John Barleycorn" as if he were a part of the steed, and held up his head with unwonted dignity, inspired, perhaps, by the stately attitudes of the horse, which were

the result of no training nor compelling reins, but the instinct transmitted through a long line of high-headed ancestry. Of a fine old family was "John Barleycorn."

A deeper sensation was in store for the spectators. Before Jenkins Hollis' appearance, most of them had heard of his intention to compete, but the feeling was one of unmixed astonishment when entry No. 12 rode into the arena, and, on the part of the country people, this surprise was supplemented by an intense indignation. The twelfth man was Jacob Brice. As he was a "mounting boy," one would imagine that, if victory should crown his efforts, the rural faction ought to feel the elation of success, but the prevailing sentiment toward him was that which every well-conducted mind must entertain concerning the individual who runs against the nominee. Notwithstanding the fact that Brice was a notable rider, too, and well calculated to try the mettle of the town's champion, there arose from the excited countrymen a keen, bitter and outraged cry of "Take him out!" So strongly does the partisan heart pulsate to the interests of the nominee!

This frantic petition had no effect on the interloper. A man who has inherited half-a-dozen violent quarrels, any one of which may at any moment burst into a vendetta— inheriting little else—is not easily dismayed by the disapprobation of either friend or foe. His statuesque features, shaded by the drooping brim of his old black hat, were as calm as ever, and his slow blue eyes did not, for one moment, rest upon the excited scene about him, so unspeakably new to his scanty experience. His fine figure showed to great advantage on horseback, despite his uncouth, coarse garb; he was mounted upon a sturdy brown mare of obscure origin, but good-looking, clean-built, sure-footed, and with the blended charm of spirit and docility; she represented his whole estate, except his gun and his lean old hound.

The judges were exacting. The riders were ordered to gallop to the right—and around they went. To the left—and there was again the spectacle of the swiftly circling equestrian figures. They were required to draw up in a line, and to dismount; then to mount, and again to alight. Those whom these maneuvers proved inferior were dismissed at once, and the circle was reduced to eight. An exchange of horses was commanded, and once more the riding, fast and slow, left and right, the mounting and dismounting, were repeated. The proficiency of the remaining candidates rendered them worthy of more difficult ordeals. They were required to snatch a hat from the ground while riding at full gallop. Pistols, loaded with blank cartridges, were fired behind the horses, and subsequently close to their quivering and snorting nostrils, in order that the relative capacity of the riders to manage a frightened and unruly steed might be compared, and the criticism of the judges mowed the number down to four.

Free speech is conceded by all right-thinking people to be a blessing. It is often a balm. Outside of the building and of earshot the defeated aspirants took what comfort they could in consigning, with great fervor and volubility, all the judicial magnates to that torrid region unknown to polite geographical works.

* A selected reading from *The Mystery of Witch-Face Mountain*. By Chas. Egbert Craddock (Mary N. Murfree). Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Of the four horsemen remaining in the ring, two were Jenkins Hollis and Jacob Brice. Short turns at full gallop were prescribed. The horses were required to go backward at various gaits. Bars were brought in and the crowd enjoyed the exhibition of the standing-leap, at an ever-increasing height, and then the flying-leap—a tumultuous, confused impression of thundering hoofs and tossing mane and grim defiant faces of horse and rider, in the lightning-like moment of passing. Obstructions were piled on the track for the "long jumps," and in one of the wildest leaps a good rider was unhorsed and rolled on the ground, while his recalcitrant steed, that had balked at the last moment, scampered around and around the arena in a wild effort to find the door beneath the tiers of seats to escape so fierce a competition. This accident reduced the number of candidates to the two mountaineers and Tip Hackett, the man whom Jacob had pronounced a formidable rival. The circling about, the mounting and dismounting, the exchange of horses, were several times repeated without any apparent result, and excitement rose to fever heat.

The premium and certificate lay between the three men. The town faction trembled at the thought that the substantial award of the saddle and bridle, with the decoration of the blue ribbon, and the intangible but still precious secondary glory of the certificate and the red ribbon might be given to the two mountaineers, leaving the crack rider of Colbury in an ignominious lurch, while the country party feared Hollis' defeat by Hackett rather less than that Jenks would be required to relinquish the premium to the interloper Brice, for the young hunter's riding had stricken a pang of prophetic terror to more than one partisan rustic's heart. In the midst of the perplexing doubt, which tried the judges' minds, came the hour for dinner, and the decision was postponed.

The competitors left the arena, and the spectators transferred their attention to unburdening hampers, or to jostling one another in the dining-hall.

Everybody was feasting but Cynthia Hollis. The intense excitement of the day, the novel sights and sounds utterly undreamed of in her former life, the abruptly struck chords of new emotions suddenly set vibrating within her, had dulled her relish for the midday meal; and while the other members of the family repaired to the shade of a tree outside the grounds to enjoy that refection, she wandered about the "floral hall," gazing at the splendors of bloom thronging there, all so different from the shy grace, the fragility of poise, the delicacy of texture of the flowers of her ken—the rhododendron, the azalea, the Chilhowee lily—yet vastly imposing in their massed exuberance and scarlet pride, for somehow they all seemed high-colored.

She went more than once to note with a kind of aghast dismay those trophies of feminine industry, the quilts; some were of the "log cabin" and "rising sun" variety, but others were of geometric intricacy of form and were kaleidoscope of color with an amazing labyrinth of stitchings and embroideries—it seemed a species of effrontery to dub one gorgeous polytinted silken banner a quilt. But already it bore a blue ribbon, and its owner was the richer by the prize of a glass bowl and the envy of a score of deft-handed competitors. She gazed upon the glittering jellies and preserves, upon the biscuits and cheeses, the

hair-work and wax-flowers and paintings. These latter treated for the most part of castles and seas rather than of the surrounding altitudes, but Cynthia came to a pause of blank surprise in front of a shadow, rather than a picture, which represented a spring of still brown water in a mossy cleft of a rock, where the fronds of a fern seemed to stir in the foreground. "I hev viewed the like o' that a many a time," she said, disparagingly. To her it hardly seemed rare enough for the blue ribbon on the frame.

In the next room she dawdled through great piles of prize fruits and vegetables—watermelons unduly vast of bulk, peaches and pears and pumpkins of proportions never seen before out of a nightmare, stalks of Indian corn eighteen feet high, with seven ears each—all apparently attesting what they could do when they would, and that all the enterprise of Kildeer County was not exclusively of the feminine persuasion.

Finally, Cynthia came out from the midst of them and stood leaning against one of the large pillars which supported the roof of the amphitheatre, still gazing about the half-deserted building, with the smoldering fires of her slumberous eyes newly kindled.

By the natural force of gravitation Jacob Brice presently was walking slowly and apparently aimlessly around to where she was standing. He said nothing, however, when he was beside her, and she seemed entirely unconscious of his presence. Her yellow dress was as stiff as a board, and as clean as her strong, young arms could make it; at her throat were the shining black beads; on her head she wore a limp, yellow, calico sunbonnet, which hung down over her eyes, and almost obscured her countenance. To this article she perhaps owed the singular purity and transparency of her complexion, as much as to the mountain air and the chiefly vegetable fare of her father's table. She wore it constantly, although it operated almost as a mask, rendering her more easily recognizable to their few neighbors by her flaring attire than by her features, and obstructing from her own view all surrounding scenery, so that she could hardly see the cow, which so much of her time she was slowly poking after.

She spoke unexpectedly, and without any other symptom that she knew of the young hunter's proximity.

"I never thought, Jacob, ez how ye would hev come down hyar, all the way from the mountings ter ride agin my dad an' beat him out'n that that saddle an' bridle."

"Ye won't hev nothin' ter say ter me," retorted Jacob, sourly.

A long silence ensued.

Then he resumed, didactically, but with irrelevancy:

"I tolle ye t'other day ez how ye war old enough ter be a-studyin' 'bout gittin' married."

"They don't think nothin' of ye ter our house, Jacob. Dad's always a-jowin' at ye." Cynthia's candor certainly could not be called in question.

The young hunter replied with some irritation:

"He hed better not let me hear him, ef he wants ter keep whole bones inside his skin. He better not tell me, nuther."

"He don't keer enough 'bout ye, Jacob, ter tell ye. He don't think nothin' of ye."

Love is popularly supposed to dull the mental faculties. It developed in Jacob Brice sudden strategic abilities.

"Thar is them ez does," he said, diplomatically.

Cynthia spoke promptly, with more vivacity than

usual, but in her customary drawl, and, apparently, utterly irrelevantly:

"I never in all my days see no sech red-headed gal ez that thar Becky Stiles. She's the red-headedest gal ever I see." And Cynthia once more was silent.

Jacob resumed, also irrelevantly:

"When I goes a-huntin' up yander ter Pine Lick, they is mighty perlite ter me. They ain't never done nothin' agin me, ez I knows on." Then, after a pause of deep cogitation, he added: "Nor hev they said nothin' agin me, nuther."

Cynthia took up her side of the dialogue, if dialogue it could be called, with wonted irrelevancy: "That thar Becky Stiles, she's got the freckledest face—ez freckled ez any turkey-aig" (with an indescribable drawl on the last word).

"They ain't done nothin' agin me," reiterated Jacob, astutely; "nor said nothin', nuther—none o' em."

Cynthia looked hard across the amphitheatre at the distant Great Smoky Mountains shimmering in the hazy September sunlight—so ineffably beautiful, so delicately blue, that they might have seemed the ideal scenery of some impossibly lovely ideal world. Perhaps she was wondering what the unconscious Becky Stiles, far away in those dark woods about Pine Lick, had secured in this life besides her freckled face. Was this the sylvan deity of the young hunter's adoration?

Cynthia took off her sunbonnet to use it for a fan. Perhaps it was well for her that she did so at this moment; it had so entirely concealed her head that her hair might have been the color of Becky Stiles's and no one the wiser. The dark brown tendrils curled delicately on her creamy forehead; the excitement of the day had flushed her pale cheeks with an unwonted glow; her eyes were alight with their newly kindled fires; the clinging curtain of her bonnet had concealed the sloping curves of her shoulders—altogether she was attractive enough, despite the flare of her yellow dress, and especially attractive to the untutored eyes of Jacob Brice. He relented suddenly, and lost all the advantages of his tact and diplomacy.

"I likes ye better nor I does Becky Stiles," he said, moderately. Then, with more fervor, "I likes ye better nor any gal I ever see."

The usual long pause ensued.

"Ye hev got a mighty cur'ous way o' showin' it," Cynthia replied.

"I dunno what ye're talkin' 'bout, Cynthy."

"Ye hev got a mighty cur'ous way o' showin' it," she reiterated, with renewed animation—"a-comin' all the way down hyar from the mountings ter beat my dad out'n that thar saddle and bridle, what he's done sot his heart onto. Mighty cur'ous way."

"Look hyar, Cynthy." The young hunter broke off suddenly, and did not speak again for several minutes. A great perplexity was surging this way and that in his slow brains—a great struggle was waging in his heart. He was to choose between love and ambition—nay, avarice, too, was ranged beside his aspiration. He felt himself an assured victor in the competition, and he had seen that saddle and bridle. They were on exhibition to-day, and to him their material and workmanship seemed beyond expression wonderful, and elegant, and substantial. He could never hope otherwise to own such accoutrements. His eyes would never again even rest upon such resplendent objects,

unless, indeed, in Hollis' possession. Anyone who has ever loved a horse can appreciate a horseman's dear desire that beauty should go beautifully caparisoned. And then there was his pride in his own riding, and his anxiety to have his pre-eminence in that accomplishment acknowledged and recognized by his friends, and, dearer triumph still, by his enemies. A terrible pang before he spoke again.

"Look hyar, Cynthy," he said at last; "ef ye will marry me, I won't go back in yander no more. I'll leave the premi-*um* ter them ez kin git it."

"Ye're foolish, Jacob," she replied, still fanning with the yellow calico sunbonnet. "Ain't I done tole ye ez how they don't think nothin' o' ye ter our house? I don't want all o' em a-jowin' at me, too."

"Ye talk like ye ain't got good sense, Cynthy," said Jacob, irritably. "What's ter hender me from hitchin' up my mare ter my uncle's wagon an' ye an' me a-drivin' up hyar to the Cross-Roads, fifteen mile, an' git Pa'son Jones ter marry us? We'll get the license down hyar ter the Court House afore we start. An' while they'll all be a-foolin' away that time a-ridin' round that thar ring, ye an' me will be a-gittin' married." Ten minutes ago Jacob Brice did not think riding around that ring was such a reprehensible waste of time. "What's ter hender? It don't make no differ how they jow then."

"I done tole ye, Jacob," said the sedate Cynthia, still fanning with the sunbonnet.

With a sudden return of his inspiration, Jacob retorted, affecting an air of stolid indifference: "Jes' ez ye choose. I won't hev ter ax Becky Stiles twict."

And he turned to go.

"I never said no, Jacob," said Cynthia, precipitately. "I never said ez how I wouldn't hev ye."

"Waal, then, jes' come along with me right now while I hitch up the mare. I ain't a-goin' ter leave yer a-standin' hyar. Ye're too skittish. Time I come back ye'd hev done run away I dunno whar." A moment's pause and he added: "Is ye a-goin' to stand thar all day, Cynthy Hollis, a-lookin' up an' around, and a-turnin' yer neck fust this way and then t'other, an' a-lookin' fur all the worl' like a wild turkey in a trap, or one o' them thar skeery young deer, or sech senseless critters? What ails the gal?"

"Thar'll be nobody ter help along the work ter our house," said Cynthia, the weight of the home difficulties bearing heavily on her conscience.

"What's ter hender ye from a-goin' down thar an' lendin' a hand every wunst in a while? But ef ye're a-goin' ter stand thar like ye hedn't no more action than a—a-dunno-what—jes' like yer dad, I ain't. I'll jes' leave ye a-growed ter that thar post, an' I'll jes' light out stiddier, an' afore the cows git ter Pine Lick, I'll be thar too. Jes' ez ye choose. Come along ef ye wants ter come. I ain't a-goin' ter ax ye no more."

"I'm a-comin'," said Cynthia.

There was great though illogical rejoicing on the part of the country faction when the crowds were again seated, tier above tier, in the amphitheatre, and the riders were once more summoned into the arena, to discover from Jacob Brice's unaccounted-for absence that he had withdrawn and left the nominee to his chances.

In the ensuing competition it became very evident to the not altogether impartially disposed judges that they could not, without incurring the suspicions alike of

friend and foe, award the premium to their fellow-townsman. Straight as a shingle though he might be, more prepossessing to the eye, the ex-cavalryman of fifty battles was far better trained in all the arts of horsemanship.

A wild shout of joy burst from the rural party when the most portly and rubicund of the portly and red-faced judges advanced into the ring and decorated Jenkins Hollis with the blue ribbon. A frantic antistrophe rent the air. "Take it off!" vociferated the bitter town faction—"take it off!"

A diversion was produced by the refusal of the Colbury champion to receive the empty honor of the red ribbon and the certificate. Thus did he except to the ruling of the judges. In high dudgeon he faced about and left the arena, followed shortly by the decorated Jenks, bearing the precious saddle and bridle, and going with a wooden face to receive the congratulations of his friends.

The entries for the slow mule race had been withdrawn at the last moment; and the spectators, balked of that unique sport, and the fair being virtually over, were rising from their seats and making their noisy preparations for departure. Before Jenks had cleared the fair-building, being somewhat impeded by the moving mass of humanity, he encountered one of his neighbors, a listless mountaineer, who spoke on this wise:

"Does ye know that thar gal o' yourn—that thar Cynth?"

Mr. Hollis nodded his expressionless head—presumably he did know Cynthia.

"Waal," continued his leisurely interlocutor, still interrogative, "does ye know Jacob Brice?"

Ill-starred association of ideas! There was a look of apprehension on Jenkins Hollis' wooden face.

"They hev got a license down hyar ter the Court House an' gone a-kitin' out on the Old B'ar road."

This was explicit.

"Whar's my horse?" exclaimed Jenks, appropriating "John Barleycorn" in his haste. Great as was his hurry, it was not too imperative to prevent him from strapping upon the horse the premium saddle, and inserting in his mouth the new bit and bridle. And in less than ten minutes a goodly number of recruits from the crowd assembled in Colbury were also "a-kitin'" out on the road to Old Bear, delighted with the new excitement, and bent on running down the eloping couple with no more appreciation of the sentimental phase of the question and the tender illusions of love's young dream than if Jacob and Cynthia were two mountain foxes.

Down the red-clay slopes of the outskirts of the town "John Barleycorn" thunders with a train of horsemen at his heels. Splash into the clear fair stream whose translucent depths tell of its birthplace among the mountain springs—how the silver spray showers about as the pursuers surge through the ford, leaving behind them a foamy wake!—and now they are pressing hard up the steep ascent of the opposite bank, and galloping furiously along a level stretch of road, with the fences and trees whirling by, and the September landscape flying on the wings of the wind. The chase leads past fields of tasseled Indian corn, with yellowing thickly-swathed ears leaning heavily from the stalk; past wheat-lands, the crops harvested and the crab-grass having its day at last; past "wood-lots" and their black shadows, and

out again into the September sunshine; past rickety little homes, not unlike Hollis' own, with tow-headed children, exactly like his, standing with wide eyes, looking at the rush and hurry of the pursuit—sometimes in the ill-kept yards a wood-fire is burning under the boiling sorghum kettle, or beneath the branches of the orchard near at hand a cider-mill is crushing the juice out of the red and yellow, ripe and luscious apples. Homeward-bound prize cattle are overtaken—a Durham bull, reluctantly permitting himself to be led into a fence corner that the hunt may sweep by unobstructed, and turning his proud blue-ribboned head angrily toward the riders as if indignant that anything except him should absorb attention; a gallant horse, with another floating blue streamer, bearing himself as becometh a king's son; the chase comes near to crushing sundry grunting porkers impervious to pride and glory in any worldly distinctions of cerulean decorations, and at last is fain to draw up and wait until a flock of silly over-dressed sheep, running in frantic fear every way but the right way, can be gathered together and guided to a place of safety.

And once more, forward! Past white frame houses with porches and vine-grown verandas and well-tended gardens, and groves of oak and beech and hickory trees, "John Barleycorn" makes an ineffectual but gallant struggle to get in at the large white gate of one of these comfortable places, Squire Goodlet's home, but he is urged back into the road, and again the pursuit sweeps on. Those blue mountains, the long parallel ranges of Old Bear and his brothers, seem no more a misty, uncertain mirage against the delicious indefinable tints of the horizon. Sharply outlined they are now, with dark, irregular shadows upon their precipitous slopes which tell of wild ravines and rock-lined gorges, and swirling mountain torrents, and great, beetling gray crags.

"Pears like I can't git my breath good in them flat countries," says Jenkins Hollis to himself, as "John Barleycorn" improves his speed under the exhilarating influence of the wind. "I'm nigh on to sifflicated every time I goes down yander ter Colbury."

Long stretches of woods are on either side of the road now, with no sign of the changing season in the foliage save the slender, pointed, scarlet leaves and creamy plumes of the sourwood, gleaming here and there; and presently another panorama of open country unrolls to the view. Two or three frame houses appear with gardens and orchards, a number of humble log cabins and a dingy little store, and the Cross-Roads are reached. And here the conclusive intelligence meets the party that Jacob and Cynthia were married by Parson Jones an hour ago, and were still "a-kitin'," at last accounts, out on the road to Old Bear.

The pursuit stayed its ardor. On the auspicious day when Jenkins Hollis took the blue ribbon at the County Fair and won the saddle and bridle he lost his daughter.

They saw Cynthia no more until late in the autumn when she came, without a word of self-justification or apology for her conduct, to lend her mother a helping hand in spinning and weaving her little brothers' and sisters' clothes. And gradually the *éclat* attendant upon her nuptials was forgotten, except that Mrs. Hollis now and then remarks that she "dunno how we could have bore up agin Cynth's a-runnin' away like she done, ef it hedn't a-been fur that thar saddle an' bridle an' takin' the blue ribbon at the County Fair."

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

Strange Marriage Customs

CUPID CIRCLING THE GLOBE....DENVER REPUBLICAN

The Cherokee form of marriage is, perhaps, the simplest and most expressive to be found among modern people. Man and maiden, their courtship happily ended, simply join hands over a running stream, emblematic of the wish that their future shall flow on in the same channel, and the thing is done. Among our other Indian tribes the marriage ceremony is equally simple and effective. An Eskimo youth is qualified to marry when he has succeeded in killing a Polar bear unaided, this feat being regarded as a proof that he is capable of providing for the wants of a family. He starts forth at night to secure a wife, which he does by seizing the first girl he can surprise unawares. She naturally screams and draws the entire population of the village about her, and they, by raining sealskin scourges on the shoulders of the would-be husband, aid the maiden in escaping. He pursues, running the gauntlet of kick and buffet, until he again secures his lady-love. Should she once more escape and be retaken a third time by her amorous pursuer, the maiden accepts her fate and becomes the young man's wife. In Greenland the missionary is called upon to act as the matrimonial agent, and the wedding usually takes place upon the same day the proposal is made.

In Sweden and Norway the bride is dressed in her wedding garments, placed in the middle of the room and surrounded by lighted candles. Her friends walk around her and make all the uncomplimentary remarks of which they can think. Finally everyone is ordered out of the room, the ceremony is performed and a procession escorts the couple to their new home, everyone carrying a candle. Marriage fêtes in Finland are often prolonged for several days, even among people of humble rank. The Finnish youth never "pops the question" himself to the girl of his choice. The proposal is made through a third person, called the "talmán," to whom the happy couple give a present when his mediation, proving successful, ends in a wedding. Not uncommonly their gift takes the form of a shirt, while the clergyman who presides receives a handkerchief and a pair of warm hair gloves.

In certain parts of Holland when a young man thinks he loves a girl he asks her for a match to light his cigar at the door of the beloved one's home. This is done to let the parents know that something is intended, and if the visit is repeated and the same thing occurs no doubt is left in the minds of the parents and they proceed to investigate the young man's character and antecedents. When he calls a third time they are prepared to give him an answer. If his suit is looked upon with favor he is for the first time invited inside and given a match. If refused, he produces his own match, lights his cigar and walks away. In Bulgaria the prospective husband is expected to hand over to the bride's father a sum varying from \$100 to several thousand dollars, according to his means. This sum is supposed to repay the father for the loss of his daughter's services in the field. Among the Afghans marriage is a matter of purchasing a bride. A rich Afghan marries early because he can afford to, while a poor man often goes single all his

life, being too poor to pay the necessary purchase money. If the husband dies and the widow wishes to marry again she or her friends must refund the purchase money to the friends of the dead husband. As among the Jews, a common custom is for the elder brother of the deceased to marry the widow. No other person would think of marrying her without first asking this brother's consent.

Lilith, Adam's First Wife

LEGEND OF THE DEMON-WOMAN....JEWISH SPECTATOR

A short time ago we had occasion to make a call at a Hebrew bookseller's, whose dealings are principally confined to the Polish and Russian sections of our co-religionists, and we happened by the merest accident to notice on his table a small printed paper of no great pretensions. We asked what it was, and to our utter amazement we were informed that it was a species of incantation used by Hebrew women of the lower classes in their confinement, in order to exorcise a well-known demon from their abodes, and to counteract any injury she might effect to either mother or child. Lilith—for that is the name of the she-devil—is supposed to hover around the bed of the mother and the cradle of the baby, and to seek an opportunity for dropping, unobserved, into their mouths a fatal potion, homeopathic in quantity. The printed paper we saw contained a certain form in Hebrew which the affrighted mother is induced to repeat, and under its influence all apprehension of ulterior harm is supposed to be removed.

That the ignorant and uneducated of all nationalities still preserve a belief in demons is shown by the many works on "folk-lore" emanating from the press, and there is nothing curious, therefore, in the fact that lower classes of foreign Jews should prove credulous where their fears are aroused. There is more reason, indeed, for the existence of superstition among them, from the fact that Jewish history extends over a far more lengthy period than the annals of any nation upon earth, and that, moreover, our race being of Oriental origin, it is more prone to believe in supernatural objects than the more staid and phlegmatic people of the West. The Midrashim, or legends of ancient times, which the Polish and Russian Jews read and enjoy in the peculiar jargon in which they are rendered, teem with allegorical tales of mysterious personages floating in the atmosphere, but so great is the ignorance of the majority of readers, that these allegories are accepted as prosaic truths, and the moral which they convey is thus lost sight of. Superstition prevails, therefore, to an extraordinary extent, and nothing but the influence of education and intelligence will be able to uproot it. If the poor creatures who indulge in it are relieved of their fears, and their imaginary woes are thereby removed, we must admit that their ignorance is bliss; they should nevertheless be taught not to succumb to this species of modern idolatry, and should rely upon a Higher Power to extricate them from their difficulties.

The Hebrew form of the above incantation comprehends the following: (1) Some gibberish about Adam, Eve and Lilith, occupying the first line. (2) The names of five protecting angels, who are supposed foes of the redoubtable female demon. (3) A line or two in the

Polish-Jewish dialect, running as follows: "This is the oath of Elijah, of blessed memory, by which he exorcised the witches, who at length declared to him that when anyone pronounced their veritable names, they would immediately abandon the abode."

To this succeeds the incantation of Elijah, which we thus translate: "In the sacred name of the Eternal, God of Israel, who abideth between the cherubim, whose name is great and terrible! Elijah, the prophet, of blessed memory, was once proceeding on his way when he encountered Lilith and all her brood. He exclaimed: 'Thou abominable Lilith, thou mischievous Spirit, where art thou going with all thy noxious brood?' She replied: 'My Lord Elijah, I am going to the house of such or such a one (giving her name) to administer to her the fatal sleep potion, to abstract her child just born unto her, to drink its blood, to grind its bones and to devour its flesh.' Elijah, of blessed repute, thus replied: 'Avaunt, and hie thee to the mountains, where thou shalt be held tight and firm away from harm, and this in the name of the Holy, Incomprehensible Being. Be thou still there as a stone.' She rejoined: 'For the sake of Heaven, release me; and I will flee away. I will also swear to thee, in the name of the Eternal God of the host of Israel, that I will quit this district, and not molest either mother or babe. Moreover, whenever I hear my veritable names pronounced I will flee away. Now, therefore, I will divulge my names, and at any juncture that they are mentioned, I and my suits will be rendered powerless for injury. We shall be hindered entering the woman's house, and shall have no power to harm her. These are my names and descriptions:'''

Here follow two lines of print, giving, in continuation of this, some fourteen names of the Lilith, technically called in cabballistic literature "Shaymos." The mere utterance of them suffices to put Madam Lilith to the rout, and the patient is at once set at ease in her mind.

She must, however, follow this up with a few additional words, the burden of which is "Upset Satan," and the verse "a witch thou shalt not suffer to live," put in various forms by the inversion of the words of the text. A repetition of the earlier portion of the document, and Psalm cxxi, fervently said, conclude the rite of incantation. The matter is grotesque in the extreme when we consider that the ceremony is carried out in this, the nineteenth century, with all the appliances of civilization freely around us, and in the most enlightened metropolis of the known world. There appear to exist separate forms for male and female children.

Baring-Gould, in his *Legends of the Old Testament Characters*, speaks thus of Lilith, in his first volume: "After his fall Satan took to himself four wives—Lilith; Naama, the daughter of Lamech and the sister of Tubal Cain; Igereth and Machalath. Each became the mother of the great host of demons, and each rules with a host over a season of the year; and at the changing of the seasons there is a great gathering of demons about their mothers. Lilith is followed by 480 legions of devils, for that number is comprised in her name in the Hebrew language. According to some, Lilith is identical with Eve; she rules over Damascus, Naama over Tyre, Igereth over Malta and Rhodes, and Machalath over Crete." Baring-Gould further remarks, in another portion of his work, that Eve was Adam's second wife was a common rabbinic speculation; certain of the commentators adopted the view to explain

the double account of the creation of woman in the sacred text; first in Genesis i. 27, and secondly in Genesis ii. 18, and they said that Adam's first wife was named Lilith, but she was expelled from Eden, and after her expulsion Eve was created.

Abraham Ecchellen gives the following account of Lilith and her doings: There are some who do not regard spectres as simple spirits, but suppose them to be mixed in their nature, part demoniacal, part human, and to have had their origin from Lilith, Adam's first wife, by Ellis, the prince of devils. This fable has been transmitted to the Arabs from Jewish cabballistic sources by some converts of Mahomet, who transferred many Jewish legends to the Arabic literature. They gave to Adam a wife, formed of clay, alone with Adam, and called her Lilith, resting on the Scripture, "Male and female created He them;" but when this woman, on account of her simultaneous creation with him, became proud and a vexation to her husband, God expelled her from Paradise and then said: "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make a helpmeet for him." And this they confirmed by the words of Adam when he saw the woman fashioned from his rib: "This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh," which is as much as to say: "Now God has given me a wife and companion suitable for me, taken from my bone and flesh; but the other wife He gave me was not of my bone and flesh, and was therefore not a suitable companion and wife to me." But Lilith, after she was expelled from Paradise, is said to have married a demon, by whom she had children, who were called Jins. These were endowed with six qualities, of which they share three with men and three with devils. Like men, they generate in their own likeness, eat food, and die. Like demons, they are winged, and fly where they list with great velocity; they are invisible, and they can pass through solid substances without injuring them. This race of Jins is supposed to be less noxious to men, and indeed to live in some familiarity and friendship with them, as part sharers in their nature. The author of the history and acts of Alexander of Macedon relates that in a certain region of India, on certain hours of the day, the young Jins assume a human form and appear openly, playing games with the native children of human parents quite familiarly.

Significance of Finger Rings

THEIR PLACE IN HISTORY....THE BOSTON TRAVELER

The ring has always been associated with marriages from time immemorial. The bard sings of his love for his "fair ladye" being as "endless as the ring." The engagement ring is, perhaps, the most genuinely interesting bit of jewelry a woman can wear, and then there is always the strong possibility of her having a variety, though as an emblem of marriage it was not introduced by the Christian church, as many suppose. Before the introduction of coinage, the only circulation of Egyptian gold was in the form of rings, and the Egyptian, at his marriage, placed one of these rings of gold on his bride's finger as a token of intrusting her with all his property. In our marriage ceremony we but follow this custom. Some of the birthday rings are wonderfully unique, the various lucky stones being set lightly on tiny wire of gold. Friendship rings are less popular than of yore, though occasionally one sees them worn by a loyal devotee of the pretty, old custom. The

lover's knot is the most common, being either in silver or gold and very slender.

The Fede ring presents several features of interest, being composed of two flat hoops accurately fitting, each within the other, and kept in place by a corresponding projection on either extreme edge, so that the two form, to all appearance, one body. A name is engraved on each, or a line of a distich in old French. The idea being, should the two friends separate, each could wear a single hoop (as they are easily separated), and thus be a means of recognition when again compared. "With joints so close as not to be perceived, yet are they both each other's counterpart." The quaint, old-time hair rings are no longer seen; their oddity was more noteworthy than their beauty; they are "heirlooms" in every sense. It would seem odd in this privileged age to be restricted in so small a thing as the wearing of gold rings, yet in olden days there were various laws held by the Romans as to the wearing of these jeweled baubles. Tiberius made a property qualification necessary to their wearing; the right was given to old Roman soldiers by Severus. Ornaments worn by the knights under Augustus were ancient rings of iron, which were later held as a badge of servitude, an express decree of the State being necessary to rightfully wear a solid gold ring.

Ambassadors to foreign missions were invested with golden circles as a mark of great respectability; these were issued by the treasury with much ceremony, not even the senators being allowed to wear them in private life. The earliest use of rings and the form which they most generally took was of the nature of a signet, and was used to give authenticity to documents before the art of writing was known to any, but professional scribes. But they soon became symbols of power and authority, and we remember the duke in Twelfth Night sent his ring by Viola to his mistress Olivia, as a token that all power was delegated to the holder of the ring. The signet was used by merchants as their own private mark, equivalent to our trade mark, and, moreover, was the only form rings took for a very long period. A form of signet introduced in Egypt to the Etruscans was a gold swivel ring, mounted with a scarab. A curious form of ring found in Greek tombs are for the dead, a provision never made in these days; they are hollow and light, and set with round convex pastes; many of these were so thin that it was necessary to fill them with mastic varnish to preserve their shape. Poison was inserted in the hollow rings of the Romans. A story is related by Pliny that after the golden treasure had been stolen by Crasseus from under the stone of the Capitoline, Jupiter, the custodian, to escape torture, broke the gem of his ring in his mouth, expiring immediately from the effects of the poison secreted in it.

A curious ring of Venetian workmanship (and one which could only have been worn on ceremonial occasions) is the Jewish wedding ring of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, being an elaborate structure. The bezel bearing a conventional representation of the ark, a temple, with inscriptions in Hebrew characters on either side. A highly elaborate form of Jewish wedding ring has projecting sockets, from which hang small rings; a very cumbersome finger ornament. The cost of these rings must have been great, not only from the amount of metal used, but the exquisite workmanship, on which account one would have been loth to see them consigned

to the melting pot, as did the women of Prussia during the war of liberation in 1813, who, in lack of other coin, contributed their wedding rings, receiving in return those made of iron, bearing the legend, "Ich gebe gold fur eisen." The puzzle rings are ingeniously contrived, the four hoops comprising the ring being all separate, and falls to pieces when removed from the finger. These were the work of the old Indian goldsmiths. Much of beauty and symbolism is shown in the peasant rings.

Innocent III., in 1194, settled the fashion of the Episcopal ring, who ordained that it should be of gold and set with one precious stone, on which nothing was to be cut. The annular finger of the right hand is the one to bear this singularly symbolic ornament, and bishops never wear more than one, though the portrait of Pope Julius II. is represented as wearing six rings. According to Durandus, the Episcopal ring was symbolical of perfect fidelity, of the duty of sealing and revealing, and, lastly, of the gift of the Holy Ghost. A massive ring of bronze gilt, the square bezel being set with a green chalcedony and emblazoned with St. Marks in relief, on each side of the shoulders shields of arms, represents a papal ring of the fifteenth century, and was given by popes to new made cardinals. Another most interesting ring was the property of Alhastan, bishop of Shelborne, and was found at Llysfaen, in the northeast part of Carnarvonshire, in 1773. It is gold and very massive, the hoop being of eight divisions, alternately circular and lozenge shaped, nielloed and inscribed "Alheta."

A ring said to have been given by Charles I. to Bishop Juxon on the day of his execution has the sentiment, "Rather death than fals fayth," engraved on its bezel. Falstaff boasts that in his youth he was "slender enough to creep into any alderman's ring," which shows that this style is dated from the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Everyone knows of the poison ring of Demosthenes, and the one by which Hannibal killed himself, with its hollow bezel filled with deadly poison. A ring used as a charm to ward off diseases, and worn by the South Germans of the sixteenth century is quaintly set with three wolves' teeth, the shoulders chased with two roses in relief.

The Resurrection Clock of India

A MECHANICAL HORROR.....THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Machinery is a monthly journal published at Johannesburg, South Africa. In the latest number just received is an account of a most remarkable clock belonging to a Hindu prince, which the editor thinks the strangest piece of machinery in India. Near the dial of an ordinary-looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of artificial human skulls, ribs, legs, and arms, the whole number of bones in the pile being equal to the number of bones in twelve human skeletons. When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of 1, the number of bones needed to form a complete human skeleton come together with a snap; by some mechanical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, strikes one blow. This finished, it returns to the pile and again falls to pieces. When 2 o'clock, two skeletons get up, and strike, while at the hours of noon and midnight the entire heap springs up in the shape of twelve skeletons, and strikes, each one after the other, a blow on the gong, and then fall to pieces, as before.

TREASURE-TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

The Friar of Orders Gray....John O'Keefe....Humor of Ireland (Scribner)

I am a friar of orders gray :
As down the valley I take my way,
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of venison does fill my scrip ;
My long bead-roll I merrily chaunt,
Where'er I walk, no money I want ;
And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell—
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
 What baron or squire
 Or knight of the shire
 Lives half so well as a holy friar !

After supper, of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream.
Myself, by denial, I mortify
With a dainty bit of a warden pie ;
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin ;
With old sack wine I'm lined within ;
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl's ding dong.
 What baron or squire
 Or knight of the shire
 Lives half so well as a holy friar !

Our River....John Greenleaf Whittier.....Poems

For a summer festival at "The Laurels" on the Merrimack

Once more on yonder laureled height
 The summer flowers have budded ;
Once more with summer's golden light
 The vales of home are flooded ;
And once more, by the grace of Him
 Of every good the Giver,
We sing upon its wooded rim
 The praises of our river :

Its pines above, its waves below,
 The west wind down it blowing,
As fair as when the young Brissot
 Beheld it seaward flowing—
And bore its memory o'er the deep,
 To soothe a martyr's sadness,
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,
 His prison walls with gladness.

We know the world is rich with streams
 Renowned in song and story,
Whose music murmurs through our dreams
 Of human love and glory :
We know that Arno's banks are fair,
 And Rhine has castled shadows,
And, poet-tuned, the Doon and Ayr
 Go singing down their meadows.

But while, unpictured and unsung
 By painter or by poet,
Our river waits the tuneful tongue
 And cunning hand to show it—
We only know the fond skies lean
 Above it, warm with blessing,
And the sweet soul of our Undine
 Awakes to our caressing.

No fickle sun-god holds the flocks
 That graze its shores in keeping ;
No icy kiss of Dian mocks
 The youth beside it sleeping :
Our Christian river loveth most
 The beautiful and human ;
The heathen streams of Naiads boast,
 But ours of man and woman.

The miner in his cabin hears
 The ripple we are hearing ;
It whispers soft to homesick ears
 Around the settler's clearing ;
In Sacramento's vales of corn,
 Or Santee's bloom of cotton,
Our river by it valley-born
 Was never yet forgotten.
The drum rolls loud—the bugle fills
 The summer air with clangor ;
The war-storm shakes the solid hills
 Beneath its tread of anger ;
Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
 Now point the rifle's barrel,
And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
 Bear redder stains of quarrel.

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on,
 And rivers still keep flowing—
The dear God still his rain and sun
 On good and ill bestowing
His pine-trees whisper, "Trust and wait!"
 His flowers are prophesying
That all we dread of change or fall
 His love is underlying.

And thou, O Mountain-born!—no more
 We ask the wise Alotter
Than for the firmness of thy shore,
 The calmness of thy water,
The cheerful lights that overlay
 Thy rugged slopes with beauty,
To match our spirits to our day
 And make a joy of duty.

The Norman Baron.....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.....Poems

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying ;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
 And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
 Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater noster,
 From the missal on his knee ;
And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sound of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells that from the neighboring kloster,
 Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held that night their Christmas wassail ;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
 Sang the minstrels and the waits.
And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
 Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the lays they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
 Whispered at the baron's ear.
Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
 Turned his weary head to hear.

"Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in a manger!
King, like David, priest, like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!"

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
"Miserere, Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition,
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp of earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal,
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, "Amen!"

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust,

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter glows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

An Old Man's Idyl....Richard Realf....Poems

By the waters of Life we sat together,
Hand and hand in the golden days
Of the beautiful early summer weather,
When skies were purple and breath was praise,
When the heart kept tune to the carol of birds,
And the birds kept tune to the songs which ran
Through shimmer of flowers on grassy swards,
And trees with voices Aeolian.

By the rivers of Life we walked together,
I and my darling, unafraid;
And lighter than any linnet's feather
The burdens of Being on us weighed.
And Love's sweet miracles o'er us threw
Mantles of joy outlasting Time,
And up from the rosy morrows grew
A sound that seemed like a marriage chime.

In the gardens of Life we strayed together;
And the luscious apples were ripe and red,
And the languid lilac and honeyed heather
Swooned with the fragrance which they shed.
And under the trees the angels walked,
And up in the air a sense of wings
Awed us tenderly, while we talked
Softly in sacred communings.

In the meadows of Life we strayed together,
Watching the waving harvests grow;
And under the benison of the Father
Our hearts, like the lambs, skipped to and fro.
And the cowslips, hearing our low replies,
Broader fairer the emerald banks,
And glad tears shone in the daisies' eyes,
And the timid violet glistened thanks.

Who was with us, and what was round us,
Neither myself nor my darling guessed;
Only we knew that something crowned us
Out from the heavens with crowns of rest;

Only we knew that something bright
Lingered lovingly where we stood,
Clothed with the incandescent light
Of something higher than humankind.

Oh, the riches Love doth inherit!
Ah, the alchemy which doth change
Dross of body and dregs of spirit
Into sanctities rare and strange!

My flesh is feeble and dry and old,
My darling's beautiful hair is gray;
But our elixir and precious gold
Laugh at the footsteps of decay.

Harms of the world have come unto us,
Cups of sorrow we yet shall drain;
But we have a secret which doth show us
Wonderful rainbows in the rain.

And we hear the tread of the years move by,
And the sun is setting behind the hills;
But my darling does not fear to die,
And I am happy in what God wills.

So we sit by our household fires together,
Dreaming the dreams of long ago;
Then it was balmy summer weather,
And now the valleys are laid in snow.

Icicles hang from the slippery eaves;
The wind blows cold — 'tis growing late;
Well, well! we have garnered all our sheaves,
I and my darling, and we wait.

Milton's Prayer of Patience....Elizabeth Lloyd Howell....Poems

I am old and blind!
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet am I not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong:
I murmur not that I no longer see;—
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme! to Thee.

All-merciful One!
When men are farthest, then art Thou most near;
When friends pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning towards me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself—Thyself alone.

I have nought to fear;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred, here
Can come no evil thing.

Oh! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in that radiance from the sinless land
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture,—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

Where Woman Is Never a Criminal

AUSTRIA'S CIVIL GALLANTRY.....CORNHILL MAGAZINE

In Austria a woman, no matter what she may do, is never regarded or treated quite as a criminal. She may rob, burn, kill—set every law at defiance, in fact, and break all the commandments in turn—without a fear of ever being called upon to face a gallows. She is not even sent to an ordinary prison to do penance for her sins; the hardest fate that can befall her, indeed, is to be compelled to take up her abode for a time in a convent. The convent to which Vienna sends its erring sisters is at Neudorf, only a few miles away from the city. The convent itself is a fine old building which once upon a time was a castle, and seems to have been strongly fortified. The religious community to which it now belongs received it as a present from its owner, who cared more for the Church than for his heir. There is nothing in the appearance of the place to show that it is a prison; the court-yard stands open the whole day long and there is never a guard within sight. The door-keeper is a pretty little nun whom a strong woman could easily pick up in her arms and run away with. The Superior is a handsome old lady with keen, penetrating eyes, a firm mouth, and an expression that is at once kindly and—oddly enough, considering she is a nun—humorous. She has a gentle courtesy of manner that is singularly attractive; she has, too, that most excellent thing in woman, a low, sweet voice. Judging by the stately grace with which she wears her long cream-white robes, her early days were more probably passed at Hofburg than in a convent. The fact of her being a great lady, however, does not prevent her being a clear-headed business woman. She has at her finger-ends all the details of the working of the institution under her control, and not a spoon is moved there without her knowing the whys and wherefores of its moving. She is evidently heart and soul in her work, and keenly interested in everything that concerns her charges. She knows all the circumstances of their cases, and deals with each of them individually, bringing good influences to arouse in them a sense of self-respect.

The Superior led the way into a large cheerful-looking room, in which some fifty women were sitting working. Perhaps half a dozen of them were making matchboxes or buttons; and the others were doing fine needlework, beautiful embroidery, lace and wool work, under the guidance of a sister who looked for all the world as if she had stepped straight out of one of Fra Angelico's pictures. She passes her life going about among these women distributing to each in turn directions, encouragement, or reproof, as the case may be, always with a smile on her lips—one, though, in which there is more patient endurance than gladness. Another sister, a woman with a strong, sphinxlike face, was sitting at the further end of the room, on a raised platform. She is there to maintain discipline and guard against those outbursts of temper which, from time to time disturb the harmony of life in this convent. As we entered the room all the women rose and greeted us, in the most cheery fashion, with what sounded like a couplet from an old chant. They speedily took up their work again, however, at a sign from the Superior.

These women were all so kindly in their ways, so peaceful and good-humored, they differed so completely from our preconceived ideas of criminals, that we were puzzled to imagine what could have brought them into prison. We had never a doubt but that their offenses were of the most trivial nature, and we said so. The Superior gave us one of her odd, humorous smiles. "Did you notice that woman in the corridor?" she asked. "She is Marie Schneider." That insignificant-looking little woman, who had stood aside with a gentle deprecatory smile to allow us to pass, Marie Schneider! Why, in any other place, one would have set Marie Schneider, a European celebrity, with more murders on her conscience than she has fingers on her hands! "And you let her stay here?" "We have nowhere else to put her," the Inspector, who had joined us, replied; "and we don't hang women in Austria."

Nor is she, as we soon found, the only notoriety in the place. One of the prisoners is a delicate-looking girl with large brown eyes and golden hair—a type of beauty almost peculiar to Austrians. She has a low cooing voice, and a singularly sweet, innocent expression. "What on earth can that girl have done to be sent here?" I whispered. "Done," the Inspector replied, grimly; "set a house on fire in the hope of killing a man with his wife and five children." The girl must have had extraordinarily sharp ears; for, although we were standing at some distance away, she heard what he said, and she gave him a glance such as I hope never to see again in my life. It was absolutely diabolical; had there been a knife within reach, the man would have died on the spot. Yet only a moment before she had been looking up into my face with a smile an angel might have envied.

The Evil of the Turk

AN ARMENIAN.....THE OUTLOOK

The questions are often asked, "Why does Turkey wage perpetual war against her Christian subjects? what are some of the grievances to which they are subjected, and of which they complain? and why are the Turkish displays of barbarism allowed to go unchecked and unpunished at the close of the enlightened nineteenth century?" I would answer these questions from the standpoint of one reared in that country, and under those conditions of enslavement and persecution that surround all Christians there. The answer to the first question may be found in the teachings of the dominating religion of the Government, Mohammedanism, whose watchword from the past to the present has been, "The sword is the key of heaven and hell"—meaning that those who accepted Mohammedanism, even from the terrors of the sword, should be saved, while those rejecting it should die by the same weapon and be damned. This is the only means used in propagating the religion of Islam. On either side of the pulpits of St. Sophia and the Mosque of Eyub are two flags hanging; one representing Judaism, and the other Christianity. When the imam goes up to the pulpit, he carries a wooden sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, to indicate that the conquest of the Koran over Judaism and Christianity is to be accomplished by the

sword, teaching the people that their wars are holy wars, and that the Mohammedan soldier is the executor of God's will and vengeance.

No military service is required of either Jews or Christians, as they cannot be depended upon to defend Mohammedanism. Indeed, the Government goes so far as to prohibit Armenians from possessing arms of any kind, even a penknife being forbidden them. This freedom from military service, which is a mark of degradation in the eyes of a Turk, has had some compensations. It has saved the Christians from the "wasting influences and destructive diseases of the camp and the battlefield, and has accustomed them to industry and thrift." But while they are free from military service, a special tax is imposed upon them for the support of the Turkish army and State. The taxes are classified as follows: (1) One-tenth of all the crops and fruits; (2) four per cent. of the renting value of houses and lands; (3) five per cent. on every transfer; (4) an animal tax of thirty-three pence on every sheep and goat. Besides these there are the road and labor taxes on the imaginary earnings of the Christians, and the military tax laid upon every male. The tithes are sold to the highest bidder, and the competition is so keen that the successful bidder is forced to pay more than the entire just amount of the tax. Consequently the tithe farmers are forced to resort to the worst form of extortion from the poor Christians, and, instead of making a careful and honest estimate of the taxable produce, assess it without examination, often to more than double its amount. If the farmer has reaped his grain, he cannot store it in his barn until the tax gatherer has surveyed it and taken out his lion's share. If the official is busy elsewhere or is waiting for a bribe, the grain must be left on the field for days or weeks, exposed to drenching rain and scorching sun, until the whole crop becomes spoiled or is carried away by the rapacious Kurds.

If the farmer is then unable to pay the tithe in kind, he is obliged to pay in ready cash. But as he rarely has enough to meet these exactions, his household utensils are seized and sold. The tax gatherer, with his zabitiehs (policemen), is an ever-present scourge to the country. He is heartless and without honor. During the business transactions he must be entertained and provided for, with all his retinue and horses. If the farmer can by any means raise the money, he is only too glad to do so and free himself from this burden; but if he is unable, he is often maltreated and thrown into prison. False receipts, too, are often given, and the amount of the debt has thus to be twice paid. Should a Christian at any time seek redress for continued outrages on person or property, he can appeal only to the local governor or officials, and never to the Sultan, whose time is considered too valuable to be taken up in looking after the welfare of his subjects. The press also is muzzled, as the following rules governing journalism in Constantinople will show:

Art. 5. Avoid personalities. If anybody tells you that a governor or deputy governor has been guilty of embezzlement, maladministration, or of any other blameworthy conduct, treat the charge as not proved, and say nothing about it.

Art. 6. You are forbidden to publish petitions in which individuals or associations complain of acts of mismanagement, or call the Sultan's attention to them.

The Turkish officials, to whom the Christian is sup-

posed to appeal in cases of grievances, are exceedingly corrupt, committing even more crimes than their inferior accomplices, whose administration is an abominable scourge. A few years ago one of the missionaries in Erzeroum told me that while he was on one of his mission tours he came across a poor Christian shepherd who had just been attacked by the Kurds and despoiled of thirty sheep from his flock. The next day, upon the missionary's return to Erzeroum, he called upon the commander of the army to complain of the outrage, and discovered fifteen of the thirty sheep in his yard! Under the ruinous management of these mercenary officials, the country which God made so rich in resources has become poor. These men have transformed their official privileges into prerogatives of tyranny, and there is no bound to their avarice. Such is the system of political economy practiced in the internal affairs of the provinces in the name of Padishah by officials who are "lofty in adulations and calumny, perfidy, and treason." In the eyes of the Turkish Government, suspicion of her non-Mussulman subjects is equal to proof, intention to mischief, and the intention is not less criminal than the act. This was the attitude of the Government in relation to the recent Sassoun massacre. As soon as the Pasha of Bitlis sent word to Constantinople that the Armenians were in rebellion, without waiting for proof the Turkish troops were sent to the scene with orders to suppress the revolt—orders which they knew they must interpret as meaning the extermination of whole villages if they would please the Sultan. After wholesale butchery, Zeki Pasha reported that, "not finding any rebellion, we cleared the country so that none should occur in the future." This stroke of policy was afterward praised in the Court as an act of patriotism.

Canon Malcolm MacColl, who was the first to draw public attention to the Bulgarian atrocities in 1877, has just published a letter in which he declares that the Sultan is responsible for almost every recent massacre in Armenia. Why has the Sultan failed to perform his obligations as pledged in the Berlin Treaty? Because, according to Mohammedanism, "no promise can bind the faithful against the interest and duty of their religion." For nearly twenty years he has occupied the throne, but all the justice which he has shown, and the peace that he has been able to maintain, must be ascribed to the pressure brought upon him by the Treaty Powers. Take, for instance, the case of Mussa Bey. When all Europe demanded an investigation, the Sultan bestirred himself to a pretense of political reformation, but it was short-lived. Duplicity, shiftlessness, and deceit are his great characteristics. No pledge made in the Berlin Treaty has been respected. According to that, there was to be religious toleration in Turkey. Has there been? Far from it. The Sultan has scarcely lived up to the injunction of Mohammed, who said, "Christians and Jews may have their churches or synagogues, repair or rebuild them, but no new churches or synagogues shall be built."

It is the delight of the Turks to profane and pillage Christian churches, and in this sacrilege they are upheld by the weakness of the Sultan. Who is this man? Well may one ask.

Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he has grown so great;

He is the son of a slave of obscure parentage, with no endowments of mind or heart that should fit him for the responsible position of sovereign and pontiff. He is utterly incompetent to remedy official vices, and leaves the affairs of the country to adjust themselves, while he busies himself in deciding what shall be the costumes of the comedians and actresses in the French opera, for which he has a great fondness. His palaces and kiosks exceed all former examples of royal luxury. His domestics number six thousand, and eleven million dollars is required to cover the annual expenses of his royal house and table. Nothing arouses his lethargy save the sound of pleasure or music, or the talk of his concubines, wives and comedians, who are really his ministers. While six thousand courtiers (who are the mercenaries of many fragmental tribes) wait on his holy person daily, the Christians are supporting his tottering throne ; yet the whole policy of the government of the officials of the Kurds and Circassians is the extermination of the Armenians. This is all in accordance with Saïd Pasha's policy, who said : "The solution of the Armenian question consists in the annihilation of the Armenian race." Will the following well-authenticated instance, which is but one of hundreds, be a surprise to you ? During the spring of 1889, in the Armenian town of Zeitune, consisting of about twenty thousand inhabitants, six hundred boys alone were poisoned by the doctors, who were bribed by the Government to use impure vaccine matter ; while individual cases of murder of noted Armenians are of daily occurrence all around the empire.

Although the Kurds and Circassians are by no means the only agents in satisfying Saïd Pasha's craving for Armenian blood, they are very powerful factors in carrying on the work of destruction. When Sultan Medjid was talking of driving them out of the country, the cunning advice of his counsel was : "Let them alone to exterminate the non-Mussulmans, or to keep them subject to your throne." Ever since they have been the favorites of the Sultan and Government, who have equipped them with modern rifles in defiance of Article LXI. of the Berlin Treaty, to assist them in their work of rapine, confiscation, and depredation. Yet, lawless and barbarous, they are not only tolerated by the Government, but upheld. A numerous swarm of these mercenaries assisted Zeki Pasha in the recent massacre, ed either by bribes or by the hope of spoil or by the threats of fanatic mufti, whose cry echoed far above the groans of the dying, "Fight, fight ! Paradise, paradise !" To-day Turkey presents an awful picture of death and ruin. War, pestilence, and famine press their rival claims, and we cry from a full heart, "How long, O Lord, how long ?"

What, then, is left to us ? The sad experience of five hundred years has shown that neither obedience nor submission can secure to us the safety of our mothers, sisters, wives, and property. These many years we have submitted our bodies to the Turk ; but patience is no more a virtue. It is an evil and unjust government that forces us to raise the voice of righteous indignation. If a government is a divine appointment, then its mission should be to work for the welfare of the nation, holding its interests in trust. Since the Berlin Treaty, intolerance by ruler and officials has gone from bad to worse. While subjects to the Sultan, we are considered as strangers and treated like enemies. The Turks claim

that the recent troubles came from organized revolutionary societies among the Christians. Were the Armenians organized in societies when the massacres of 1835, 1860, 1876, and 1878 took place ? Nay ! Yet Armenian mothers were torn from their children, wives from their husbands, daughters from their parents, and given over to a fate more horrible than death. Is it necessary, then, in order to justify our claim and secure the intervention of Europe, that the Turks should massacre twice or three times more than 15,000 Armenians ? The present existing struggle resolves itself into a conflict between Christianity and Mohammedanism ; between Christian civilization and the effete civilization of Islam ; between aggressive Christian progress and the indolence of the fatalistic Turk. Instead of being allowed to develop the industries of the country, we have been oppressed for five centuries by the iron hand of tyranny. We have been obliged to abandon agriculture, our farms being usurped by the officials for the support of Turkish mosques. Misfortune after misfortune, however, has but intensified national love, and we would fain be prepared to support our own autonomy. Should not Christian nations feel an interest in our country and in our struggle for life and liberty, and appoint a European governor, vested with wisdom and with full power of governing our unfortunate country ?

The Selfishness of Society

LADY JEUNE.....GREAT THOUGHTS

The conditions of our modern life offer great temptations to people to be selfish, and modern civilization and the luxury which accompanies it do, no doubt, tend to make us more pleasure-seeking and loving than our predecessors, who lived in rougher and harder times, appear to us now to have been. But if we examine their lives, though the conditions may be altered, the fundamental lines on which they laid them are unchanged. Men's lives are practically unchanged. They hunted and shot, as they do now, and the arrangements of life depended then on them and their occupations as they always must as long as the positions of the sexes remain as they are. People lived more in the country, the difficulty of locomotion putting insurmountable difficulties in the way of constant and easy communication with the metropolis, and the lives of English people were simpler, and, consequently, less expensive than now, though they devoted as much time and leisure to their enjoyment.

It is so easy to contemplate and philosophize on the faults of a society when, on every side, one sees some bit of evidence which justifies our pet theories, but which, in application to individuals, breaks down, and so it is easy to say that the age we live in is worse than its predecessor, and that we are more selfish and self-indulgent than formerly. We will not attempt to deny that, in a measure, this is true ; but, on the other hand, the evidences of the reverse are so numerous and overwhelming that it makes it impossible to apply such a sweeping condemnation to the society we live in, and to the large number against whom such an accusation would be as unjust as it is false. If we do not look beyond the surface, there are plenty of signs to justify our making such hasty generalizations, but the slightest knowledge of life and human nature destroys such a belief. We may acknowledge that this is an age of great and increasing leisure, in which everything that

can minister to the material pleasures and beauties of life has never been excelled; and we see great extravagance, vast expenditure in amusement, dress, and all that tends to the ease and enjoyment of all around us. The standard of luxury is high, and the temptation to live up to it very seductive and powerful; the surrender to the temptation which has taken place is bringing very hard and severe times on us. Like the upper classes, the middle and lower classes, believing in the continuance of the "fat years" of the latter days of the nineteenth century, have been living at a rate and in a way which made no allowance for the "lean times" we are passing through; and, suffering as we are from commercial and agricultural depression, we are apt to blame a condition of society more than economic changes for the discomforts and privations we see all around us.

Side by side with diminished incomes and straitened circumstances we see the luxury and ostentation against which we inveigh, perhaps not pausing to consider that many people would be much poorer were it not for the existence of what we condemn; that smart dresses, fine carriages, flowers, decorations, in fact, everything that contributes to that luxury, gives employment to those who work, and without which they could not exist. We will not maintain, however, that the fortunate possessors of this wealth spend it from any more laudable reason than that they enjoy having these things and the money which procures them. But even admitting so much, it does not as a matter of necessity follow that society is corrupt and selfish all through, or even that these very rich people are not anxious to do what they can to ameliorate the distress and poverty which must always exist in an artificial existence like ours. Every changing fashion, every new "article de luxe," means the creation of a new industry which gives employment to hundreds who depend for their daily bread on the luxury we decry, so that the selfishness of modern life, which in the abstract may be a fact to deplore, has in the concrete a very substantial justification for its existence. However, no one having any knowledge of life in England can seriously maintain that we are so selfish and self-indulgent as to exclude all feelings of the responsibility riches should entail on their possessor.

Putting on one side the class of people whose lives are devoted to philanthropic work, there are a large number of men and women belonging to the highest classes in England who devote a certain portion of their time, and a large proportion of their means, to help their poorer and humbler brothers and sisters. Those who are cynically minded affirm that charity has now become a fashionable virtue, and as such is practiced largely for that reason; but the attention and time which personal work necessitates is only given at such a sacrifice that those who bestow it for such a purpose must be influenced by some higher motive than merely following a fashion; while the large sums of money given away privily, or with no public parade, betoken a power of sympathy and generosity which owes its existence to a noble, unselfish impulse. There are many known philanthropists whose names are household words in England, but there is a vast army of men and women who appear superficially selfish and seekers of pleasure, who in their way help to carry the burdens of others. Young girls and young men, who dance and laugh away as if to-morrow had no part in their lives, know something of the darker and more piteous side of life, and

one of the best aspects of the work is that which gives the young an insight into the lives of those where pleasure never comes.

The mother who takes the diamonds from her hair, the girl who tosses her gown on the floor, after the ball, often sleep the sounder because, in their day and night of pleasure, the memory of some help and succor given to some weary one comes as a contrast to their own happiness. In the crowded wards of our hospitals and infirmaries, in the dark, dirty, and forlorn homes of the poor, the sunshine of sympathy and tenderness begins, often brought there by those whose lives only represent, to the casual observer, pleasure and self-indulgence. If we have become luxurious and rich we have also learnt what the responsibilities of such things mean, and in no country are these obligations more fully realized. There are men and women who live only for pleasure, and plenty of them; but there are as many, and many more, who realize that what they possess is only a trust.

In looking for the secret of happiness, generally speaking, it is not necessary to go beyond this matter of sensibly arranging ordinary business and desire; "for every man hath business and desire, such as it is," Hamlet tells us. The difficulty with the majority of us is that we overestimate both our deserts and our powers. We deceive ourselves with too much imagining; our egotism takes us captive and will not let us look facts in the face. The things that should lead us to modify our expectations and place them within range of probable realization are treated with indifference or impatience. We decline to view the circumstances of life at short distances, and insist upon taking in the whole horizon at once. Thus the habit of discontent is acquired, with all its attendant irritations and enfeeblements. The opportunities that ought to be improved are neglected, and then we censure fate because of our own delinquency. Instead of praying for gladness and working for it with the facilities at our disposal, we grow sour, morbid, envious and spiteful, and happiness flees from us without stopping to make our acquaintance or to listen to the complaints we utter about the hardness of our lot and the futility of our efforts to relieve its fatigue and its disappointment. It remains to be noted that the question is not all one of mental states and tendencies. Physical conditions have a great deal to do with it, and are sometimes wholly decisive. It is not easy for an unhealthy person to be a happy person; frequently it is impossible where the situation is otherwise as favorable as could be desired. Acute bodily suffering is worse than mental distress in many instances. But not every physical ailment is a justification of habitual gloominess. The mind can rise superior to all those small diseases which we are often prone to humor and prolong. The pursuit of happiness is not inconsistent with the presence of derangements that are merely a test of patience. In such cases, fortitude is a conquering virtue.

The invalid who is determined to look upon the bright side seldom fails to propitiate opposing forces, or to triumph over them. And surely those who are well and strong can find gladness if they strive for it in good faith and according to practical methods. "This iron time of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears," has not banished the ministering spirits of content and gayety. They are still here, ready to serve us at our bidding, and it is mainly our own fault if we do not profit by their gracious influence.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

Plant Seeds on Their Travels

How NATURE ASSISTS EMIGRATION....DOLGEVILLE HERALD

Nature has spared no pains to provide for the perpetuation of living organisms. She is prodigal, even apparently wasteful, in her efforts to attain this end. Every plant throws out yearly its myriads of seeds, and no small part of the machinery adapted to make this product fulfill its mission is that directed to the distribution of these seeds. So effective is this machinery that plants spread in a few years over wide regions. Witness the incursions of weeds like the so-called Russian thistle, against which the efforts of the farmer seem almost unavailing. The means by which this rapid spreading is brought about is the subject of an article by Professor F. Muller in *Der Stein der Weisen*, Vienna, of which we translate the most interesting portions: "Who has sent them (the plants) as colonists into this new, unpeopled land? Whence have they come and by what way? If we call the roll of the army of colonists that we may get an answer to this question, we shall find especially plants whose seeds can navigate the air like miniature flying machines, often for long distances. All these belong to the widely distributed aster family (*compositæ*) or to the nearly related teazel family (*dipsaceæ*). Their seeds are furnished, to fit them for their long sails through the airy sea, with a sort of parachute of soft, feathery fibers. The lightest breeze raises them and bears them in graceful sweep over field and meadow, but the storm wind lifts them to the region of the clouds so that they fly with the eagle over hill and dale to far and foreign lands. Millions, to be sure, fall to the ground without reaching the sought-for soil, but other millions fulfill the end of their existence, the perpetuation and increase of their kind. Next to the composite plants is the numerous mustard family (*cruciferæ*). Then comes the pink family with its countless representatives and the plain looking grass family, whose light seeds fly about hither and thither as the stems are tossed about by the wind.

"When a summer thunderstorm bursts, bending the strongest trees, or when in autumn the wind rushes through the woods, then the time has come when the plant children, now only slightly attached to the plant mother—that is, the ripe seeds that cling to them—are torn away and set out on their adventurous travels; then they whirl and dance in the air, along with thousands on thousands of their fellows. Many rise high in the air and sail on the upper air currents far away; others remain in the tree tops or hang from the branches; others still fall on roofs or bare rocks; many, too, drop on passing men or beasts. Chance bears few to a place where their growth is assured. The greater part must perish."

After mentioning the various trees that have winged seeds, such as the ash, maple, etc., Professor Muller goes on to describe a peculiarly interesting plant belonging to this class—the "rose of Jericho." He says: "The spherical plant, resembling a bird's nest in the foreground, is the so-called 'rose of Jericho' (*Anastatica hierochuntia*), belonging to the family of *cruciferæ*. When the plant approaches maturity it forms, by the bending of its branches, a spherical ball that carries the fruit within. Now the dying mother plant is ready for its journey over the desert. When, with the help of the

wind, it has become detached from the ground, it is rolled about in the storm, hopping and springing over the earth, now leaping over some rock that protrudes from the sea of sand, now over the bleaching skeleton of some unlucky wanderer of the desert, all the time strewing its seeds far and wide.

"There are also many plants whose seeds, by means of mechanical devices, are hurled forth from the plant, as in the *oxalis* family, the *geranium*, and many others. Such seeds, however, can travel only short distances, and that is the reason why we almost never see the plants growing singly, but in groups together. Still, sometimes they are carried to great distances by passing animals, and also by flowing water. There is a large number of plants whose seeds are carried in the stomachs of animals, and so make long journeys. Water also plays a great part in the distribution of plants, and in the case of newly formed islands it plays the principal part.

"Who has not, on an autumn walk through wood and field, brought home these little hangers-on, clinging to his clothes, or been obliged angrily to free himself from the troublesome obstructions while still on the road? Unwittingly he has thus aided in the distribution of these plants, and, equally unwittingly, animals carry the seeds in their fur and birds bear them on their feathers, whence they are sooner or later dislodged. The skill shown by nature in the matter is truly remarkable. These plants are mostly troublesome weeds which one would rather see decay and perish, but nature makes use of us against our wills to serve for their propagation. We are like that strict professor who, to see that there should be no cheating in a written examination, went about from scholar to scholar, and thereby unwittingly aided them to cheat, for he carried about with him a placard bearing the answers to all the questions, which some sly scapegrace had pinned to his coattails. In this connection the interesting fact should be stated that very many plants whose fruits serve to nourish neither man nor beast have these devices for securing the distribution of their seeds. In the case of plants whose fruits are sought as food this very fact is sufficient security that the seeds will be properly distributed."

Giving Perfume to Flowers

ARTIFICIALLY SWEETENING NATURE....NEW YORK WORLD

It has been found possible not only to take away from a flower the odor given to it by nature, but actually make it yield a perfume derived from some other vegetable product. There are, for instance, certain violets with little or no odor, but very beautiful as to form, while there are others that are poor to look upon but very rich in perfume. The transfer of the odor from one species to the other has been successfully performed in Paris. Again, the African marigold, which is a handsome flower, has been robbed of its evil odors and given a perfume that makes it really valuable and delicious. This fad for perfuming flowers has even been pushed to the absurd length of imparting the odor of the rose to the sunflower, while chrysanthemums have been made to smell like the violet. A. M. Villon of Paris is the gentleman who has brought this system

to perfection. He has invented a machine for perfuming flowers which has worked some of these recent Parisian marvels.

The flowers are placed in a box the interior of which has been cooled with ice. Leading into this box is a pipe with holes bored in it. Through this pipe a current of carbonic acid gas perfumed with the desired odor is sent. This current is produced by the evaporation of the liquid carbonic acid, which is passed through a "worm" like that used in distilling whiskey. The heated carbonic bubbles up through a mass of the essential oil containing the perfume and takes on the properties of the odor, which is then imparted to the flowers in the box. This machine is most commonly used in strengthening the natural perfume of certain flowers, like violets and roses. In this way an intense perfume is obtained, which will last for many days. When it is desired to first rob a flower of its natural odor before giving it that of some other flower it is steeped in bromated water and then washed. In the case of the African marigold, which was robbed of its smell, the seeds were first allowed to soak for two days in rose water containing a little musk. They were then partially dried and sown.

The flowers that grew in time were not entirely deprived of their bad odor, but one was able to detect, mingled with the original smell, the agreeable odors of the rose and the musk. The seeds of these plants being again sown after similar treatment, it was found that there was a still further improvement. In this way it is claimed that marigolds have been produced which in odor rival the jasmine and the violet. It has also been found that to constantly water flowers with a dilution of musk imparts the perfume to the flowers. Even trees, it is claimed, can be treated in a somewhat similar manner. A hole is bored in the trunk before the sap rises. This hole runs downward. Into the hole is poured a thick liquid containing the odor which it is desired to impart to the tree. Perfumes are also imparted to flowers by pouring over them an alcoholic solution of the essential oil of an artificial perfume. This is practiced in Paris on a large scale on violets, roses and hawthorn. Glycerine is added to fix the odor. The perfumes for flowers may be bought in Paris, where they are put up in neat packages prepared by the leading perfumers.

The Mushroom and Its Understudy

THE DECEITFUL TOADSTOOL.... PHILADELPHIA RECORD

There are few more delicious members of the vegetable kingdom than the mushroom. But it is often pronounced dangerous to use on account of the large number of deaths caused by ignorance and carelessness in gathering it. Yet in reality, when intelligently selected, one of the most harmless of earth's products. Although the mushroom season has barely opened, several fatalities have already been announced from the eating of poisonous fungi in mistake for the genuine article. Hence we will give a few visible signs.

The true mushroom invariably grows in rich, open, breezy pastures, in places where the grass is kept short by the grazing of horses, herds and flocks. A few large species called "horse mushrooms" grow in meadows. They are coarse of texture, and, though edible, are indigestible. But the true mushroom as a rule never grows in a meadow. It neither grows in wet, boggy places, nor on or about the stumps of trees. An except-

tional specimen, or an uncommon variety, sometimes may be seen in the above-mentioned abnormal places.

The parts of a mushroom consist chiefly of a stem and cap, the stem having a clothy ring around its middle, while on the underneath of the cap are numerous radiating, colored gills. The clothy ring originates by the rupture of the thin general wrapper which envelops the youthful plant, and which wrapper bursts during the process of the mushroom's development. The stem is firm and slightly pithy, but never hollow, as is the case with many poisonous fungi. When the mushroom is thoroughly ripe these gills throw down a thick, dusty deposit of fine brown-black or purple-black color, which, when mixed with dry manure, is the mushroom spawn of gardeners. A mushroom will invariably peel very readily—most poisonous fungi will not—and on being cut or broken open its flesh remains white, or nearly so. The flesh of the coarser horse mushrooms changes to buff, or sometimes to dark brown.

All that can be truthfully alleged against the reputation of the edible mushroom is that there is but little nourishment in it; that many other vegetables are more digestible, and if partaken of ravenously its consumption may be attended by serious results. But this holds good also of other vegetable products. The Roman Emperors, Tiberius and Claudius, died from overeating mushrooms, as did Pope Clement VII. and Charles VI. But as these gentlemen were noted for their ravenous appetites their decease was a matter for little wonder.

Where the Holy Ghost Flower Grows

A FLORAL WONDER OF PANAMA.... BUFFALO NEWS

The Holy Ghost flower, or Flor del Espiritu Santo, is found in the region of the Isthmus of Panama. It seems to thrive in low, marshy spots and springs up from decayed logs or from crevices in the rocks. The larger and older bulbs frequently send up the leaf stalks six or seven feet in height and from these which are joined, broad lanceolated leaves are thrown out in pairs. The plant is an annual, and in June, July and August the flower stalks start up from the base of the bulb, devoting all their energies to the formation of the buds. The buds are arranged on the stalks much like those of the hyacinth, the usual number for a well-grown stalk to bear being from twelve to fifteen. The leaves are very pale green in color, as though in harmony with the delicate purity of the blossom. The blossom is of alabaster whiteness, much like the old-style English pulpit. This, of itself, is strikingly curious, but it fades into insignificance when one looks into the centre of that strange blossom, for there, nestling in its very heart, is the perfect image of a dove. It requires no imagination to see it. No one could mistake it for anything else, for no human skill could fashion its shape more perfectly, no artist could adorn it with more elegant tints, and no perfumer could endow it with a more delicate fragrance. Right in the cup of the blossom, with the snow white canopy about it, rests this wondrous image, its delicately molded wings drooping, half extended at its side, its gold-tinted head bent slightly forward, and its tiny, crimson-tipped bill almost touching its snowy breast. An observer who saw it in its native home says: "Just as the figure of the dove itself is there, beyond dispute, so does an expression pervade the image, an expression that even the most careless cannot fail to notice, the incarnation of humility and spiritual purity."

LITERARY CURIOSITIES: WELL-KNOWN PHRASES*

COMPILED BY WILLIAM S. WALSH

Sick Man of Europe—This phrase, as applied to Turkey, was made popular by the Emperor Nicholas I. of Russia. Conversing in 1853 with Sir George Hamilton Seymour, the English ambassador at St. Petersburg, he used words like the following: “We have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man. It will be a great misfortune if, one of these days, he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made.” (Blue Book, 1854.) He accordingly made proposals to both England and France for a division of the sick man’s estate, but his overtures were declined, Lord John Russell suggesting that the dissolution of the sick man might be postponed another hundred years. Nicholas, however, was only repeating an old illustration. Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador from England to Constantinople in the time of James II., had written home in despatches: “Turkey is like the body of an old man crazed with vices, which puts on the appearance of health though near its end.” Montesquieu, in the *Lettres Persanes*, i. 19, marvels at the weakness of the Ottoman power, “whose sick body is not supported by a mild and regular diet, but by a powerful treatment which continually exhausts it.” And Voltaire, writing to Catharine II., says: “Your Majesty may think me an impatient sick man, and that the Turks are even sicker.”

Recording Angel—A famous passage in Sterne’s *Tristram Shandy* runs as follows: “‘A-well-a-day! do what we can for him,’ said Trim, maintaining his point, ‘the poor soul will die.’ *He shall not die, by —!* cried my Uncle Toby. The accusing spirit which flew up to heaven’s chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.” The recording angel has been a familiar figure in popular quotation ever since, and has been freely plagiarized: Thus, Campbell:

“But sad as angels for the good man’s sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in.”
—*Pleasures of Hope, Part II.*, 1357.

Thackeray, in *Pendennis*, has a passage less obviously patterned after Sterne. Old Major Pendennis has just heard that his nephew is dangerously sick, and Lord Steyne hustles him into a carriage. “You’ve twenty minutes to catch the mail train. Jump in, Pendennis; and drive like h—, sir! Do you hear?” The carriage drove off swiftly with Pendennis and his companions, and let us trust that the oath will be pardoned to the Marquis of Steyne.

Reductio ad Absurdum (L., “Reduction to an absurdity”)—A familiar bit of logical fence by which the argument or proposition of another is carried out to an absurd conclusion. A good illustration of the method is afforded by Buckingham’s jest at the expense of Dryden. During the first performance of one of the latter’s tragedies, the leading lady impressively repeated:

My wound is great because it is small.

With a terrible look of distress she paused. Bucking-

ham, rising immediately from his seat, added, in a loud, mimicking voice:

Then ’t would be greater were it none at all.

The effect, we are told, was electrical. The actress was hissed off the stage, and the play was never performed again. Dryden had his revenge. He pilloried Buckingham for all time in his *Absalom and Achitophel*, under the name of Zimri. Very neat, too, was Johnson’s answer to one who quoted from Brooke’s *Gustavus Vasa* the sentiment:

Who rules o’er freemen should himself be free.

Johnson replied:

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.

Ennius, the Roman poet, showed excellent common sense, as well as fine logical power, in his sarcasm on the pretensions of fortune-tellers:

Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam:
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt:
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cetera.

(“They who know not the way for themselves, point it out to others. Of the persons to whom they promise riches, they seek for a drachma. Let them deduct the drachma from those riches, and hand over the balance.”) A recent example is afforded by Mr. Spurgeon’s rebuke to certain of his followers who refused to interfere in politics on the ground that they were “not of this world.” This, he argued, was mere metaphor. “You might as well,” said he, “be sheep of the Lord, decline to eat mutton-chop on the plea that it would be cannibalism.”

John Wilkes was once asked by a Catholic priest, “Where was the Protestant Church before Luther?” “Did you wash your face this morning?” asked Wilkes. “I did, sir.” “Then where was your face before it was washed?” retorted Wilkes. A story has been invented about Cuvier to show that he could reduce even the enemy of mankind to an absurdity by zoological rule. As he was walking one day near Avernus, the devil met him and demanded his worship. “No, I will not worship you,” said the naturalist. “Then I will eat you,” rejoined the demon. Cuvier eyed him deliberately, and exclaimed, in a tone of mingled contempt and triumph, “Horns and cloven feet—*graminivorous*. You eat me? Nonsense!” “Is it not right,” said a conservative, advocating the justice and propriety of an hereditary nobility, “that, in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those who have been eminent for their services to their country, their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them as a reward for such services?” “By the same rule,” replied a lady, “if a man is hanged for his misdeeds, all his posterity should be hanged too.”

Michael Angelo’s Visiting Card—This name was popularly given to a large charcoal head drawn by Michael Angelo on a wall in the Borghese palace. The story, as told by Vasari, runs that the artist called on Raphael while he was engaged in painting the fresco of *La Galatea*. Raphael, as it happened, had just stepped out. Thereupon the visitor mounted the ladder, and

* From Handy Book of Literary Curiosities. Compiled by William S. Walsh. J. B. Lippincott Co.

with a fragment of charcoal drew a colossal head on the wall beneath the cornice. Then he departed, refusing to give his name to the servant, but saying, "Show your master that, and he will know who I am." On Raphael's return his servant told him a small black-bearded man had been there and drawn a head on the wall by which he said he would recognize him. Raphael looked up, saw the head, and exclaimed, "Michael Angelo!" A similar story is told by Pliny of Apelles and Protogenes. The point of it is that Apelles, on arriving at Rhodes, immediately went to call upon Protogenes, but found him absent. The studio was in charge of an old woman, who, after Apelles had looked at the pictures, asked the name of her visitor to give to her master on his return. Apelles did not answer at first, but, observing a large black panel prepared for painting on an easel, he took up a pencil and drew an extremely delicate outline on it, saying, "He will recognize me by this," and departed. On the return of Protogenes, being informed of what had happened, he looked at the outline, and, struck by its extreme delicacy, exclaimed, "That is Apelles; no one else could have executed so perfect a work."

Blarney—This literally means a little field. (Irish *blarna*, diminutive of *blar*, a "field.") Its popular signification of flattery, palavering rhodomontade, or wheedling eloquence, may have originated in Lord Clancarty's frequent promises, when the prisoner of Sir George Carew, to surrender his strong castle of Blarney to the soldiers of the queen, and as often inventing some smooth and plausible excuse for exonerating himself from his promise. Blarney Castle, now a very imposing ruin, situated in the village of Blarney, some four miles from Cork, was built in the early part of the fifteenth century by Cormac McCarthy, the Prince of Desmond. No one appears to know the exact origin of the famous Blarney Stone, or whence it derived its miraculous power of endowing those who kiss it with the gift of "blarney." In some way it found itself one day upon the very pinnacle of the castle tower with the date 1703 carved upon it. It is now preserved and held in place by two iron girders between huge merlons of the northern projecting parapet, nearly a hundred feet above the ground. To kiss it has been the ambition of many generations, who laboriously climb up to its dangerous eminence. Sir Walter Scott himself did not feel degraded by following the general example. Like the famous toe of St. Peter's statue in Rome, the lip-service of tourists is gradually wearing it away. The date has already been obliterated.

Cæsar's Wife Must Be Above Suspicion — This phrase, according to Suetonius and Plutarch, originated with Cæsar under the following circumstances: His wife, Pompeia, had an intrigue with Publius Clodius, a member of one of the noblest families of Rome and a brilliant and handsome profligate. As he could not easily gain access to her, he took the opportunity, while she was celebrating the mysteries of the Bona Dea ("Good Goddess," a dryad with whom the god Faunus had an amour), to enter disguised in a woman's habit. Now, these mysteries were celebrated annually by women with the most profound secrecy at the house of the consul or *prætor*. The presence of a man was a hideous pollution; even the pictures of male animals had to be veiled in the room where these ceremonies were performed. While Clodius was waiting in one

of the apartments for Pompeia, he was discovered by a maid-servant of Cæsar's mother, who gave the alarm. He was driven out of the assembly with indignation. The news spread a general horror throughout the city. Pompeia was divorced by Cæsar. But when Clodius came up for trial, Cæsar declared that he knew nothing of the affair, though his mother, Aurelia, and his sister, Julia, gave the court an exact account of all the circumstances. Being asked why, then, he had divorced Pompeia, "Because," answered Cæsar, "my family should not only be free from guilt, but even from the suspicion of it." (Suetonius.) Plutarch gives it, "Because I would have the chastity of my wife clear even from suspicion." This was very well, but Cæsar had no mind to exasperate a man like Clodius, who might serve his ambitious projects. The judges were tampered with. Clodius was acquitted. Cicero was enraged. "The judges," said he, "would not give any credit to Clodius, but made him pay his money beforehand." This expression made an irreparable breach between Clodius and Cicero, to their mutual undoing. Clodius succeeded in having a law passed for Cicero's banishment, demolished his house, and persecuted his wife and children. Clodius, on his part, was impeached by Milo, the friend of Cicero. The latter was unsuccessful. But Milo and Clodius met shortly afterwards on the Appian Way. The servants of both engaged in a general fray, and Milo's faction triumphed.

Boodle — There are two American slang words spelled thus, each distinct in meaning and apparently of different origin and etymology. The first and elder word, which now appears more frequently in the intensified form, caboodle, meaning a crowd, a company, is not impossibly derived from the old English *bottel*, a bundle, and there is reason to believe that it is a survival of a former English colloquialism. F. Marham, in his Book of Honor, iv. 2, speaks of "all the buddle and musse" of great men. The later and now more common word, meaning money, and especially money gained by gambling, venality, or other dubious methods, or employed for corrupt political purposes, may be a form of the Dutch word *buidel*, which means "pocket" and also "purse."

Canard—This term, as applied to newspaper inventions, arose in the following manner: Norbert Cornelissen, to try the gullibility of the public, reported to the newspapers that he had twenty ducks, one of which he cut up and threw to the nineteen, who devoured it. He then cut up a second, then a third, and so on till nineteen were cut up; and as the nineteenth was eaten by the surviving duck, it followed that this one had eaten his nineteen comrades in a wonderfully short space of time. This preposterous tale went the round of the newspapers in France and elsewhere, and so gave the word *canard* (duck), in the new sense of a hoax, first to the French language, and then to all civilized tongues.

Cockles of the Heart — This is a colloquialism found in such expressions as "that will warm the very cockles of your heart," and supposed to have taken its rise from an expression made use of by Lower, the anatomist, who, in his *Tractatus de Corde* (1669) refers to the muscular fibres of the ventricles as *cochlea*. The ventricles of the heart, therefore, would be *cochlea cordis*, which might have been Englished into "cockles of the heart." But the derivation is very dubious.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

Origin of Rip Van Winkle

JOSEPH JEFFERSON...THE BOSTON HERALD

Art has always been my sweetheart, and I have loved her for herself alone. I had fancied our affection was mutual, so that when I failed as a star, which I certainly did, I thought she had jilted me. Not so. I wronged her. She only reminded me that I had taken too great a liberty, and that if I expected to win her I must press my suit with more patience. Checked, but undaunted in the resolve, my mind dwelt upon my vision, and I still indulged in day dreams of the future. In casting about for a new character my mind was ever dwelling on reproducing an effect where humor would be so closely allied to pathos that smiles and tears should mingle with each other. During the summer of 1859 I arranged to board with my family at a queer old Dutch farmhouse in Paradise Valley, at the foot of Pocono Mountain, in Pennsylvania. Stray farms are scattered through the valley, and the few old Dutchmen and their families who till the soil were born upon it; there and only there they have ever lived. The valley harmonized with me and our resources. On one of these long, rainy days that always render the country so dull I had climbed to the loft of the barn, and, lying upon the hay, was reading that delightful book, *The Life and Letters of Washington Irving*. I had gotten well into the volume, and was much interested in it, when to my surprise I came upon a passage which said that he had seen me at Laura Keene's theatre, and that I reminded him of my father "in look, gesture, size and make." I was comparatively obscure, and to find myself remembered and written of by such a man gave me a thrill of pleasure I can never forget. I put down the book, and lay there thinking how proud I was, and ought to be, at the revelation of this compliment. What an incentive to a youngster like me to go on! And so I thought to myself, "Washington Irving, the author of the Sketch Book, in which is the quaint story of Rip Van Winkle." Rip Van Winkle! There was to me magic in the sound of the name as I repeated it. Why, was not this the very character I wanted? An American story, by an American author, was surely just the theme suited to an American actor. In ten minutes I had gone to the house and returned to the barn with the Sketch Book. I had not read it since I was a boy.

I was much disappointed with it, not as a story, of course, but the tale was purely a narrative. The theme was interesting, but not dramatic. The character of Rip does not speak ten lines. What could be done dramatically with so simple a sketch? How could it be turned into an effective play? Three or four bad dramatizations of the story had already been acted, without marked success. Nothing that I remembered gave me the slightest encouragement that I could get a good play out of any of the existing materials. Still, I was so bent upon acting the part that I started for the city, and in less than a week, by industriously ransacking the theatrical wardrobe establishment for old leather and mildewed cloth, and by personally superintending the making of wigs, each article of my costume was completed; and all this, too, before I had written a line of the play or studied a word of the part. This is

working in an opposite direction from all the conventional methods in the study and elaboration of dramatic character, and certainly not following the course I would advise anyone to pursue. I can only account for getting the dress ready before I studied the part to the vain desire I had of witnessing myself in the glass, decked out and equipped as the hero of the Catskills.

I got together the three old printed versions of the drama and the story itself. The plays were all in two acts. I thought it would be an improvement in the drama to arrange it in three, making the scene with the spectre crew an act by itself. This would separate the poetical from the domestic side of the story. But by far the most important alteration was in the interview with the spirits. In the old versions they spoke and sang. I remembered that the effect of this ghostly dialogue was dreadfully human, so I arranged that no voice but Rip's should be heard. This is the only act on the stage in which but one person speaks while all the others merely gesticulate, and I was quite sure that the silence of the crew would give a lonely and desolate character to the scene and add to its supernatural weirdness. It required some thought to hit upon just the best questions that could be answered by a nod and shake of the head, and to arrange that at times even Rip should propound a query to himself and answer it. In the seclusion of the barn I studied and rehearsed the part, and by the end of the summer I was prepared to transplant it from the rustic realms of an old farmhouse to a cosmopolitan audience in the city of Washington, where I opened at Carusi's Hall, under the management of John T. Raymond. I had, by repeated experiments, so saturated myself with the action of the play that a few days seemed to perfect the rehearsals.

There was in the subject and the part much scope for novel and fanciful treatment. If the sleep of twenty years was merely incongruous, there would be room for argument, pro and con, but as it is an impossibility I felt that the audience would accept it at once, not because it was an impossibility, but from a desire to know in what condition a man's mind would be if such an event could happen. Would he be thus changed? His identity being denied, both by friends, strangers and family, would he at last almost accept the verdict and exclaim: "Then I am dead, and that is the fact?" This was the strange and original attitude that attracted me. I was quite sure that the character was what I had been seeking, and I was equally satisfied that the play was not. The spiritual quality was there, but the human interest was wanting. However, the play was acted with a result to me both satisfactory and disappointing. Final alterations and additions were made five years later by Dion Boucicault.

The Whimsicality of Musicians

VAGARIES OF GREAT COMPOSERS...THE LONDON STANDARD

To the musical artist the world owes a double debt; for while he gives delight by the exercise of his special gift, he often provides excellent entertainment by the display of his foibles and caprices. An eminent authority has said, sans phrase, that vocalists as a tribe are nothing but overgrown children; and, though it is easy enough

to think of eminent singers to whom the unflattering characterization is ludicrously inapplicable, it may well be that the exceptions are only sufficiently numerous to prove the rule. In one sense, indeed, the generalization is not comprehensive enough; for, as a recent incident in the west of England reminds us, it is not only vocalists among musicians who are contributors to the gayety of the race. As a humorist, however, M. Paderewski is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the strange genius of whose weird, dreamy music he is one of the two greatest living interpreters. Nieck, the most discriminating of Chopin's biographers, enthusiastically as he admires the composer and the artist, frankly declares that his nature was largely compounded of the woman and the child; and treating of his relations with George Sand, whose superiority in force of character is not to be measured by her seniority in years, he aptly recalls Sydney Smith's reason for liking the Grotes—that Mr. Grote was so ladylike, while Mrs. Grote was such a perfect gentleman.

The dainty poet of the piano not only detested politics, but had scarcely an interest outside his own art. Still, as he moved through the salons of Paris, he could tell at a glance whether a lady's dress had been fabricated at a first-class or in an inferior establishment; and when he was staying at Edinburgh, with one foot in the grave, it was noticed that he had his hair curled every day by a servant. At least so the story goes. If George Sand is to be believed, his loves, as soon as woman began to delight him, were not only numerous, but sometimes simultaneous. We need only recall how, at the time that he was contemplating a marriage in Poland, he was on the point of proposing to a fair Parisienne, and only changed his mind because, on visiting his ideal accompanied by a friend who was at that time more eminent than himself in musical circles, she offered the latter a chair before asking her adorer to be seated. Let it be added, however, in justice to a being of rare genius, whose whole life was a hard, if not very heroic, fight against disease, that his femininity was but the defect of an abnormally delicate and ethereal nature. Much may be forgiven him, too, for his delightful vein of mockery. The flout that he administered to the ill-mannered host who pressed him to play almost before he had swallowed his dinner—and to whom at last he said, between his coughs: "But, sir, I have eaten so little"—should live as long as the choicest of his pieces, though many another virtuoso may hope, in turn, to get the credit of the mot. It is when we turn from genius to mere executive talent—to the man or woman who is *vox et præterea nihil*—that we meet in full measure with the childishness which is so engaging a trait of the musical temperament. The true explanation, according to Colonel Mapleson, of the rooted aversion of Giuglini to the part of Pollio, in *Norma*, is that once when he was sustaining the rôle, the Druidical priestess, represented by Titiens, accidentally struck him a vigorous backhanded blow on the nose with her drumstick. The laws of nature had their way, and Pollio gave himself up for lost. But when the ensanguined current ceased to flow his terror gave place to anger, and he not only swore by the Holy Virgin and his guardian angel, "Mama" Puzzi, never to sing in Bellini's opera again, but insisted that the drumstick should be treated as a criminal and kept under lock and key.

The chief delight of the finest tenor since Tamberlik,

after the exploding of squibs and crackers, was the flying of kites—in the literal sense—and it is said that he so often indulged in this innocent recreation in the Brompton road that at last the 'bus drivers came to know him, and, improbable as it may seem, were careful not to run him down. Equally instructive, as an indication of character, is the impresario's reminiscences of another leading tenor. One evening, about three-quarters of an hour before the performance of *Carmen* was to begin, he sent word that he was indisposed, and the colonel, rushing off to his hotel, found him in bed. The only answer that he would vouchsafe to question or persuasion was a muttered "Laissez-moi dormir," and at last, losing all patience, the manager stepped forward with the intention of pulling off the bed-clothes. But he had reckoned without the tenor's dog Niagara, whose angry roar warned him not to proceed to extremities. Presently the sick man was prevailed upon to rise and dress, and on his being conducted to the piano it was clear that he was in excellent voice. But he still hesitated, and at last referred the question to Niagara. "Est-ce que ton maître doit chanter?" he asked, and, interpreting the growl of the sympathetic beast as a negative, he stripped off his clothes and in a trice was between the sheets again, while the wrathful manager had to fare forth and announce the doors would be closed for the night.

It would be easy to multiply illustrations of the caprices of the artists of the lyric stage; but it is pleasanter to recall an incident or two which suggests that even this shield has another side. Mr. Santley, for example, when singing in *Il Magico Flauto*, five and twenty years ago, quelled what might easily have become a disastrous panic, due to some gauze having caught fire, by stepping forward and advising the terrified audience, in his breezy way, "not to act like a lot of fools!" The result was that not a soul moved. Tamburini, again, once saved Mercadante's *Eliza e Claudio* from an ignominious collapse. When Madame Lipparini, the prima donna, had been frightened off the stage, the great baritone stepped into the breach, investing himself with her costume, assuming her voice, and going through the whole part, duets and all, winding up by dancing a *pas de quatre* with the Taglionis and Mlle. Rinaldini! And of Grisi, Heine's rose, "the nightingale among flowers," it is recorded to her credit that she scarcely ever disappointed the public. Yet even this conscientious artist was not equally considerate of her impresario; for in 1861, when she was at least forty-nine, if not fifty-five—for the year of her birth is uncertain—she engaged with Mr. Gye not to appear in public again for five years. Mr. Gye naturally supposed that this was equivalent to a final retirement; but at the expiration of her sentence the cantatrice made her rentrée at Her Majesty's in her old part of *Lucrezia* with immense success, and many there be still who have delightful recollections of that memorable occasion.

Wonders of the Art of Mosaic

PICTURES MADE UP OF DETAIL....CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

This beautiful method of cementing various kinds of stones, glass, etc., seems to have originated in Persia, whence it found its way into Greece in the time of Alexander, and into Rome about 170 B. C. The critics are divided as to the origin and reason of the name. Some derive it from "moisaicum," a corruption of "musaicum," or, as it was called among the Romans, "musivum." Scali-

ger derives it from the Greek "Morisa," and imagines the name was given to this sort of work by reason of its ingenuity and exquisite delicacy. Nebricensis is of opinion it was so called because "ex illis picturis ornabantur mura." Mosaic work of glass is used principally for the ornamentation and decoration of sacred edifices. Some of the finest specimens of this work are to be seen in the pompous church of the Invalids at Paris, and the fine chapel at Versailles. Mosaic work in marble is used for pavements of churches, basilicas and palaces, and in the incrusted and veneering of the walls of the same structures. As for that of precious stones, it seems to be used only for ornaments for altarpieces and tables.

The mosaic manufacture at the present day in Rome is one of the most extensive and profitable of the fine arts, and the trade is carried on entirely at the cost of the government. Workmen are constantly employed in copying paintings for altarpieces, though the works of the first masters are fast moldering away on the walls of forgotten churches. The French, at Milan, appear to have set the example by copying in mosaic the Lord's Supper of Leonardo da Vinci; but their plan was to do much for Milan and nothing for Rome, and consequently a great many invaluable frescoes of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Domenichino and Guido were left to perish. It takes about seven or eight years to finish a mosaic copy of a painting of the ordinary historical size, two men being constantly occupied in the work. It generally costs from eight to ten thousand crowns; but the time and expense are, of course, regulated by the intricacy of the subject and quantity of the work. Raphael's Transfiguration cost about twelve thousand crowns, and it took nine years to complete, ten men constantly working at it. The execution of some of the latter work is, however, considered very inferior. The slab upon which the mosaic is made is generally of travertin (or tiburtin) stones, connected together by iron clamps. Upon the surface of this a mastic, or cementing paste, is gradually spread, as the progress of the work requires it, which forms the adhesive ground upon which the mosaic is laid.

The mastic is composed of lime from burnt marble and finely powdered travertin stone, mixed to the consistence of paste with linseed oil. Into this paste are fixed the "smalts" of which the mosaic picture is formed. They are a mixed species of opaque, vitrified glass, partaking of the nature of stone and glass, and composed of a variety of minerals and materials, colored for the most part with different metallic oxides. Of these, no fewer than seventeen hundred different shades are in use. They are manufactured in Rome, in the form of long slender rods like wires, of various degrees of thickness, and are cut into pieces of the requisite sizes, from the smallest pin point to an inch. When the picture is completely finished and the cement thoroughly dried, it is highly polished. Mosaic, though an ancient art, is not merely a revived, but an improved one. The Romans used only colored marbles at first, or natural stones, in its composition, which admitted of little variety; but the invention of "smalts" has given it a wider range, and made the imitation of painting far closer. The mosaic work at Florence is totally different from this, being merely inlaying in "pietre dure," or natural precious stones, of every variety, which forms beautiful and very costly imitations of shells, flowers, figures, etc., but bears no similitude to painting.

Besides the government establishment at Rome, there are hundreds of artists, or artisans, who carry on the manufacture of mosaics on a small scale. Snuff-boxes, rings, necklaces, brooches, earrings, etc., are produced in immense quantities; and, since the English have flocked in such numbers to Rome, all the streets leading to the Piazza di Spagna are lined with the shops of these "mosaicisti," etc. Oriental shells are made at Rome into beautiful cameos by the white outer surface being cut away upon the deeper-colored internal part, forming figures in minute "bassi-relievi." The subjects are chiefly taken from ancient gems, and sometimes from sculpture and painting. The shells used for this purpose are principally brought from the Levant; and a great many of these shell cameos make remarkably beautiful ornaments. Hundreds of artists also support themselves in Rome by making casts, sulphurs, etc., from ancient gems and medals, and in selling or fabricating antiques, for which there is demand.

When a work in mosaic was about to be undertaken, all the artists assembled together, and after having agreed upon a design, and taken their measures and proportions, each artist charged himself with the execution of a certain portion of the work. They exerted themselves with such diligence, patience, and application, that frequently one of the artists would spend a whole day in adjusting a single feather, first trying one, then another, viewing it sometimes one way, then another, until he had hit upon one which he considered gave his part of the image that ideal perfection which all the workers had set themselves to attain. When each artist had performed the part allotted to him, another meeting was convened, and the whole design carefully put together. If any part was the least accidentally disarranged, it was done all over again until it was perfectly finished. Small pincers were invariably used for holding the feathers, in order to avoid the least injury; and a special sort of glutinous matter called "tzanhli" was used for pasting the feathers on the cloth. All the parts were then united upon a little table or plate of copper, and softly flattened until the surface was as equal and as smooth as that of a pencil.

These were the images so much celebrated by the Spaniards and other European nations. Whoever beheld them was at a loss whether to praise most the life and beauty of the natural colors or the dexterity of the artist and the ingenious disposition of art. These images (says Acosta) were deservedly admired, not only for the wonderful execution of the work, but principally for the exquisite appearance they presented when viewed in different shades of light and from alternate sides—exhibiting such delightful coloring that no pencil or painting, either of oil or water colors, had ever been found to produce anything so rich and beautiful. Some Indians who were able artists were so skillful in copying engravings and paintings with various kinds of feathers that their works are said to rival the best paintings of the Spanish artists. These works were, in fact, so highly esteemed by the Mexicans, as to be valued at a great deal more than gold itself. Cortes, Bernal Diaz, Gomara, Torquemada, and many other historians who saw them, were at a loss for expressions sufficient to praise their perfection and beauty. Several works of this kind, we believe, are still preserved in the museums of Europe, and many in Mexico; but few of them belong to the sixteenth century, and still fewer are of those made before the Conquest.

THE SKETCH-BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Uncle Mose Counting the Eggs

MIXED IN HIS MATHEMATICS LIFE'S CALENDAR

Old Mose, who sells eggs and chickens for a living, is as honest an old negro as ever lived, but he has the habit of chatting familiarly with his customers, hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of an old lady, who came out to the gate to make the purchases.

"Have you got any eggs this morning, Uncle Mose?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, I has. Jess got in ten dozen from de kentry."

"Are they fresh?"

"I gu'a'ntees 'em. I knows dey am fresh."

"I'll take nine dozen. You can just count them into this basket."

"All right, mum." He counts: "One, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten. You kin rely on dem being fresh. How's your son comin' on at de school? He mus' be mos' grown?"

"Yes, Uncle Mose, he is a clerk in a bank in Galveston."

"Why, how ole am de boy?"

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tolle me so. Eighteen, an' gettin' a salary already. Eighteen (counting), nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-free, twenty-foah, twenty-five—and how's yore gal comin' on? She was mos' growed up de las' time I see her."

"She's married and living in Dallas."

"Waal, I declar'. How de time scoots away! An' you say she has childrun? Why, how ole am de gal? She mus' be jess about—"

"Thirty-three."

"Am dat so?" (Counting.) "Fifty-three, fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seben, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-free. Hit am so singler that you has sich ole childrun. I can't believe you has gran'childrun. You don't look more den forty yeahs ole yerself."

"Nonsense, old man, I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty-three years old—"

"Fifty-three? I jess don't gwinter b'leeve hit. Fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty-six—I want you to pay teshun when I counts de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake—fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-free, sixty-foah—whew! Dis am a warm day! Dis am de time ob yeah when I feels I'ze gettin' ole myse'f. I ain't long fer dis world. You comes from an ole family. When yore fader died he was sebenty yeahs ole."

"Sebenty-two."

"Dat's old, suah. Sebenty-two, sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seben, sebenty-eight, sebenty-nine—and yore mudder? She was one ob de noblest lookin' ladies I ebber see. You reminds me ob her so much. She libbed to mos' a hundred. I b'leaves she was done pass a centurion when she died."

"No, Uncle Mose; she was only 96 when she died."

"Den she warn't no chicken when she died. I know dat—ninety-six, ninety-seben, ninety-eight, ninety-nine,

one hundred, one, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight. Dey is one hundred and eight nice fresh eggs, jess nine dozen, and here am one moah egg in case I has discounted myse'f."

Ole Mose went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward the lady said to her husband:

"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. She steals. I am positive about the eggs, for I bought them day before yesterday, and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there and heard ole Mose count them myself, and there were nine dozen."

Josiah's Chivalry on Shipboard

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE SAMANTHA IN EUROPE*

One of them dagger-like episodes wuz of the fog horns.

If Josiah's testamentary idees and our united wretchedness would have let me doze off some in rare intervals, the tootin' of them horns would be sure to roust me up. Yes, they made the night dretful—ringin' of bells, tootin' of horns, etc. And once, it was along in the latter part of the night, I guess, I heard a loud cry a-risin' above the fog horns. It seemed to be a female in distress.

And Josiah wuz all rousted up in a minute.

And sez he—"Some female is in distress, Samantha! Where is my dressin' gown?" Sez he, "I will go to her rescue." And he rang the bell wildly for the stewardess, and acted.

Sez I—"Josiah Allen, come back to bed! no woman ever yelled so loud as that and lived! If it is a female she's beyend your help now." And I curdled down in bed agin, though I felt queer and felt dretful sorry for her; but felt that indeed that yell must have been her last, and that she wuz now at rest.

But he wuz still wildly arrangin' his gown, and holerin' for the tossels—they'd slipped off from it.

"Where is them dum tossels?" he yelled; "must I hear a female yell like that and not fly to her rescue? Where is the tossels?" he yelled agin. "You don't seem to have no heart, Samantha, or you'd be rousted up!"

"I am rousted up!" sez I; "yes indeed, I have been rousted up ever sence I laid my lead onto my piller; but if you wuz so anxious to help and save, Josiah, you wouldn't wait for tossels."

But at that minute, simultaneous and to once, the chambermaid come to the door, and he found his tossels.

"Who is that female a-screamin'?" sez Josiah, a-tyin' the cord in a big bow-knot.

"That is the Syren," sez she. And she slammed the door and went back; she wuz mad to be waked up for that.

"The Syren!" sez Josiah; "what did I tell you, Samantha?" And sez he, a-smoothin' out the tossels, "I wouldn't have missed the sight for a dollar bill! How lucky I found my tossels!" sez he.

"Yes, dretful lucky," sez I faintly, for I was worn completely out by my long night watches, and I felt fraxious.

* Published by Funk & Wagnalls.

"Yes," sez he, "I wouldn't have appeared before a Syren without them red tossels for no money. I always wanted to see a Syren!" sez he, a-smoothin' out the few hairs on each side of his cranium.

Sez he, "She wuz probble a-screamin' for her lookin'-glass and comb; I'll go to once on deck. It is a bad night; if she has missed her comb, I might lend her my pocket-comb," sez he.

"You let Syrens alone, Josiah Allen!" sez I, gittin' rousted up; "you don't want to meddle with 'em at all! and do you come back to bed."

"Not at all," sez he; "here is the chance of my life-time. I've always wanted to see a Syren, and now I'm a-goin' to!"

And he reached up to a peg and took down his tall plug hat, and put it on kinder to the side of his head in as rakish a lookin' way as you ever see a deacon's hat in the world; he then took his umbrell and started for the door.

Agin come that loud and fearful yell; it did, indeed, seem to be a female in direst agony.

"But," I sez, "I don't believe that's any Syren, Josiah Allen; we read that her voice lures sailors to foller her; no sailor would be lured by that voice; it is enough to scare anybody and drive 'em back, instead of forrerred.

"What occasion would a Syren have to yell in such a blood-curdlin' way, Josiah Allen?"

"Wall," sez he, put to his wits' end, "mebby her hair is all snarled up by the wind and salt water, and in yankin' out the snarls, it hurts her so that she yells."

I see the common sense of this, for the first night I had used soap and salt water my hair stood out like quills on my head, and it almost killed me to comb it out. "But," sez I, "Syrens are used to wind storms and salt water. I don't spose their hair is like other folks'."

Agin come that fearful, agonizin' yell.

Agin Josiah sez—"While we are a-bandayin' words back and forth, I am losin' the sight," and agin he made for the door.

But I follerred him and ketched hold of the tossels.

He paused to once. He feared they would be injured.

Sez I, "Come back to bed; how it would look in the Jonesville paper to hear that Josiah Allen had been lured overboard by a Syren, for they always try to drown men, Josiah!" sez I.

"Oh, shaw!" sez he: "they never had me to deal with. I should stand still and argy with her—I always convince the more opposite sect," sez he, lookin' vain.

But I see the allusion to drowndin' made him hesitate, and sez he—

"You don't spose there is any danger of that, do you, Samantha? I would give a dollar bill to tell old Gowdewy and Uncle Sime Bently that I'd interviewed a Syren!" sez he. "It would make me a lion, Samantha, and you a lioness."

"I shan't be made any animal whatsoever, Josiah Allen, by follerin' up a Syren at this time of night. They never did anything but harm, from their grandmothers' days down, and men have always been fooled and drownded by 'em!" sez I; "you're a professor and a grandfather, Josiah Allen, and I'd try to act becomin' to both on 'em," sez I.

He fingered the red tossels lovin'ly.

"Sech a chance," sez he, "mebby I never shall have agin. I don't spoze any man who ever parlied with 'em wuz ever so dressy in his appearance, and so stylish—no knowin' what would come of it!" sez he. He hated to give up the idee.

"Wall," sez I, "it's rainin' as hard as it can; them tossels never would come out flossy and beautiful agin, they would all be limped and squashed down and splitle."

"Do you think so?" sez he anxiously.

He took off his hat and put down his umbrell, and sez he—"It may be as well to not foller the investigation to-night; there will probble be a chance in fairer weather."

Going to the Play

WILLIAM PETT RIDGE.....ST. JAMES'S BUDGET.

[Strand, 7.30 P.M. Busy autumn night; theatres, which have been dozing during summer, have suddenly awakened with bright, illuminated appearance. Pavements crowded; streets blocked.]

DILAPIDATED LAD [to old lady]. Which one d'you want, lidy—pit or gallery? This way, lidy. I'll show ye. [Reassuringly.] You keep your eye on me. Progrem, lidy? Save buying one inside. List of ectors and ectresses, all about the different ectes and scenes, [triumphantly] nime of the play and everything! Want one, lidy?

OLD LADY [distantly]. I am going to Exeter Hall, my lad, if I can only get through this terrible crowd; and [severely] if you would only give up this dreadful life and be born again—

DILAPIDATED LAD [annoyed]. Not me, lidy, not me. [Bitterly.] I've been born once too often as it is. [To irresolute arrival.] Pit or gallery? Erlow me.

[They do not allow him.]

YOUNG LADY IN GREEN [reading announcement, "Standing room only"]. Oh, what a fearful nuisance, to be sure! This is the worst, Mr. Barker, of not booking seats. For the sake of a paltry two shillings—

MR. BARKER. Let's try another place further on. [Cheerfully.] There must be room somewhere.

YOUNG LADY [reminiscently]. Mr. Pepper, now, who used to be in a place of business quite close to ours, he used to book seats for about three shillings, and then you were quite sure. Certainly you couldn't see anything very well from them, but at any rate there was your seat right enough.

MR. BARKER. Let's try this one.

[They try, and are again disappointed.]

YOUNG LADY [crossly]. I see what it is, Mr. Barker. We sha'n't get in anywhere; that'll be the end of it. [Mr. Barker murmurs suggestion.] Try the Vau-deville? Oh, I don't want to go to the Vaudeville. I went there once about ten or twelve years ago. It's so seely to keep on going to the same theatre over and over again.

MR. BARKER [desperately]. Well, we shall have to make up our minds one way or the other. What do you say to the Gaiety?

YOUNG LADY [pursing her lips primly]. I don't think, Mr. Barker—[with firmness]—I do not think that you ought to suggest the Gaiety to me. The mere name of the place alone would be enough to send poor ma into a fit.

MR. BARKER. Has she been there, then?

YOUNG LADY. Well, she hasn't exactly been there; but surely [argumentatively] one can form an opinion without knowing the facts of the case. I've got great confidence in ma in that way. She's very shrewd, as I dare say you've noticed.

MR. BARKER. Well, we can't stand here all night. What's it to be?

YOUNG LADY [helplessly]. Oh, don't appeal to me, Mr. Barker. Don't you mind me in the least; I'm agreeable to go to any theatre that you decide upon. Only, you understand, I don't want to see anything too flighty, and I don't want anything to give me the miseries, and I don't want it to be crowded, and I don't want the piece to be one that I shouldn't care for ma to see, and—

MR. BARKER [wildly]. Oh, come on! Let's go into the first one we come across.

YOUNG LADY [judicially]. Well, that, too, I think is a mistake, Mr. Barker, if you'll allow me to say so, because—

[Parent and three daughters hurry along. They are in evening dress with tweed cloaks and tweed caps.]

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER. Is it much further, ma?

MA [cheerfully]. No, dear, it's only just along here. We shall be in nice time; just time to unpin our caps and put our cloaks under the seats; that saves sixpence, you know [gleefully]. I was thoughtful enough to bring the programme that I bought when I came before. That means another sixpence saved.

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER [to second daughter, sotto voce]. Ma don't squander much, does she?

MA. And I think you'll all like the piece—at least, if you don't I shall be very cross with you. Dorothy, you needn't hold your skirts up quite so high. That's better. And the song that the principal one sings in the second act is the one I want you, Daisy, to pick up, because it would just suit— [With sudden anxiety] Now, who's got the orders? Let's have them all ready, so that there needn't be any bother when we get there. Let me see, you took them, didn't you, Dorothy?

DOROTHY [definitely]. No, ma.

MA. Well, then, it was you, Marjorie. [Marjorie shakes her head negatively]. Very well, then, that settles it; [triumphantly] it must have been you, Daisy.

DAISY. Oh, dear no, ma. They were on your dressing-table, and I asked whether I should take them and you told me to go away and not bother you when you were busy lacing. [Duet of assent from other daughters.]

MA [distractedly]. How in the world you can all stand there and look me straight in the face and tell me such dreadful misstatements I can not think. I distinctly told you, Daisy, to look after the orders. I said, "Don't lose them, my dear, or else we shall look terribly foolish," and you took them up and you said, "Very well, ma, I'll look after them; you trust to me," you said. I remember that so well, and yet you have the—

DAISY. Didn't put them in your glove, did you, ma?

MA [much irritated]. Don't ask silly questions, my dear, when you see I'm annoyed. I declare that rather than be pestered with three such daughters you are I'd as—[gasps]—I'd buy a broom and sweep a crossing. And pray don't expect that I shall ever again—[Discovers orders protruding from her glove]. Oh [grudgingly], here they are, as it happens. I suppose somebody must

have put them there when I wasn't looking. Now [with restored good-humor] keep well together, girls, and follow me.

[They follow her. IMPORTANT LADY looks out of brougham stopped by traffic.]

IMPORTANT LADY. What on earth are we waiting here for, Benson? Why don't you drive on?

COACHMAN [touching hat]. Sorry, my lady; but there's a policeman a 'olding his 'and up in front of us.

IMPORTANT LADY. Well, tell him to put it down, then; that's all. We shall be late for the first act as it is. Tell the constable my name, Benson.

COACHMAN. Very good, my lady.

[Tells Constable. E 10 replies affably, but keeps white-gloved hand up.]

IMPORTANT LADY. What does he say, Benson? Tell me at once exactly what he says.

COACHMAN. Says, my lady, if you think you can do it better than him you'd better get out and regelate the traffic yourself.

IMPORTANT LADY [astounded]. How dare he say such a thing! How dare he, Benson?

COACHMAN [with respect]. Can't say how he does it, my lady, but he does.

IMPORTANT LADY [indignantly]. You tell him that my husband is in the House, and that I'll make him ask a question of the Home Secretary, and—

[Brougham moves on; INDIGNANT LADY stumbles back.]

SMALL GRUBBY GIRL [reproachfully]. Ah, Tottie! Out on the razzle again, are you? Oh, you are a corker, 'pon my word.

INDIGNANT LADY. Go away, you rude little girl, this minute!

SMALL GIRL [affecting to misunderstand]. Now, what is the good of your askin' me to come to the freatre with you when you see I ain't in evening dress? Why, your own comming sense— [Lady lifts carriage window]. Bye-bye, old sort. Be good.

King George's Shell

A SI-WASH IDYL.. W. A. FRASER.. TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

Where the Pacific laves forever and ever the western shore of Vancouver's Island, live the Ahousaht Indians, and among them lives Toquit, he that was Mahaquima, their chief's, friend.

That Toquit was warped morally in the very long ago was pretty well conceded, even by his fellow tribesmen, who were not much given to nice distinctions; but that Tophet would have been a much better appellation than Toquit for this individual member of a pretty rough crowd, was the unanimous opinion of the white men who had had the pleasure of his acquaintance. What deviltry Mahaquima could not hatch was pretty difficult of incubation, but there were times when villainies were not plentiful enough for his chieftainship, and then he always relied upon Toquit.

Thus it was on a warm summer's day, now many moons ago, when a small "whiskey trader," the "May Queen," dropped her kedge outside of Ahousaht, and the captain prepared to inaugurate a mild Saturnalia, with a leaven of hell in it, by trading some of the strong liquor he carried to the Ahousaht Indians.

The crew was small when he arrived; himself, one other white man, and one Indian from Fort Nupert. It had grown less by three before he had been there

many hours. It was Toquit's chance, and Toquit never let a chance go by—not if he were sober enough to intercept it.

"Why should a Fort Nupert Indian come there, anyway?" Toquit asked Mahaquima, and Mahaquima looked wise, and gave it up.

Then Toquit, with several others, who, like himself, considered that whatever is, is wrong, went on board the sloop, and asked the Fort Nupert Indian why he had come there to the land of the Ahousahts. The representative from Fort Nupert was not a good hand at addressing a deputation of this sort, and made such a poor reply that Toquit brought his strong battle-axe, made from the lava rock, down on his crown. The captain and his mate took a hand in the argument, and, incidentally, a head or two. Lava rock is not the hardest rock in the world, not half so hard as granite, but it is infinitely harder than the human skull—even though that skull belong to the captain of the trader.

It was the biggest strike Toquit had ever made, and it had not led up to much exertion—that was a prime consideration. He would share with Mahaquima, for Mahaquima was the chief, and even here Caesar claimed his share, and surely there were enough provisions and liquor to give the biggest kind of a pot-latch. There was whiskey in kegs, whiskey in barrels, whiskey in stone jugs, and whiskey in bottles; a gallon jug struck Toquit as being a nice curio for his watch-chain—he hadn't any watch-chain, but he managed the jug all the same.

For several days Ahousaht was the land of the lotos eater. They swam dreamily about, only their swimming was on the dry land; they left the slow rise and fall of the gentle swell severely alone. The whole tribe was drunk; the very air was whiskey laden; the birds that pecked at the whiskey-soaked biscuit reeled and sang idiotic bird songs; there was nothing to eat, but had come in contact with whiskey, and so the very dogs were lotos-fed on alcohol.

Never had such a pot-latch been given; never had such a chief as Mahaquima lived since the Ahousahts had conquered the world—and Toquit, too; of a surety Toquit was also great. Mahaquima they throned on a full barrel in the northern end of the great ranch, and to Toquit they gave a keg at his right hand. It was good to kill King George's men, and easy too; such a little tap from behind with a mighty stone axe had lain the skull open, as one kills a baby seal.

Long the pot-latch lasted, for a sloop's cargo of whiskey goes a long way, even among the Si-Wash of the western coast, whose stomachs are as the stomachs of the alligator—copper-lined; long enough for a little bird to carry the news to Victoria, and long enough for a gunboat belonging to King George, as the Si-Wash still call the Government, to come down and train her guns on the Ahousaht ranch. But knocking a couple of white men in the head was one thing, and facing a gunboat another, so of all the pot-latch gang, the morning sun looked down and saw not one. Even the remains of the grog was safely stowed away where it would not get a sunstroke.

Toquit and Mahaquima had front seats on a high hill five miles away, and as the shells from the gunboat were shrieking and tearing through the deserted village, they shook their heads tipsily, and marveled in drunken gravity at King George's folly in wasting so much pow-

der. Evidently something like this dawned on the commander after a time, for he ceased firing and passed the order to get under way.

The anchor chains screeched through their iron bearings, the head of the white monster fell away from the town, the black smoke curled in immense clouds from the rakish funnels, and the blue strip between the speeding boat and the battered town commenced to broaden. One by one little moving black dots began to outline against the white sun-baked shore—the Ahousahts were returning to see how their household gods had weathered the storm of iron hail.

One shot had gone through the long ranch—a good hundred feet—from end to end. Toquit put his head through the hole at one end, and stuck out his tongue at the fast disappearing ship. This made the others laugh; and why shouldn't they laugh? Such a pot-latch had not been given within the memory of the oldest Si-Wash; two white heads and a black one had been added to the natural history museum of the town, and the bill had been paid—two holes not much larger than a stovepipe in the big ranch, that was all.

It was Haktalla who found the big round iron thing the gunboat had thrown on the shore. Very proud he was of his unexploded shell. A mighty shout went up when he brought it in. What should they do with it to show their contempt for King George?

"Burn it!" shouted Toquit, and Mahaquima smiled approvingly. Good and hot they made the fire, and lustily they laid into the whiskey which had been unearthed again. Then with shouts of derision they laid the huge shell upon the funeral pyre.

The shell said nothing but lay low.

They had joined hands in a war dance around the fire. Faster and faster they circle, fiercer and fiercer the tom-toms crash and tremble under the savage blows of the drink-frenzied players; closer and closer the whirling circle of naked bodies press to the leaping flames; the din is terrific; savage hate and drink have turned them into demons; their black skins glisten as the perspiration rolls in great beads down their writhing, twisting bodies; their eyes flash luridly as the blaze lights up their evil faces. Toquit drops the hot hand he holds in this circle of death, reels drunkenly for a moment, then dashes out into the darkness, for night has closed in.

Now he is back from his horrible mission; three stakes he drives into the ground—viciously he drives them; then on each he places a human head—one white head on each side of a black.

Hell breaks forth now. They drink the raw liquor. They thrust their bare limbs into the scorching blaze. They reel, fall, and are dragged to their feet again in that delirium-driven throng.

Suddenly the earth opens—the heavens fall. Not a second of warning is given. The mad boast and the frenzied oath are swallowed up in that awful roar. The world is on fire.

Then a wind blows across the devil's cauldron, and only the three grinning heads on the stakes gleam in the moonlight. All that was alive is dead. See! Yonder something moves! It is Toquit! The author of all that is evil is alive of all that crowd! Before, he was warped morally; now he is warped physically, for half of his neck is blown away!

To-day, years after, he tells the young Si-Wash of King George's leaving that shell for them to find.

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Armies in the Fire . . . R. L. Stevenson . . . A Child's Garden of Verses

The lamps now glitter down the street;
Faintly sound the falling feet;
And the blue even slowly falls
About the garden trees and walls.

Now in the falling of the gloom
The red fire paints the empty room,
And warmly on the roof it looks,
And flickers on the backs of books.

Armies march by tower and spire
Of cities blazing, in the fire;
Till as I gaze with staring eyes,
The armies fade, the lustre dies.

Then once again the glow returns;
Again the phantom city burns;
And down the red-hot valley, lo !
The phantom armies marching go !

Blinking embers, tell me true,
Where are those armies marching to ?
And what the burning city is
That crumbles in your furnaces ?

My Kingdom . . . R. L. Stevenson . . . A Child's Garden of Verses

Down by a shining water-well
I found a very little dell,
No higher than my head.
The heather and the gorse about
In the summer bloom were coming out,
Some yellow and some red.

I called the little pool a sea ;
The little hills were big to me,
For I am very small.
I made a boat, I made a town,
I searched the caverns up and down,
And named them one and all.

And all about was mine, I said,
The little sparrows overhead,
The little minnows too.
This was the world and I was king ;
For me the bees came by to sing,
For me the swallows flew.

I played, there were no deeper seas,
Nor any wilder plains than these,
Nor other kings than me.
At last I heard my mother call
Out from the house at evenfall,
To call me home to tea.

And I must rise and leave my dell,
And leave my dimpled water-well,
And leave my heather blooms.
Alas ! and as my home I neared,
How very big my nurse appeared,
How great and cool the rooms !

Farewell to the Farm . . . R. L. Stevenson . . . A Child's Garden of Verses

The coach is at the door at last ;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing :
Good-bye, good-bye to everything !

To house and garden, field and lawn,
The meadow-gates we swung upon ;

To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye to everything !

And fare you well forever more,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft, where the cobwebs cling ;
Good-bye, good-bye to everything !

Crack goes the whip, and off we go ;
The trees and houses smaller grow ;
Last, round the woody turn we swing ;
Good-bye, good-bye to everything !

My Bed Is a Boat . . . R. L. Stevenson . . . A Child's Garden of Verses

My bed is like a little boat ;
Nurse helps me in when I embark ;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore ;
I shut my eyes and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do—
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer ;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

The Land of Counterpane . . . R. L. Stevenson . . . A Child's Garden of Verses

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills ;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets ;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

Where Go the Boats ? . . . R. L. Stevenson . . . A Child's Garden of Verses

Dark brown is the river,
Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home ?

On goes the river
And on past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

* From *A Child's Garden of Verses*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons in a beautiful illustrated edition.

APPLIED SCIENCE, INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

Having Money to Burn

USE OF CONFEDERATE BILLS . . . PHILADELPHIA RECORD

"Did you ever know what has become of the greater part of the Confederate paper money with which this country was flooded some years back?" asked a local business man who had just returned from a trip to the Atlanta exposition. "No? Well, neither did I until I struck Atlanta a few weeks ago. In that town I found an old man who makes a business of quietly gathering in all the Confederate banknotes he can find. You know the stuff was issued by the ton during the war, and there is any quantity of it still floating around. When the old man gets a big bundle of the paper he sends it to Edison, the inventor, who pays a good price for it. Edison uses it to make carbon for incandescent lamps. The paper upon which the Confederate notes were engraved was made of the pulp of the sea grass. This branch of the paper-making industry has since become a dead art. Sea-grass paper, when chemically treated by Edison, has been found to make the best sort of carbon for incandescent lights, and so there is always a demand for the Confederate bills."

Development of Diamond-Cutting

GEORGE F. KUNZ . . . NEW YORK SUN*

The diamond-cutting industry in Holland was formerly confined to a comparatively few Jewish families in Amsterdam, the traditions of the art being handed down from father to son for generations. Indian gems were cut up to about 1725, when the Brazilian diamond mines were discovered. The Dutch made a favorable treaty with Portugal, whereby almost the entire output of those mines came into their hands, and prosperity shone upon the diamond cutters. In the beginning of the present century, however, diamonds became so scarce through the primitive way of working the mines, and the increased demand that all the diamond-cutting establishments, both in Amsterdam and Antwerp, came to a standstill, and the cutters had to adopt other occupations for a living. At that time the banking firm of Hope & Co., London, arranged with the Portuguese Government to take all their rough diamonds at the fixed price of 45f. (\$9) per carat, while they sold the polished diamonds at 160f. (\$32). Fearing that through the depression and subsequent abandonment of all the diamond works, the art would be lost for Holland, and their monopoly would then be useless, Hope & Co. selected seven young men whom they apprenticed at their own expense with some old diamond polishers.

On the discovery of the Cape diamonds in 1869-70, a new era opened for the cutting trade. Quantities of rough diamonds came suddenly to London, but there were no work-people to cut them, at least not enough there, nor in Amsterdam and Antwerp, even with reinforcements from the old hands, who had long since abandoned the trade. The South African diamonds were first discovered in the surface gravel, and were obtained at little expense, hence they could be sold cheaply; but as the public was yet under the spell of the old prices, a large margin of profit was realized. This naturally caused many to leave other occupations and learn the diamond trade. Everyone bought rough diamonds,

and was in haste to have them cut. To get ahead of the old merchants, these new-fledged diamond merchants bribed the work-people, and so a rate of compensation was established whereby the workmen received princely wages. In order to keep all these advantages, the work-people formed a union, with the rules: First, not to work for less than the then ruling high pay; and, second, not to take any new apprentices, not even their own sons, to learn any of the three different branches of cleaving, cutting, and polishing. For several years these rules were rigorously enforced. Still a few workmen held aloof from the union, and these made some apprentices at a premium of from 1,500f. to 2,500f. for a cleaver, and somewhat less for the two other branches.

After these fat years were passed there arrived the lean years. Rough diamonds rose in price, owing to the large capital required to mine them. The speculation in polished diamonds fell off, the union could not be kept together, and wages gradually declined, so that the ordinary work-people now make only a living, though the best of them are still paid like artists, as some of them really are. Twenty-five years ago the wholesale diamond merchants of Amsterdam did not exceed eight in number, but the development of the African mines so increased the trade that within the past decade several diamond exchanges or clubs have been established as headquarters for the transaction of business. One of these, the "Handelsbond," has 800 members, and owns a fine building with rooms so arranged with respect to light as to facilitate the sale of the gems. Others, known as the "Adams," the "Golconda," and the "Koh-i-nur," are generally thronged with brokers and merchants, as are also the neighboring coffeehouses. The male members of these clubs are called courtiers, and the female brokers courtesans. At present there are between fifty and sixty large diamond-polishing establishments, employing some 3,500 polishers, but no longer at the princely wages of from \$80 to \$200 a week, which were paid when the African mines first began to produce so largely, and goods of the second and third quality brought much higher prices. To-day they only receive \$15 to \$40 a week, and some even less. There are 10,000 people engaged in diamond-cutting in Holland.

Antwerp has been rapidly becoming one of the greatest diamond-cutting centres. While in 1870 there were four mills and 200 diamond workers, in 1893 there were seventy-eight mills and 4,000 workers, and diamonds are annually cut to the value of 12,000,000 francs. London comes third in importance. Here the diamond polishers, brokers, importers, and dealers in rough diamonds must number about 1,000 persons. St. Claude and adjoining cities in the Jura Mountains in France have several diamond-cutting establishments that employ in various capacities about 1,000 people. Paris comes next with several diamond works; these will reach about 500 individuals. Geneva and Berlin each possess a diamond-cutting shop, at each of which perhaps 100 persons are employed; and finally Hanau, the jewelry centre in Hesse, Germany, where much goldsmith's work is done, and where a few years ago were established two large diamond mills and four or five small ones, all operated by steam power, which employ

about 500 persons. At Idar and Oberstein about 1,000 more are similarly engaged, giving a total of above 16,500 persons occupied in the diamond industry in Europe. In 1887 the De Beers mining combination was effected at Kimberley to regulate the output and so prevent a fall in prices such as was feared under the competition then beginning to be felt among the mining companies. Since then the annual output has been calculated each year to meet the needs of the world, and prices have consequently remained firm.

Since the opening of the South African mines 48,000,000 carats of diamonds have been produced, valued at £60,000,000 in the rough, or more than \$600,000,000 when cut. During the past twenty-five years a duty of ten per cent. has been paid on about \$175,000,000 worth of cut diamonds imported into the United States. After the diamonds have been collected in proper sized parcels at the mines by the various mining companies and licensed buyers they are shipped by mail steamers direct from the Cape to London, which, until two years ago, was the greatest market in the world for rough diamonds. These parcels were frequently sold within one or two days after their arrival in London. When the owners reside in South Africa, and the price expected is not realized, the parcels are sealed while the offers are cabled, and the transaction is often closed within twenty-four hours. On the arrival of mail steamers, buyers from Amsterdam, Paris, and Antwerp visit London to make purchases. The stones are cut; exceptionally fine ones are sold separately, and others in parcels according to size and quality. In January of the past year the Antwerp and Amsterdam dealers endeavored to break the English control of the rough diamond market by offering a higher figure than the English syndicate had bid for a three months' option of the entire output. The English syndicate then made a higher offer for the whole product of 1895, and a sale to them took place of \$17,500,000, the limit fixed for the output this year.

One of the curious phases of the Amsterdam diamond-cutting industry is the extent of the trade in diamond waste. Most of this material comes now from the cleavers. Formerly, when diamonds were still very expensive, cleavers did not deign to set to work upon a stone unless it was mainly of fair quality, and the most of it could be turned out as valuable diamonds. But now, through the great competition in price, nothing may be rejected. If a piece of bort contains but one good corner, though not more than one-eighth of a carat in weight, and consequently less than half that weight when polished, it must be turned to account; and if this little available portion lies in the centre of the stone it can only be reached by a great deal of cleaving, which will unavoidably produce many splinters and much dust. Cleavers' waste is of several kinds, generally sold in a lump to dealers. First, there is the bort, or the remnants of stone from which small corners have been taken off; these realize the full market price of bort. Out of the other waste are picked the few splinters yet fit to be worked into rose diamonds; next the long-pointed splinters, which, when inserted in a handle, are used for points in engraving upon stone, glass, etc. After these come the smaller bits, some of which may also be used for engraving, and in the stronger ones for boring holes in porcelain, glass, etc. The smallest material of this kind is generally stamped

into powder and is employed in polishing diamonds. Some of the coarser pieces, when smooth, are used for slabs, in which holes are drilled, and they are sold for wire drawing, being much harder and more durable than any other substance for this.

A great deal of waste also comes from the cutters. During the cutting a variety of splinters and fine fragments are thrown off; hence, the waste material furnished by cutters, and to some extent by the cleavers, is the sweepings, of which again there are two kinds, viz.: First, "bak fulles," the residue of the bak or box upon which the friction of the two diamonds occurs, a mixture of minute diamond particles and scrapings of cement; second, "table fulles," or sweepings of the floor of the shop. All these pass through complicated processes of cleaning by dexterous and experienced hands. At first nothing is seen but black, dusty fragments of the cement used to fit the diamonds on the handles, with here and there a glimmering bit hardly visible to an inexperienced eye. The buyer, however, knows how to treat it by sifting, burning, and boiling in nitric acid, so that out of this black mass is brought a snow-white powder, mixed with minute fragments of diamond used for stamping. An extensive trade is done in these kinds of waste, and it is exported from Holland to various parts of Europe and America for technical purposes. Over two hundred persons in Amsterdam gain their living as dealers in diamond waste and sweepings.

The subject of diamond-cutting in the United States is worthy of consideration. Since 1868 more than \$175,000,000 worth of diamonds have been imported into the United States, of which about \$15,000,000 worth came in the eleven years between June, 1882, and June, 1893. Of these the original rough stones could not have cost more than one-half. If these stones had been cut in this country, it would have given employment to 5,000 men for the past twelve years, at the average yearly wages of \$1,000. The difficulty in establishing the diamond-cutting industry in this country is the inability of dealers to obtain the rough stones at first hand, and the fact that diamond-cutting is an old-established industry, and in many ways waste is prevented by a more economic system of working. In the years of 1882 to 1885 a number of American jewelers opened diamond-cutting establishments, but the cutting has not been profitably carried on in this country on a scale large enough to justify branch houses in London, the great market for rough diamonds, where advantage can be taken of every fluctuation in the market, and large parcels purchased which can be cut immediately and converted into cash, for nothing is bought and sold on a closer margin than rough diamonds. During 1893 diamond-cutting was carried on in the United States by fifteen firms, each employing from one to twenty men, the total number amounting from 130 to 150 cleavers, cutters, polishers, etc.

Mr. Henry D. Morse, of Boston, was the pioneer diamond-cutter of the United States. He can justly be called the American diamond-cutter par excellence, and the best cutters in the United States to-day received their training under him. But educating young Americans, both men and women, to his art was not his greatest work. He showed the world that the art which had so long been a monopoly of the Hollander was degenerating in their hands into a mere mechanical trade. His treatment of the diamond gave a great

stimulus to the industry, both in the United States and abroad. Shops were opened here and in London in consequence of his success. He was one of the few who studied the diamond scientifically and taught his pupils that mathematical precision in cutting greatly enhances the value as well as the beauty of the gem. His artistic eye, sound judgment and keen perception enabled him to carry the art to a perfection seldom if ever attained before. In his shop a machine for cutting diamonds was invented which did away, in a great measure, with the tediousness and inaccuracy of the old manual process. Thanks to his labors, we now have among us some of the best cutters in the world, men who can treat the diamond as it should be treated to develop its greatest beauty. The fact that so many fine stones were recut here after he had started his wheel led to a great improvement in cutting abroad, especially in the French Jura and Switzerland, where both men and women are now employed at the trade, and as a result the diamonds sold to-day are decidedly better cut than those of twenty-five years ago, before Mr. Morse turned his attention to the work and showed the world that diamond-cutting is an art and not an industry.

Modern Uses of Glass

PROGRESS OF INVENTIVE SCIENCE....CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

According to Pliny, the discovery of glass, like many another article that has proved of immense benefit to mankind, was entirely fortuitous. A merchant ship laden with nitre (a fossil alkali) being driven ashore on the coast of Galilee in 77 A. D., the crew went ashore for provisions, which they cooked by the water's edge, constructing a rough support for their utensils out of pieces of their cargo, which produced a vitrification of the sand beneath the fire, and afforded the hint for the manufacture of glass. Visitors to the Chicago Exhibition could not have failed to notice several offices, workshops and stores constructed entirely of hollow glass bricks, to which a highly decorative effect was given by using bricks of variegated color, joined with a colorless cement, and which, when lit from within by the electric light, presented a fairy-like aspect, unapproached by structures of glass and iron, such as our Crystal Palace. They need not, however, have travelled so far to see an erection of this nature, for a glass factory at Liverpool has glass journal-boxes for all its machinery, a glass floor, glass shingles on the roof, and a chimney 105 feet high, built wholly of glass bricks, each a foot square.

Several patents for roofing-glass have been taken out during the last few years, the best perhaps being that in which, during manufacture, the glass is molded upon steel-wire netting, which greatly increases its strength without appreciably lessening its transparency, and allows of its being used in much larger sheets. A Paris firm of glassmakers, MM. Apert Frères, now produce some porous glass to be used for window-panes. The pores are too fine to admit of draught, but cause a pleasant and healthy ventilation in a room. By means of the toughening process, glass railway-sleepers, tram-rails, floorplates, grindstones, etc., have been produced. Articles of dress are now being extensively made of this material. A Venetian manufacturer is turning out bonnets by the thousand, the glass cloth of which they are composed having the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk, and, what is a great

advantage, being impervious to water. In Russia there has for a long time existed a tissue manufactured from the fibre of a peculiar filamentous stone from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it never wears out. This is probably what has given an enterprising firm the idea of producing spun-glass dress lengths. The Muscovite stuff is thrown into the fire when dirty, like asbestos, by which it is made absolutely clean again; but the spun-glass silk is simply brushed by a hard brush with soap and water, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. The material is to be had in white, green, lilac, pink, and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening dresses. An Austrian is the inventor of this novel fabric, which is rather costly. Tablecloths, napkins and window-curtains are also made of it. It has also been discovered that glass turned into a fine cloth, which can be worn next the skin.

A most dangerous fashion obtained a few years back, fortunately not to a very wide extent, and only for a short time—namely, sprinkling the hair, dresses, and flowers at balls, parties, and theatres with powdered glass. The inhalation of these minute particles of glass, one of the deadliest forms of slow poison and perfectly insoluble, sets up serious inflammation in the pulmonary organs, stomach, throat, and other membranes to which it adheres; and, moreover, these grains injuriously affect the delicate structure of the eye. A letter setting forth the serious effects resulting from this practice at a Christmas gathering in Coventry, appeared in the Standard of December 29, 1888. A church bell of green glass, fourteen inches high and thirteen in diameter, was placed in the turret of the chapel at the Grange, Borrowdale, in October, 1859; and now we are told that glass is to be used as a filling for teeth, especially the front ones, where it will be less conspicuous than gold, and, in fact, indistinguishable from the tooth surface.

One of the most curious inventions of this inventive age is platinized glass. A piece of glass is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum, and is then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form a very odd kind of mirror. The glass has not lost its transparency, yet, if one places it against a wall and looks at it, he sees his image as in an ordinary looking-glass. But, when light is allowed to pass through from the outer side, as in a window-pane, it appears perfectly transparent, like ordinary glass. By constructing a window of this material, one could stand close behind the panes, in an unilluminated room, and see clearly everything going on outside, while passers-by looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror, or set of mirrors, in which their own figures would be reflected and the persons inside remain invisible. In France various tricks have been played. In one, a person, seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror, approaches to look at himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure which has been hidden behind the magic glass. What wonders might a magician of the dark ages have wrought with a piece of platinized glass?

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

Mobbing People of Rank

EX-ATTACHE.....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Mobbing people of rank, whether social or official, is by no means confined to the United States, as one might be tempted to believe from the scathing comments in some of the metropolitan newspapers in connection with the manifestations of public curiosity excited by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough on their wedding-day, and subsequently, when they made their appearance at the Horse Show. That the young couple were subjected to a full-fledged mobbing at the Horse Show, characterized by the most execrable taste, cannot be denied, although it is open to discussion whether the Duke is not himself in a measure to blame in the matter for interrupting his honeymoon to place his bride of four days on what was practically public exhibition at Madison Square. But what I wish to point out is that the mobbing, which was of such a nature as to necessitate the intervention of the police, was distinctly un-American—un-American in the sense that it was conduct altogether unworthy of a people which proudly claims that each of its 60,000,000 citizens is a sovereign equal to any crowned head of Europe; un-American, because the mobbing of distinguished people is infinitely more common in the Old World than in the New.

Among the worst offenders in this respect are the Germans, the Austrians, and, above all, my own countrymen, the English. The Latin races of France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, as well as the Scandinavians, the Magyars and the Slavs, are curiously free from this bad breeding, an immunity probably attributable to their innate sense of dignity and personal pride. At Vienna, for instance, the Empress of Austria has been subjected to such disgraceful mobbing that for many years, even long prior to the tragic death of her only son, she has declined to take part in any public ceremony, and devises the most extraordinary means to secure privacy, which the people of the capital bitterly resent; and while she is beloved everywhere else in her husband's dominions, especially in honest Tyrol and in chivalrous Hungary, the inhabitants of the capital have scarcely a good word to say for her. But anyone who has seen the Kaiserin, as I have in times gone by, walking through the streets in the Corpus Christi procession, or appearing on the Freudeneau racecourse, or else seated upon the dais or reserved gallery at some charitable entertainment or popular festival, such as the Industriellen Ball, the cynosure of every eye, with not only lorgnons, opera-glasses, and even field-glasses, but actually telescopes, leveled at her by a wild, staring, noisy, pushing crowd, will appreciate why she should endeavor as far as possible to evade the gaze of the Viennese.

Another fair sovereign, Empress Augusta Victoria of Germany, the most easy-going, good-natured, imperturbable and least sensitive of all the crowned ladies, has on several occasions been so shamefully mobbed by well-dressed people at Berlin that her husband has been compelled to adopt the extraordinary measure of having the street closed to the public by the police whenever her Majesty enters any shop to make purchases. The incident that brought matters

to a crisis and led to the issue of this order by the Emperor took place one day when the Empress had alighted from her carriage to make some purchases at one of the great jewelers' shops in the Frederichstrasse. The imperial equipages standing before the door had the effect of speedily collecting an immense crowd, and before many minutes had passed the whole shop was densely thronged with well-dressed but appallingly vulgar and ill-bred people, who pushed her and jostled her in their intense eagerness to see her and to examine what she was buying. It was only with the utmost trouble on the part of her chamberlain-in-waiting and the jeweler that she was able to get back to her carriage without having completed her purchases, and even after she had taken her seat in the equipage an elegantly dressed woman wearing glasses deliberately opened the carriage door on the off side for the purpose of peering in and examining both the features and the dress of the sovereign, and in the most unblushingly inquisitive and impudent way making comments to those pressing behind her. Then Augusta Victoria's patience gave way; she lost her temper and roundly abused the offender in such unmeasured terms that she became frightened, and decamped, leaving the carriage door wide open.

The nearest approach to a mobbing that I can remember having seen in Paris was the first occasion on which Empress Eugénie passed through Paris after the death of her husband and son. She was still, at the time of her departure from Paris immediately after the defeat of Sedan, a superbly beautiful woman, and pre-eminent for her grace, elegance and brilliancy of appearance. During the fifteen years which had passed since then she had been bereaved of both husband and son, and almost crippled by rheumatism and other infirmities. Her arrival had been heralded in the press, and a big mob, mainly composed of women, some well dressed, others evidently belonging to the lower order, had gathered at the Gare du Nord for the purpose of hooting and hissing the "Spaniard," "La mère Badinquet," and the woman whom they regarded as chiefly responsible for the unfortunate war of 1870, and for all the ruin and disaster that it left in its wake. But when the Calais train steamed into the station and the Empress appeared in the courtyard of the terminus, not walking, but literally borne to the carriage that was in waiting, white-haired, wrinkled, helpless, with no trace of her former elegance or beauty, —in short, a physical wreck—a great wave of sympathy seemed to sweep over the crowd that had come to revile and assail, and while the men bared their heads, the women murmured, "Oh, la pauvre femme!" many of them wiping their eyes.

But nowhere does the mobbing of conspicuous personages prevail to such an extent as in the dominions of Queen Victoria. Thus, when the Duke and Duchess of York passed through Inverness recently, a most disgraceful scene ensued on the arrival of the royal train at the station. The latter was densely packed with people, who made a rush forward when the Prince alighted for the purpose of greeting the Provost or Mayor of this ancient Scotch city, and his Royal Highness was

jostled and pushed about to such a degree that he was compelled to retreat to his railway carriage. The crowd immediately surged around the car, flattened their noses against the window-panes, endeavored to force the doors open, and even went the length of clambering in large numbers to the roof for the purpose of peeping over the edge and of getting a glimpse of the royal occupants through the ventilators. The Duchess, who is just at present in a delicate condition of health, was so greatly alarmed as to give rise to anxiety about her, and, inasmuch as the Queen is reported to have been indignant about the matter, it may be taken for granted that Inverness will henceforth share the fate of Brighton, Bath, Exeter, Weymouth and Torquay, all of which are frowned upon by royalty in consequence of outrageous mobbings to which members of the reigning house have been subjected within their walls. Weymouth in particular, once the favorite seaside resort of her Majesty, is in her black books, not only in connection with certain mobbing reminiscences, but likewise because the local tradespeople adopted the extraordinary course of seizing the corpse and coffin of the Queen's father for debt when he died there suddenly, and refused to give it up until compelled to do so by the Government. Even in London, where, throughout the season the Prince and Princess of Wales make a point of being seen every day in public, and their appearance should under the circumstances excite no manifestations of popular curiosity, the royal couple are debarred by the certainty of being mobbed from enjoying anything like the same degree of liberty and freedom of action that becomes theirs from the very moment that they set foot in France or Denmark. The Prince may occasionally be seen on horseback in Rotten Row, while the Princess drives every afternoon through the Park, her carriage preceded by mounted policemen; but were the heir apparent to venture on foot along the Row or Vanity Fair at the so-called fashionable hour, it may safely be taken for granted that he would emerge from the gayly dressed crowd at the further end in such a condition of attire and mind, thanks to the mobbing which would have fallen to his share, that he would never be tempted to repeat the experiment.

In default of the Prince, the crowd, which is composed partly of people in society, and in part of persons trying to get in—in one word, of people essentially smart—contents itself with mobbing smaller fry, and anyone who was in London in the year when Mrs. Langtry was launched upon the billows of society will remember how elegantly dressed women, many of them titled, were wont to clamber on the Park seats and to push and elbow their way through the throng in order to get a close view of the Dean of Jersey's beautiful daughter. This danger of being mobbed practically debars the Prince and Princess from taking any of that pedestrian exercise of which her Royal Highness, in particular, is so fond. And while the heir apparent may occasionally be seen afoot in the neighborhood of Marlborough House, perhaps making a purchase in St. James street, or visiting a club, his charming and popular consort is deprived when in London of that pastime so dear to every woman, be she princess or servant girl, namely, shopping. In London she is forced to have the tradespeople bring their wares to Marlborough House for the purpose of examining them there, whereas when she is in Paris or Copenhagen she is able to

shop to her heart's content, just like any ordinary mortal.

That is why the Prince and Princess of Wales, whenever they are in need of a holiday of relief from that dreadful strain of feeling one's self perpetually the cynosure of thousands upon thousands of critical eyes—a torture to which such great ladies as the widowed Czarina of Russia, the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Austria, etc., have never been able to accustom themselves—either cross the Channel or else retire to Sandringham, where the peasants offer to the fashionable people of London the same example of common sense, dignity, good form, and delicacy as was presented to certain fashionable people of New York on the occasion of the Duke of Marlborough's departure a few weeks ago by the stolid and worthy Boers of Hoboken.

What the Rubens Club Is Doing

RAIMENT FOR STOUT WOMEN..... SAN FRANCISCO POST

The stout women of New York city have banded together in a society calling itself the Rubens Club. Its object is the study and promotion of gowns and other wearing apparel for women who weigh more than 140 pounds, or are too stout for their height. In the days of the painter Rubens stout women were the most fashionable creatures that walked the face of the earth. Rubens would paint none others than those of very firm build, and so artistically did he drape them, so cleverly did he pose them, and so well did he color them that every woman aspired to sit for his pictures. To be painted by Rubens was a guarantee of beauty, grace and feminine loveliness of every description. The stout women of New York society have felt themselves particularly slighted by the fashions of the fall. These new styles are, without exception, for the sylph. The sleeves bagging at the elbow, where the stout woman is thickest across the body; the waists pinched low, where it is simply impossible for her to pinch herself without medieval torture; the skirts of some shortness—all make her like a country guy or woman of advanced ideas and behind-the-times style. And so the Rubens Club came into existence.

The Rubens Club has twenty members. Its numbers are limited, and not more than forty will ever be allowed in the club. One of its aims is the designing of dresses for the members. A professional designer is employed, and he—for a man has been chosen who is an artist of no mean merit—contracts to supply designs for six gowns a season for each of its members. Obviously he cannot design for more than forty women at the most. At present the members are only twenty, and membership is closed until spring. To be quite specific, the president of the Rubens Club, who is a woman of beauty, wealth, and great loveliness of manner, had the honor of having the first gown designed for herself, and here is its pattern. As it was to be worn at a club dinner, which she was to give for introducing the club members to each other, the gown was made an evening robe. The materials were dead white cashmere and dull black satin, with a very little lace and jet. The under gown, or the gown itself, more strictly speaking, fell from the shoulders in a long, loose robe. In the front there was a centre trimming of black satin and lace, and a heavy ruffle of lace outlined the bust and suggested the waist. The back fitted closely and around the foot extended a deep band of the black.

Over the Rubens gown fell a robe of the satin. It was caught at each shoulder, and fell into a train three feet long when the wearer walked. In repose it lay around her feet, giving her height and a becoming setting. In choosing the color of the gown to be snow-white instead of cream color, the artist knew what he was specifying. White is a diminishing color, while cream color enlarges. The same with black satin. Satin, being full of lights and shades, is uncertain in size, and it is preferable to silk or velvet, which makes the person thicker. The jets are dressy, wicked little ornaments that wink at you unexpectedly and disappear. One of the plans of the Rubens Club is to devote afternoons to selecting colors for gowns. The artist assists, and a sufficient supply of material is at hand to allow an exercise of personal taste also. The colors ordered sent to the club rooms for the next meeting are dull grays, bright blues, faded greens, and all kinds of deep reds. The manner of judging these colors is very entertaining. The rooms are planned so that a brilliant sunshine can be let in, and also entirely shut out. You can flood the room with brightness, or make it blacker than night. Then there is electricity and also gas. For judging materials all the tests are employed.

After the colors have all been chosen comes the artist's real work. Of course, the hardest thing he has to do is to fit out his patrons with street gowns that shall be conventional and yet accord with the ideas of Rubens. They must "drape," yet by no means be unfashionable. To do this he has this fall taken advantage of the cape idea. Golf capes are his salvation in travelling gowns. A stout woman in a neat-fitting gown, not too close under the bust, looks picturesque with a golf cape swinging from one shoulder. It gives her height. The dolmans that are open in front and fall low at each side are admirable also, according to his ideas. He does a clever thing also with belts. Every woman must have a belt line. She may not wear a belt and buckle, but her basque ends near the belt line and her figure plainly shows the place where the waist ends and the skirt begins. This is the most trying region for a stout woman. The awful swell of the stomach, the terrible rise of the bust, and the pinched zone that she cannot conceal, make her the horror of those who feel embonpoint creeping upon them. The bust of the Rubens woman is never forced up. It is low, and she never has the choked look of the woman with a high bust nor the muffled throat. Nor are her hips horrors of size. The artist does away with the pair of square shoulders which stout women ordinarily wear upon their hips by giving them the long, low belt line. The Rubens society is composed of wealthy women, for none others could afford the dues of artist and modiste. But the members hope that so good may be their example in dress that before long the stout, puffing, ruddy, choked, fat woman will be a thing of the far past.

Feminine Extravagance in New York

FROM AN ENGLISH STANDPOINT....LONDON SPECTATOR

We so often find ourselves on the side of the rich, and opposed to those who rate them for existing, that we are a little pleased to discover a subject upon which we can join in the chorus of reprobation for what may fairly be denominated "sinful extravagance." It is stated on fair authority that one firm of drapers in New York have on

their books the names of forty ladies whose accounts for dress materials exceed, on an average, \$10,000 or £2,000 a year. Their bills are presented semi-annually and are paid, say the happy drapers, by their husbands without a murmur. It is expressly added that this expenditure does not include jewels, which are, of course, to the extent of two-thirds of their shop value, permanent investments, or laces, which are nearly as durable as jewels, but is confined to perishable articles, silks, satins, embroideries, and the things usually included when women speak of "dress." We have little doubt that the figures are correct, for they are far below those which were published when, after the fall of the Second Empire, Parisian firms like M. Worth's were compelled to sue their best customers, and we find it impossible to discover for such outlays a reasonable excuse. The usual one, that it is all a question of proportion, and that it is no more reprehensible for a woman whose husband earns £20,000 a year to spend £2,000 on dressing herself, than for a woman whose husband earns £500 to spend £50, is probably unsound.

The defense for any expenditure not absolutely necessary is its result, the result sought in expenditure on a woman's dress is that woman's attractiveness, and, it is simply impossible that attractiveness can be greatly increased by incessant variation of costume. The idea of the perfect dress must at last be reached, and after that every other must involve a certain deterioration in good looks, yet without almost incessant change or robbery the sums quoted could not be expended. They amount to nearly £170 a month, or £38 a week, and cannot be explained by any richness of material—for furs are nearly as durable as laces—or any other quality in the dresses themselves. Style costs much, but not all that. The only conceivable explanation is rapidity of change, and in that rapidity is waste of the senseless kind which is not unfairly described by the old epithet now so rarely applied to extravagance, namely, "sinful." Money is, in fact, destroyed with no object except a meaningless competition, or positively evil ostentation, that is to say, a power is wasted or misused, as much as if its possessor applied strength or courage or beauty or the gift of expression to evil or to useless ends. The standard of living is vitiated, for all women are more or less imitative, and true perspective in expenditure, which is as essential to the sound management of life as true perspective is to drawing, is hopelessly disregarded in order to secure an impression of blazing color, in fact, a striking visibility.

It is this perspective which the rich of our day, and especially the new rich, have to learn, and which they apparently find such difficulty in learning. They are not bound, as Socialists contend, to relinquish all the surplus remaining after a bare maintenance, for that would be to surrender the most active motive to special exertion, and would speedily reduce the world to an even level of squalor; nor are they bound to give in charity more than they can give cheerfully—though, of course, it is possible to train the mind to liberality as well as to tolerance or to mercy; nor are they bound to spend only on reproductive work, as the old economists used to contend, much that is not reproductive, as, for instance, music, being highly beneficial; nor are they bound never to waste, a proportion of waste being as lawful as any other enjoyment; but they are bound to keep up what we have called a perspective, a proportion

among expenditures, so that no one of them, and especially no one of them that is useless or injurious, shall absorb too much of the result of effort, or too much of the limited time allowed us, or too much of the attractiveness which cannot be given equally to every object at once. Every one of those limits is overpassed by the woman who spends £2,000 a year upon the materials of her dress. She spends an amount of her husband's labor which he ought not to devote to her for such a purpose, and she cannot do it without also devoting undue time to the preparation and display of dress, and an undue proportion of her energy to the making of that dress effective.

No woman with means, or at least not one woman in a thousand, will consent to be a mere lay-figure, to put on and then forget what is sent her to wear. She is impelled to plan like an artist, whether she has artistic power or not, and if she plans too much, may easily spoil the perspective of her life. All modern men perceive this where men are concerned; and the man whose thoughts and time and purse are too much absorbed in dressing, is so despised, that the character, once common throughout Europe, has now almost ceased to exist; but women have not yet reached that point of escape from savagery, and read, we fear, of the Empress Eugénie and the wonderful exploits she performed, when at the height of her prosperity, in the line of expenditure on millinery, with a feeling which, if it is not envy or admiration, is at least not contempt. The Empress for years falsified the perspective of all the women of her court with the result that the whole perspective of life among those about her by degrees grew false also, and life as a whole was given up to an enfeebling pursuit of change and excitement, which when most innocent was most childish. It became a rudeness to wear a dress twice, a "bêtise" to think gravely of an expenditure, a foolishness to prefer any duty whatever to the gratification of the moment's caprice. People lived as in a dream, from which there came, as usual, though the consequence does not always fall on the dreaming generation, a very rough awakening. The rich women of New York will see before long a similar result to their ways, even though their race, their creed, and the terrible industry of their fathers and sons, should for a generation or two keep their frivolity from becoming more than a surface symptom in their lives.

It is a little hard to explain the passion for dress which bursts out among women at intervals, increases till it excites the horror of moralists, and then temporarily disappears, sometimes from a religious revival, sometimes from a social catastrophe, and sometimes from a general failure of surplus means, such as is now felt in England by the landed class. The usual explanation is the folly of youth, or personal vanity; but very plain women are often seized with the mania, and the great spenders are seldom very young. It is when beauty is just on the turn, like a leaf in autumn, that women believe most in the richness of dress, relying on it as at once a concealment and a defense. The reckless patrons of the great drapers, especially in France, are not girls but women about thirty-five. We fancy that feminine extravagance is due, in part, to a desire for excitement, which a large class cannot obtain from social management or public life, or the higher intellectual interests. Those who belong to this class are rich, are bored, are possessed of the wish to be some-

bodies, and plunge into the only form of competition in which, as they think, they are sure, either from superior means or a genius for millinery, to be striking figures. That is certainly one motive at least for the mad extravagance of silly young men too early possessed of fortunes; and we do not see why it should not dominate a division of the other sex also. They cannot keep yachts or hunters, or build palaces, or travel everywhere by special train as a deceased Marquis used to do, merely to flaunt wealth; and they therefore "go in" for wild expenditure in dressing, expenditure which they feel sure will make them notable, and believe will, among ill-dressed women at least, make them envied. We are the more inclined to believe that this is the explanation, because we see that the scale of extravagance in dress increases not only with wealth, but with the striking enlargement among women of intellectual interests, interest in publicity, and interest in public life. It is those who do not feel these things, and who have a sense of being left behind, who spend hundreds, or in America and France, thousands, a year upon their clothes, that is, upon the contest in which they at all events fancy they can achieve a victory. It is not an unnatural feeling, considering what kind of creatures human beings mostly are, but it produces great mischiefs, and we rather wonder that the well-placed and sensible women have not frowned it down a little more distinctly than they have done. They could do it in England and France, if not in America, if they could once get over their latent fear of being considered envious. "Jane will not spend, or cannot spend," would be Amelia's comment, "and therefore she wants me to look as dowdy as herself." The world improves in such matters very slowly, for Latimer preached very much as we are doing now, and, if we may judge from the accounts of the following reigns, with almost as little effect.

The Vanity of Dummy Shoes

A STUDY IN SMALL FEET.....SAN FRAN. ARGONAUT

It is said that a coquettish trick prevails among the women at the sea-side and watering place hotels in Europe. They have extra sets of tiny boots and shoes made, not for wear, but to be left outside their bedroom doors. It seems that foreigners, particularly Frenchmen, are in the habit of scrutinizing closely the ladies' boots in the corridors of hotels. The furnishing of such tiny sets is a recognized part of the boot and shoe trade in Paris. It is also said that similar sets of very small boots and shoes and slippers are sold by the big shoe houses of Paris to be placed on exhibition with the bride's trousseau. The French bootmakers say that the Madrid ladies have the smallest feet, the Peruvian and Chilian ladies next. Ladies from the United States are also remarkable for their small feet. Russian ladies have heavy splay feet. In Northern Europe the best shaped feet are those of the women of Sweden. In Paris, the Jewesses are noted for their small feet, and are very particular about their "chaussure." German women have large flat feet, and English women are noted on the Continent for awkwardly made boots and shoes. Doña Bertha, wife of Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender, wears a five and a half. Lady Emyntrude Malet, wife of the ambassador, has a phenomenally small foot. Empress Eugénie's white satin shoes were worn only once, and then sent to an orphanage to be worn by the girls at their first communion.

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY*

COMPILED BY WILLIAM MOODIE

The Majesty of Eternity—Let us imagine ourselves a huge mountain, the largest on the face of the earth—a great solid mass of granite rock. And suppose that, once every hundred years, a little bird came flying to the top of the mountain, and rested there, and merely dusted its beak upon the summit. The time it would take before the bird's beak, with its little tap every hundred years, had completely worn away and leveled the whole mountain—is only a *moment* of Eternity. And we have to live through that.—William George.

Confidence of Immortality—Are we sure that we are without him? When Rufus Choate took ship for that port where he died, some friend said, "You will be here a year hence." "Sir," said the great lawyer, "I shall be here a hundred years hence, and a thousand years hence." Plato in his *Phaedo* represents Socrates as saying, in the last hour of his life, to his inconsolable followers, "You may bury me if you can catch me." He then added, with a smile, and an intonation of unfathomable thought and tenderness, "Do not call this poor body Socrates; when I have drunk the poison, I shall leave you and go to the joys of the blessed. I would not have you sorrow at my hard lot, or say at the interment, 'Thus we lay out Socrates,' or 'Thus we follow him to the grave and bury him.' Be of good cheer; say that you are burying my body only."—Rev. Joseph Cook.

The Unity of the Eternal—Over the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Above one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend, "All that which pleases is only for a moment." Over the other is a sculptured cross, and the words, "All that which troubles is but for a moment." Beneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is which is eternal."—Rev. Paul Dunbar.

The Mystery of Immortality—The first reflection which occurs is to represent the great mistake of refusing to believe in the continuity of individual life because of the incomprehensibility of it. Existence around us, illuminated by modern sciences, is full of antecedently incredible occurrences; one more or less makes no logical difference. There is positively not a single prodigy in the ancient religions but has its everyday illustration in Nature. The transformations of classic gods and goddesses are grossly commonplace to the magic of the medusa, which is now filling our summer seas with floating bells of crystal and amethyst. Born from the glassy goblet of their mother, the young hydrozoon becomes first a free germ, resembling a rice grain; next a fixed cup with four lips; then those lips turn to tentacles, and it is a hyaline flower, which presently splits across the calyx into segments, and the protean thing has grown into a pine-cone crowned with a tuft of transparent filaments. The cone changes into a series

* Selected from *Tools for Teachers*. Compiled and arranged by William Moodie. This excellent work, published by Thomas Whittaker, New York, is a rich treasure-house of anecdotes, illustrations, legends, etc., for teachers of Sunday-schools, Bible classes, and boys' brigade. They cover a wide range of literature, and make a most valuable, appetizing, and interesting collection for the library shelf.

of sea-daisies, threaded on a pearly stalk; and these one by one, break off and float away, each a perfect little medusa, with purple bell and trailing tentacles. What did Zeus or Hermes ever effect like that?

Foreshadowings of the Infinite—I was reading the other day that, on the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives of fishermen whose husbands have gone far out upon the deep are in the habit, at eventide, of going down to the seashore, and singing, as female voices only can, the first stanza of a beautiful hymn. After they have sung it, they listen till they hear, borne by the wind across the desert sea, the second stanza, sung by their gallant husbands as they are tossed by the gale upon the waves; and both are happy. Perhaps, if we could listen, we, too, might hear on this desert world of ours some sound, some whisper borne from afar, to remind us that there is a heaven and a home.—Dr. Cumming.

The Seriousness of Life—The following is an Eastern apologue that has made a deep impression on many minds, amongst others on that of Tolstoi: A traveller in the desert is attacked by a furious wild beast, and, to save himself, gets into a dry well; but at the bottom of the well he sees a huge serpent, with jaws wide open to devour him. He dares not get out for fear of the wild beast. He dares not descend for fear of the serpent. So he catches hold of a branch growing out of a crevice of the well. His arms grow tired, but still he holds on; and then he sees two mice, one white, one black, gnawing through the branch, inch by inch. He knows that he must give way soon, and he must perish; yet, seeing a few drops of honey on the leaves, he stretches out and takes them, though he finds them no longer sweet. The interpretation is not difficult. The desert is the world; the wild beast is passion; the serpent is death; the branch is the life to which we cling; the black and white mice which gnaw through the branch are the nights and the days; the honey on the leaves are the few poor, transient pleasures at which men vainly clutch as they hang over the abyss. And what are they worth?—Farrar's Social and Present-Day Questions.

The Conquest of the Present—A farmer said "he would like to have all the land that joined his own." Bonaparte, who had the same appetite, endeavored to make the Mediterranean a French lake. Czar Alexander was more expansive, and wished to call the Pacific *my ocean*; and the Americans were obliged to resist his attempts to make it a close sea. But if he had the earth for his pasture, and the sea for his pond, he would be a pauper still. He only is rich who owns the day. There is no king, rich man, fairy, or demon who possesses such power as that. The days are ever divine, as to the first Aryans. They are of the least pretension, and greatest capacity of all things.—Emerson.

True Loftiness of Aim—It was a noble saying which is recorded of a modern sovereign, who, on the day of his accession, suddenly encountered a conspiracy which threatened his life and his throne: "If I am an emperor for only half an hour, in that half-hour I will be every inch an emperor." What he said of the loftiest of all earthly spheres may be said no less of all below it.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Under the Spell of Big Words

STILTED SCIENTIFIC PHRASEOLOGY....LITERARY DIGEST

The "big words" of science are often necessary and useful, expressing what cannot be made clear to the student in any other way, but they are sometimes mere verbiage and mean no more than their common equivalents. It goes without saying that in this latter case the true scholar uses the short, plain word. He who writes in six-syllabled words for the mere pleasure of astounding the multitude is not apt to have very much solid thought to express. Some very good advice on this subject, which is worthy the serious attention of other scientific men than students of medicine, was recently given to the students of the Chicago Medical College by Dr. Edmund Andrews, in an introductory address, afterward printed in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, from which we quote a few paragraphs: "It is amusing and yet vexatious to see a worthy medical gentleman, whose ordinary conversation is in a simple and good style, suddenly swell up when he writes a medical article. He changes his whole dialect and fills his pages with a jangle of harsh technical terms, not one-third of which is necessary to express his meaning. He tries to be solemn and imposing. For instance, a physician recently devised a new instrument, and wrote it up for a medical journal under this title, 'A New Apparatus for the Armamentarium of the Clinician,' by which heading he doubtless hopes to make the fame of his invention 'go thundering down the ages,' as Guiteau said. Another writer wanted to say that cancer is an unnatural growth of epithelium. He took a big breath and spouted the following: 'Carcinoma arises from any subepithelial proliferation by which epithelial cells are isolated and made to grow abnormally.' Now, then, you know all about cancer.

"A writer on insanity illuminates the subject as follows: 'The prodromic delirium is a quasi-paranoiac psychosis in a degenerate subject. A psychosis of exhaustion, being practically a condition of syncope.' The following is an effort to say that certain microbes produce the poison of erysipelas: 'The streptococcus erysipalatosus proliferating in the interspaces of the connective tissue is the etiologic factor in the secretion of the erysipelatosus toxins.' A large cancer of the liver was found at a post-mortem examination and reported about as follows: 'A colossal carcinomatous degeneration of the hepatic mechanism.' Still, the man of big swelling words is not always up in the clouds. If called to a case of accident, he examines the injury, and may inform the family in quite a simple and dignified manner that their father was thrown sidewise from his carriage breaking his leg and putting his ankle out of joint, but if he writes out the case for his medical journal, he gets up straightway on his stilts and says: 'The patient was projected transversely from his vehicle, fracturing the tibia and fibula and luxating the tibio-tarsal articulation.'

"Your man of solemn speech is peculiar. He does not keep a set of instruments—not he; he has an armamentarium. His catheters never have a hole or an eye in them, but always a fenestrum. In gunshot injuries, a bullet never makes a hole in his patient, but

only a perforation. He does not disinfect his armamentarium by boiling, but by submerging it in water elevated to the temperature of ebullition. He never distinguishes one disease from another, but always differentiates or diagnosticates it. His patient's mouth is an oral cavity. His jaw is a maxilla. His brain is a cerebrum, his hip-joint is a coxo-femoral articulation. If his eyelids are adherent, it is a case of ankylo-sympblepharon. If he discovers wrinkles on the skin, they are corrugations or else rugosities. He never sees any bleeding, but only hemorrhage or sanguineous effusion. He does not examine a limb by touch or by handling—he palpates or manipulates it. If he finds it hopelessly diseased he does not cut it off—that is undignified. He gets out his armamentarium and amputates it."

The Holidays of the World

CELEBRATIONS OF ANNIVERSARIES....NEW YORK SUN

Thanksgiving Day comes nearer even than the Fourth of July to being a legal national holiday, for, although the Fourth of July is celebrated in some parts of the country where Thanksgiving Day is neglected, the President's proclamation gives to the latter a sort of official character that the former has not obtained. It is not for the Federal Government to tell the people of the United States when they shall quit business and take to pleasure. It is a matter for the States to establish legal holidays. The President in his Thanksgiving proclamation merely recommends that the people, neglecting their ordinary vocations, observe the day with proper ceremony. As a matter of fact, the people of the United States work harder and have fewer holidays than any other people in the world. This is not especially a characteristic of democracies, however, for the Australian colonies, which are hardly less democratic in their local government than the United States, keep more holidays than any other country in the world. All the important sporting events, whether cricketing or racing, are made the excuse for a general holiday. The usages as to holidays, legal and otherwise, in the several States of the Union greatly vary. Louisiana seems to have more holidays than any other State. It observes January 8, the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans; Mardi Gras, on the eve of Lent; February 22, Washington's Birthday; March 4, firemen's anniversary (in New Orleans); Good Friday; July 4; Labor Day in November and not September, as in most States; Christmas Day, and New Year's Day. Lee's birthday, January 19, is a holiday in Georgia, North Carolina, and Virginia. Lincoln's birthday, February 12, is a holiday in Illinois. Texas makes February 2, the anniversary of her independence, a holiday, and also April 21, the anniversary of the Battle of San Jacinto. Alabama and Georgia have a memorial day, or Decoration Day, on April 26, and North Carolina on May 10. North Carolina also celebrates, ten days later, the anniversary of the Mecklenberg Declaration of Independence. Florida celebrates Jefferson Davis's birthday, June 3. Utah keeps Pioneer's Day on July 24. California keeps Admission Day on September 9, and Nevada on October 31. South Carolina keeps not only Christmas Day, but

December 26 and 27 as well. This, doubtless, is a relic of slavery times, when in many parts of the South the negroes kept the whole week between Christmas and New Year's, when little or no work was done.

It was a sort of truce of God for the slave, who for that week lived as a free man and made merry. Arbor Day is observed in a constantly increasing number of States, and the Saturday half-holiday is gradually extending from State to State, though it is not strictly observed anywhere. Great Britain really has no public holiday that corresponds to the Fourth of July. There is no day when Britons of every political party and faction come together and celebrate in hearty accord a national event. Christmas is not even a legal holiday in England, though it is in Scotland. It is, of course, celebrated throughout the kingdom, but it was made a statutory holiday in Scotland, because otherwise the strong Puritan spirit prevailing there would have brought about a neglect of the observance. In London the Saturday half-holiday is as much observed as Sunday. The Bank Holiday Act, passed at the instance of Sir John Lubbock, in 1871, made four legal holidays, Easter Monday, Whit Monday, the first Monday in August, and December 26. In Scotland the legal holidays are New Year's Day, the first Monday in May, the first Monday in August, and Christmas Day. Christmas Day and Good Friday are holy days, but not legal holidays, in England. On these days all the theatres are compelled to close. This custom is being observed in New York by some managers. New Year's Day is the great holiday in Scotland. It is much more widely observed than Christmas Day, while New Year's Day is not observed at all in England. Guy Fawkes's Day, November 5, is kept after a fashion in England, but it is not a day that Catholics care to remember, since it recalls a time when they were hated and suspected. The French observe New Year's Day, "Jour de l'an," in great pomp. The glory of that day has faded in New York, and New Year's calls are about extinct.

The Queen's birthday, which is totally neglected in Great Britain and Ireland, is observed with great enthusiasm in most of the colonies, especially in Canada. It is to the colonial Briton a rallying day that comes nearer the Fourth of July than any other in the year. The Canadians also have an annual Thanksgiving Day, generally a week earlier than ours. Scotchmen of all classes rally on St. Andrew's Day, and this is really a very important day in the English colonies, for Scotchmen have in large part made the colonies of Great Britain, and they are strong, the world over, wherever the British flag flies. St. Andrew's Day is celebrated in China, in Malaysia, all over India, in South Africa, in Australia, in Canada, and in a hundred insignificant islands and small settlements. Burns' birthday is another Scotch holiday, though, of course, not a legal one. It is celebrated wherever Scotchmen are, and especially in this city. St. Patrick's Day and Orange Day are familiar to all sorts of people wherever the warring factions of Irishmen are found. The Welsh celebrate St. David's Day at home and abroad. There is a small Welsh colony in this city, with a few churches where the pastors preach in the Welsh tongue. Many English workmen not only keep the Saturday half-holiday, but even Monday—St. Monday, as it is called. This day is sacred to those English workmen who keep up the British mechanic's old-time fame as a

hard drinker. Even in this country Monday is a slack day following the too frequent Sunday debauch.

Englishmen in India keep not only their own but also the native holidays. There is Holi, a carnival of license, when the natives go about striking each other with bags of red powder, and their white garments are dusted as with red pepper. There is Dipwali, the feast of lanterns, celebrated in gorgeous fashion not only all over India, but in China and Japan, a beautiful and, to the stranger, marvelous holiday. There is Dasera, when all the animals are decorated with flowers, and masters are expected to give presents to their servants in recognition of the holiday. This corresponds to Boxing Day in Great Britain, December 26, when postmen, street sweepers, servants and employees of every class expect presents. Nearly every country has such a gift-exacting day. The Saturday half-holiday is one that has existed in fact for a long time in various parts of the country. For many years it has been the practice of working people on the eastern shore of Maryland to quit work at noon on Saturday and to spend the rest of the day fishing, hunting or carousing. That is the day when the country negroes come to the villages; indeed, when all country folks visit the town. It is sometimes called Public Day, being the day when country folks drive to town to make their purchases. The village stores keep open later on Saturday night than any other night in the week, and every considerable village becomes a sort of business and social exchange. There is a disposition in New York City to extend the Saturday half-holiday through the whole year, and many self-employed men quit work at noon on Saturday the year round, in order to make excursions into the country that shall last over Sunday. Whit Monday is a holiday among Southern negroes. They commonly call it "Whistling Monday." In those Southern States largely settled by Catholics or Episcopalians the colored people still celebrate feast days and fast days.

Pawnbroking in Various Countries

BANKERS FOR THE POOR... ELBERT F. BALDWIN... OUTLOOK

In 1889 a poor woman in Boston borrowed \$10, giving a mortgage on her furniture and agreeing to pay \$1.25 a month interest. For two years she made these payments, and then failed to keep them up. After a time the loan company presented her with a bill. Principal and accrued interest amounted to \$25. She was told that if she would scrub the company's office once a fortnight it would be regarded as payment of interest. She had paid, when the facts became known to the writer, in money and work, about \$65, and still owes \$25. All has arisen out of the need which led her to borrow \$10. This incident is but one of many, showing the need for such an admirable pawnshop as Dr. Greer started a year ago in New York City, and out of which that larger undertaking, the Provident Loan Society, has evolved itself. Might not this society now be made a municipal pawnshop? The English Government has been seriously considering the adoption of such a system, and to that end Lord Kimberley recently addressed a circular to her Majesty's representatives abroad, and received from them reports on the system of pawnbroking which obtains in the countries where they reside. These reports might be of use in adopting some municipal or State system here.

From them we learn that in Germany pawnbroking is conducted by the State, by the Gemeinde (parish), or by private persons under State supervision. The Berlin "Königliches Leihamt" is under the protection of the German Reichsbank, which advanced the necessary funds. The pawnshop usually advances on two-thirds of the estimated value of household goods, four-fifths on silver, and five-sixths on gold. During the year 1893, the sum of \$1,200,000 was lent on about 220,000 pledges. After payment of all administrative expenses and interest on capital, there remained a net surplus of over \$10,000, which was placed to the account of the reserve fund, and of which the interest is devoted to a charitable institution. Under the State system the interest on loans is 12 per cent., while under private management it is either 12 or 24 per cent., according to the amount of the loan. Under both systems the loan is contracted for six months; under the first, six months' grace is allowed, while under the second four weeks only. The State pawn-office is used by the middle rather than by the very poorest classes. Artisans and tradesmen head the list, widows and unmarried women follow, while day-laborers and factory workmen occupy the third place. In Austro-Hungary there exists a system of "Versatzämter," usually under the control of the municipalities, but more or less under the control of the State also. The prototype of them all is the so-called Imperial Pawn-office of Vienna, founded like any other charitable institution and solely as such intended. The Minister of the Interior nominates the officials and sanctions any important matters connected with the management. The original advances have now been paid off; the Imperial Pawn-office is entirely independent, and is annually adding to its cash capital from its own profits. The interest charged is at the uniform rate of 10 per cent. In 1893 the Vienna office received over 860,000 articles, for which it advanced \$2,100,000.

Italy is the home of the pawnshop, since Savonarola is supposed to have established the first one. The Italian system does not allow loans on pledges to be granted for less than one lira (20 cents) or for more than 1,000 lire. The advances on gold, silver, jewels, and other articles are in the same proportions as in Germany. Interest is charged at the annual rate of 5 per cent. for loans of from five to ten lire. On loans of from ten to twenty lire the rate is 6 per cent., and on those above that figure 7 per cent. Besides interest, a charge of 1 per cent. is levied on the pawn-ticket when the loan is granted, but loans not exceeding ten lire are exempt from this charge. Loans are granted for six months, with the power of renewal for a further six months. A special regulation permits renewals from six months to six months for a period of five years. In France pawnbroking is now a municipal monopoly. In most instances it is created by the local authority and regulated by the State. Private pawnbroking no longer legally exists, though there are many "Marchands de Reconnaissances," who purchase pawn-tickets and resell them to the original holders with a profit of one franc a month for every ten francs in advance! The French "Monts-de-Piété" are, as a rule, self-supporting, the profits made on the larger transactions paying for the loss incurred on the smaller. It is said that advances from sixty cents to \$4.50 may be classed as unprofitable operations. Advances from

\$4.50 to \$17 are profitable or not, according to the period during which they remain in pawn. Beyond this sum operations are always profitable. The pawnshops are placed under the control of the local authorities, the Mayor of the town being ex-officio the President of the administration. Being called charitable institutions, they are as such exempt from stamp duties, and, further, when requiring funds, are allowed to issue bonds. They are now empowered to make advances on public securities which are made payable to bearer, an average of two-thirds of the value being given. At the head of the Paris pawnshop is a director, who is himself under the control of a committee comprised of the Prefect of the Seine, the Prefect of Police, three members of the Municipal Council, three members of the "Assistance Publique," and an equal number of citizens. The funds are derived from money invested by the public in "Mont-de-Piété" bonds, from the revenue from interest charged to loans, from interest on its superfluous funds, and from pecuniary guarantees required by statute from its functionaries. The minimum advance on pledges is three francs (60 cents); for the maximum there is virtually no limit. The duration of the loan is for one year, but after the expiration of this period the pawnier is allowed a renewal. Interest at the rate of 3 per cent. is charged on the sum lent, and 3 per cent. for expenses in connection with the management, insurance, etc. A further tax of 1 per cent. is also levied on the full value of all pledges, thus making the total 7 per cent. Pledges which have not been renewed or redeemed within the course of a year are liable to be sold at public auction in the thirteenth month. In 1893, 1,300,000 articles were pawned, 1,200,000 redeemed, 800,000 renewed and 200,000 sold. The surplus (\$70,000) was handed over to the hospitals of Paris. Statistics show that about one-fourth of the articles pawned undergo renewal, while only one-eighth come to be sold.

In Spain the system is connected with that of a savings bank. The pawnshop advances money at 6 per cent. a year, and depositors in the savings bank are assured an annual income of 4 per cent., which is capitalized at the end of each year. This joint institution is under the protection of the Minister of the Interior. The general administration is under the supervision of a General Council consisting of thirty members (appointed by the Government), whose services are entirely honorary and gratuitous. At the pawnshop, in 1893, the number of loans effected and renewed was about 175,000; the amount advanced was over \$2,000,000. The object is to advance money at 6 per cent. a year, which is recovered, together with the capital, at fixed periods—namely, for advances on jewels and plate, one year; clothing, etc., six months; and advances made on the guarantee of Government securities, four months. Deposits in the savings bank are received both Sundays and week days. Sums less than one peso (twenty cents) are not received as a first deposit. Every depositor may draw out the total amount, or a portion of the sum deposited, by giving notice to the administration. The money is usually paid within a week, but payment may be deferred for a period as long as five weeks if deemed advisable, thus avoiding the danger of a run on the institution. While the savings bank pays interest at the rate of 4 per cent. the pawnshop takes charge of the funds of the savings bank, paying the bank interest

at the rate of 5 per cent.; it then makes advances of the said funds for the security of articles pledged, charging interest at the rate of 6 per cent. Each institution thus makes a profit of 1 per cent., sufficient to pay expenses and to increase the capital. They have met all requirements and increased their capital without any assistance from the Commune, the Province or the State. Hence the savings of the poorer classes, yielding them interest at 4 per cent., form the means of assisting the still poorer, and perhaps more improvident classes, who can borrow at the rate of 6 per cent. a year, or one-half of 1 per cent. a month.

The reports include in addition those from Brussels, the Hague, Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Berne, Lisbon, and Washington. The last of these tells us nothing new. There are no Federal laws in the United States in regard to pawnbroking, each State having its own regulations. The States in which most attention has been given to this question are those of New York and Massachusetts. Summaries of the laws concerning pawnbroking in these two States are inclosed as containing all that is of practical value in pawnbroking legislation throughout the country. The reports in their detail are filled with most interesting and valuable data for students of social problems and the relations of poor and rich.

Private and Public Debt in United States FROM OFFICIAL SOURCES....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

The production and trade of a country necessitate an elaborate system of debts and credits which increase proportionately to the magnitude of its commercial operations. According to the Official Bulletin, the minimum private and public debt of the United States for the year 1890 was \$20,227,170,546. Of this sum, \$6,200,000,000 represents the debt of quasi-public corporations, under which head are included railroad companies, street railways, telegraph, public water, electric and gas companies, etc., 91.44 per cent. of this, or \$5,669,431,114, being the debt of the railroad companies alone. The debts of individuals and private corporations reach a total of \$12,000,000,000, divided as follows:

Real estate mortgages	\$6,019,679,985
Crop liens in the South.....	300,000,000
Crop liens outside of the South	350,000,000
National banks, loans, etc.....	1,904,167,351
Other banks, loans and overdrafts.....	1,172,918,415
National, State and local taxes.....	1,040,473,013
Other net private debt (estimated). .	1,212,761,236
 Total private debt	\$12,000,000,000
Total for public corporations (as above)	6,200,000,000
 Total	\$18,200,000,000

The public debt, less sinking fund, in which debt is included that of the United States, States, counties, municipalities and school districts, is \$2,027,170,546, which, added to the private debt, makes a total of all kinds for the country of over twenty billions. It is significant that over 58 per cent. of the combined debt on farms and homes occupied by owners was incurred for the purpose of the purchase of real estate. The large profits which were realized by the earlier purchasers, or original owners of inside and outside property in and around the rapidly growing cities of the States, en-

couraged an abnormal amount of speculation in this direction during the few years preceding the late crisis. In the Middle, and particularly in the Western States, this form of speculation, if it was not directly contributory to the crisis, certainly served to render it very acute when it came. The crop liens of the South are a legacy of the civil war. At its close the farmers possessed their land and a few mules and tools, but no money. The merchants furnished supplies in consideration of crop liens and mortgages on farm stock. The system thus begun has been continued from that up to the present day.

The loans from banks are obtained on the understanding that they are for capital. The tax debt and the public debt are incurred "for the maintenance of justice, the promotion of public works, and for education." From the above categorical view of the various kinds of debt that go to make up the total for the country, it is seen that fully nine-tenths were incurred in the acquisition of capital and property. Less than one-tenth represents "debt necessitated by misfortune." Next in importance to the question of the amount of debt of the country is the question of the rate of interest upon which the various loans were granted. The average rate of interest on railroad debts is 4.50 per cent.; on street railways, telegraphs, etc., 5.89 per cent.; on real estate mortgages, 6.60 per cent.; bank loans and overdrafts, 6.60 per cent.; crop liens outside the South, 10 per cent.; crop liens in the South, 40 per cent.; making an average on private debts of 6.67 per cent.

The rate on the United States public debt is 4.08 per cent.; and on States, counties, and municipalities, 5.29 per cent. The average rate of interest on the total indebtedness of the country is 6.44 per cent.

Referring to the ruinous rate of interest paid on crop liens in the South, the report states that "extensive inquiries, answered by merchants and cotton buyers, who hold crop liens, point to the conclusion that the average rate on these liens must be as high as 40 per cent., rarely going as low as 25 per cent., and often going as high as 75 per cent. and more!" The relatively low rate of 4.08 on the debt of the United States is partly explained by the fact of its exemption from taxation. Referring to the average rate of interest of 6.60 per cent. on real estate mortgages, it should be noted that, in the case of farms occupied by owners, this rises as high as 7.07 per cent. and 7.36 per cent. on acre tracts.

The percentage of debt to wealth is for :

Railway companies.....	67.48 per cent.
Street railways and telephone companies.....	66.60 "
Incumbered farms occupied by owners.....	35.55 "
Incumbered homes occupied by owners.....	39.77 "
Taxed real estate and untaxed mines.....	16.71 "
The whole United States	31.10 "

The total wealth of the United States corresponding to the total debt of over \$20,000,000,000 is about \$65,000,000,000. The total per capita debt, including both public and private debt, is \$323, or \$1,594 per family of 4.93 persons, as per the census of 1890. In connection with the above classification of the various forms of indebtedness, public and private, it is satisfactory to learn that there was a total increase of wealth, during the ten years from 1880 to 1890, of \$21,395,091,197; the increase for the year 1889 to 1890 being nearly three billions of dollars.

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

In Defense of Horsemeat

ITS USE IN GERMANY.....FRANKFURTER ZEITUNG

Everybody is aware that the horse is the cleanliest of all domestic animals. It will not eat anything but good, healthy food, nor drink any but pure water. A horse would rather starve than swill the rotten stuff often given to pigs and cattle. It is nothing but prejudice that prevents us from eating horseflesh. A similar prejudice retarded the introduction of the potato a hundred years ago. To-day we could not get along without it. Yet the prejudice against potatoes can be explained. The people had been told that this American root caused fever, and rendered the ground unfit for all other crops. The exception against horseflesh is not even founded upon any objection to its properties. It is solely due to the influence of the Church. The clergy did everything possible to prevent the newly converted Saxons from returning to their heathenish practices, and prohibited the use of horseflesh to stop the sacrifices to Odin and Thor. A long time passed before these sacrifices were altogether discontinued. The nations of Europe have suffered enormous loss by this prohibition of horseflesh. Especially from the humanitarian point of view the results are most deplorable. Millions of people are forced to live on potatoes and similar food wanting in nutritive qualities, while millions of pounds of the very best meat are wasted. Horseflesh is the most nourishing of all meats, and its taste is hardly to be distinguished from that of beef. The flesh of a horse fed on oats has a smell similar to gooseflesh. The fat is preferable to lard. Above all, it should be remembered that no flesh is so healthy as that of the horse. Trichinosis and similar diseases are unknown in horses. Tuberculosis, very common in cattle, is very rare in horses.

The Emperor's Prize

MAKING BEET SUGAR .. DR. E. A. BEAL.. FOODS AND BEVERAGES

About 1747, Margraf, a German scientist, proved that the common beet contained sugar like that obtained from the sugar-cane. No steps to utilize this discovery were taken till 1801, when the first beet sugar factory was established in Southeastern Germany. France also became interested about that time in the beet-sugar industry. The war existing between England and France deprived the French people of their supply of sugar from the West Indies, most of those islands being then under the control of the English. Napoleon I., Emperor of France, offered a reward of 1,000,000 francs (about \$200,000) for a practical process of extracting sugar from beets. The rich prize, and the richer reward of the home trade, stimulated invention, and several successful methods of manufacturing beet-sugar were brought forward. There was a disagreeable flavor of molasses left in the sugar, however, and, for a long time, all attempts to remove that flavor failed. It was believed by most people that beet-sugar could never be made that would be equal to cane-sugar. But science is ever advancing.

Progress is the watchword of this wonder-working nineteenth century. The fault-finders, with their eyes turned towards the past, were proved to be false prophets.

Chemistry finally overcame all the difficulties, and sugar of the highest grade is now daily produced by hundreds of tons from beets. To the chemists, then, full credit for their invaluable labors should be given. Their science brought a new and extremely important industry into existence. Were the sugar-cane our sole source of sugar now, this most agreeable nutrient could be purchased only by the rich. Less sugar would be sold, and fewer salesmen would be employed. The thousands of workers in the beet-sugar factories would be forced to join the ranks of the idlers. Farmers, too, would suffer.

In 1889, Europe manufactured 1,800,000 tons of beet-sugar. As it requires one hundred pounds of beets to make nine pounds of sugar, 20,000,000 tons of beets must have been bought by the sugar factories. The value of the beets is based on the density of their juice, not on their weight. The more sugar in a beet, the denser will be its juice. The sugar is extracted by methods similar to those used in obtaining cane-sugar. The beet roots are cleaned, trimmed of rootlets and leaves, washed, and macerated by machinery. Presses are then employed to extract the juice from the pulp. Filtration follows next. This is effected by passing carbonic acid gas into juice previously limed, followed by boiling and skimming. The juice is then pumped into an iron cistern, is heated to the boiling point, and run through filters packed with bone charcoal. The next operation is the removal of the excess of water, in order that the liquid left may become dense enough to crystallize. Evaporation and filtering through bone charcoal are the processes employed. After this second filtration, the juice is transparent and syrup-like, but still contains much water. This is finally removed by boiling in vacuum pans. All these processes may be conducted in the factory.

The labor, cost, and difficulty of conveying enormous quantities of roots to a building, where the juice only was to be utilized, caused attention to be turned to the invention of some mode of transporting the juice alone. A system of underground piping, from a central factory to the best farms supplying it, has been found to work well. A diffusion apparatus is used on each farm to extract the juice. This is received in tanks, treated with one per cent. of lime, and pumped into the pipes. When the juice reaches the factory, it flows into large vats. A factory at Cambray, France, makes sugar from juice obtained from 12,250 acres of beets. The mass of impure sugar crystals, secured from the vacuum pans, has next to undergo treatment that will separate the sugar from the molasses. A centrifugal machine, charged with the dark crystalline material, is made to revolve rapidly till the color of the sugar has changed to a reddish tint, when, without checking the rotation, a small quantity of pure syrup is poured into this sugar; the result is a clear yellow tint in the entire mass. Dry steam is now injected into the machine, and soon the sugar becomes perfectly white. This sugar is known as "first sugar." The liquor flowing from the centrifugal is reheated in tanks, filtered, boiled, stored in cisterns for some time, and passed through the centrifugal machine again. The crystallized substance forms the

"second sugar" of the trade. The molasses is sometimes boiled once more, and "third sugar" is obtained then. One hundred pounds of the best Silesian beet roots will yield about five pounds of first sugar, one and a half pound of second sugar, a half pound of third sugar, and one and a half pound of molasses. The inferiority of the beet as a sugar producer, compared with the sugar-cane, becomes apparent when we learn that one hundred pounds of the cane will furnish fourteen pounds of first sugar.

Victims of the Cocaine Habit

ALBERT N. DOERSCHUK..... BULLETIN OF PHARMACY

The cocaine habit is a comparatively new addition to the evils by which humanity is beset, and it promises to excel even morphinism in the insidiousness of its growth, in blasting destructiveness, and in the number of its victims. Under the influence of cocaine the subject seems to enjoy a renewal of youth. Capacity for labor is augmented, and the need of sleep much diminished. The occasional use of cocaine leaves a highly illusive impression on the unprofessional mind, producing pleasant sensations, inspiring courage and causing a general feeling of exuberant vitality, with apparently no unpleasant after effects; but while the immediate action of cocaine is more animating and agreeable than that of morphine, it is not nearly so enduring, and the bitter sequelæ are manifested earlier and in a form far more disastrous than in morphine intoxication. Cocaine habitués are utterly unreliable and disregard all personal appearance, going about unkempt, bedraggled and forlorn. While under the influence of the drug, they feel equal to any task, forget the past, cherish hopes for the future, are happy in and oblivious to their sad condition. Without it they are nervous, maniacal, morose, and even dangerous. The cocaine habit is a swift road to destruction, and leaves in its wake blight most terrible.

In some way the erroneous notion has come to prevail that, in treating the morphia habit, cocaine is of great value, counteracting the effects of the morphine. Proceeding on this principle, numberless quacks have claimed ability to cure the morphine habit. The unfortunates whom they have succeeded in deluding are perhaps cured of the morphine habit, but in its stead they become cursed with a vice far more ruinous than all their former ills. Cocaine may counteract the effects of morphine, but when the action of the cocaine is exhausted the system demands greatly increased quantities of morphine, and this in turn produces a desire for more and more cocaine. Another class of victims comprises those to whom cocaine has been administered in minor surgical operations, and who, remembering its exhilarating effects, subsequently obtain and use the drug to their ruin. The cocaine habit is apparently incurable, unless the subject possesses a powerful will and renounces the use of the drug ere its vicious effects are manifest. After the habit is once acquired, the system craves the drug very much as the body craves food. When this drug hunger is not gratified the habitué suffers all the consequences of natural starvation, until his system recovers its normal condition. With overwork or any mental strain the craving for the drug returns, and is repelled only with the utmost difficulty.

A single instance will illustrate the terrible possibilities of this drug. A prosperous young lawyer, being

very much overworked and in great demand, sought renewal of his exhausted energies in cocaine. For a long time this served him remarkably well, stimulating his energies and producing an appearance of renewed vitality. Presently his system failed to respond to the usual quantities of the drug; then began a gradual increase in the dose, with simultaneous reduction in the effect. Finally, the drug seemed to lose all potency, and the subject was completely prostrated. Under skillful treatment he recovered after a time and appeared to be restored, but with returning labor and anxiety came the old craving and morbid desire for stimulus. This he could not resist.

Dainties of the Arctic

LABRADOR'S MANY BERRIES..... OUTING

In spite of the latitude and Arctic current, Labrador is the home of much that is delicious in the berry world. Even the outlying islands furnish the curlew berry and bake apple in profusion; and upon the mainland, in the proper month, September, a veritable feast awaits one. Three varieties of blueberries, huckleberries, wild red currants, having a pungent aromatic flavor, unequaled by the cultivated varieties; marsh berries, raspberries, tiny white capillaire tea berries, with a flavor like some rare perfume, and having just a faint suggestion of wintergreen; squash berries, pear berries, and curlew berries, the latter not so grateful as the others, but a prime favorite with the Eskimos, who prefer them to almost any other; and lastly, the typical Labrador fruit, which, excepting a few scattering plants in Canada and Newfoundland, is found, I believe, nowhere else outside of the peninsula—the gorgeous bake apple. These cover the entire coast from the St. Lawrence to Ungava. Their beautiful geranium-like leaves struggle with the reindeer moss upon the islands, carpet alike the low valleys and the highest hill-tops, and even peep from banks of everlasting snow. Only one berry grows upon each plant, but this one makes a most delicious mouthful. It is the size and form of a large dewberry, but the color is a bright crimson when half ripe and a golden yellow when matured. Its taste is sweetly acid.

Origin of the Loving Cup

ONE CHANCE IN THREE..... PHILADELPHIA TIMES

The best account of the origin of the loving cup comes from the late Lord Lyons, British Ambassador at Paris. According to his narrative, King Henry of Navarre (who was also Henry IV. of France), while hunting became separated from his companions, and feeling thirsty, called at a wayside inn for a cup of wine. The serving maid, on handing it to him as he sat on horseback, neglected to present the handle. Some wine was spilled over, and his majesty's white gauntlets were soiled. While riding home he bethought him that a two-handled cup would prevent a recurrence of this, so his majesty had a two-handled cup made at the royal potteries and sent it to the inn. On his next visit he called again for wine, when, to his astonishment, the maid (having received instructions from her mistress to be very careful of the king's cup) presented it to him holding it herself by each of its handles. At once the happy idea struck the king of a cup with three handles, which was promptly acted upon, as his majesty quaintly remarked, "Surely, out of three handles I shall be able to get one!" Hence the loving cup.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

Journeying Up in a Balloon

S. BADEN POWELL....BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

In theory no experience that we poor, non-flying mortals can enjoy is more fascinating, more ideally charming, more poetically sublime, than a trip heavenward in that curious, unnatural, and yet extremely simple apparatus—a balloon. To soar aloft, rising up and up without rocking or vibration! To glide o'er the country, above the tree-tops and houses, perfectly noiselessly, perfectly at ease! To gaze on distant views, on glorious cloudscapes, and have the earth laid flat beneath one's feet! Surely one's wildest dreams can conjure up no more perfect mode of motion.

The little basket in which we are to spend the next hour or two is being attached by its few stout cords to the wooden hoop where all the strings of the netting concentrate. It is time to get into the car. The valve-line is all right, for we have looked up the open neck at the bottom of the gas-bag, and have seen it leading down from the valve at the very top. "Let go!" We are off! All the rocking motion, the creaking of the car, the various excited voices—all these have ceased. The earth sinks away from under us. Instead of a few people struggling close around us, we see a multitude of upturned faces. Look at the place we started from now! It has grown quite small. How still and peaceful it all is! It seems quite hot, since there is not a breath of wind noticeable to us. We have travelled away from our starting place, and are skimming over comparatively unknown country. See the roads, white and straight, the fields of green and brown, the clumps of trees, the country houses in their well-planned grounds—all as in a colored map. Now let us see what the aneroid says. It has fallen nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, equivalent to a rise of 3,000 feet. See how this hot sun has expanded the gas. The balloon is as tight as a drum. But no matter, it can stand it. How curious it is to hear the dogs barking, the children crying, and the many trains whistling! For we can hear every loud noise that occurs within several miles.

We are still rising upward. See how faint the country appears to the north, and now it begins to appear so all over—it is all blue and misty. Nothing is visible anywhere except grayness. We are in the clouds. It gets comparatively dark, and soon the balloon above our heads begins rustling and looks loose. It is getting lighter. A dim sunlight strikes us. Suddenly we realize we are in bright sunshine again, with fleecy white clouds below us, and a deep blue sky above. Here we are all alone, in perfect silence, in the depths of a great abyss—massive clouds towering up on all sides, a snowy-white mass below. But no sign of earth—no sign of anything human. Not a sound, not a sign of life! What peace! what bliss! Horrors! what's that report? The balloon must have burst. Oh, nonsense; keep still, it's only a fold of the stuff nipped by the netting being suddenly released, that's all. Well, we are falling, and we must take care, for the coldness and dampness of this cloud will cause the gas to contract, and we shall fall rapidly. So get a bag of ballast ready, for we are already in the darkness of the cloud. Now the gas-bag shrinks and writhes, and loose folds rustle together, and it gets darker. You can feel the breeze blowing upwards,

against your face or hand held over the edge of the car. Well, that's not to be wondered at, for remember we are falling, say, 1,000 feet a minute, which is as if we were going ten miles an hour sitting in a dogcart.

We are already nearing the treetops. We are into them, what's more! Hang on, now! and mind your hands or they will get scratched. Hish! the green twigs come in all around us, we crash among the branches, stop dead, and then the balloon, as if suddenly thinking better of it, lifts us with a tug right up again, and we are soaring away over a field. A little more ballast. That's it. We are just going over a farmhouse—see the ducks and chickens flying in all directions and making such a cackling. "Come down, come down!" we hear people shouting. "Come up here!" we shout in reply, though we have already passed over the house and are skimming along now pretty close to the ground, for a big open hill has appeared before us. We glide up the side of it and pass over its top. But see, there is a large village ahead of us. We must rise again, else some damage may be done to the chimney-pots. There is the town now laid before us—there is the church, then the main street, and the big mill in rear. What place can this be?—I haven't followed the map sufficiently carefully. We'll ask. There is a man standing in the High Street, looking up at us. "What town is this?" we shout at the top of our voices. It is immediately replied to by a perfect chorus of voices, each obliterating the other. One forgets that though you ask the question of one man, every person in the village, of whom the greater part are looking up at the balloon, hears one equally well, and all shout back in answer. Well, see! there is the railway, and it is time we were getting down. So we will come down as near to the station as we can. Now open goes the valve and down we go. We are falling a little too fast, so out with some ballast. Hear it spattering on the trees below! There is a nice open field just beyond those trees. We are nearly in the treetops; but out goes the grapnel, and, relieved of its weight we shall just clear them. The grapnel falls into the trees, where it is bound to hold, and we sink gently into the field.

With a Wisconsin Skate-sail

A. W. WHITNEY....THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

Of skate sailing in general less needs to be said now than a dozen years ago. It is a wonderfully fine and fascinating sport, based on the longing for wings. Who can stand skate-shod on the ice with a fresh breeze blowing, and not feel that longing? But although many of us boys had long felt that desire, it was only with the introduction of the form of sail of which I write, and which is used by the boys in Wisconsin, that skate sailing came into great popularity among us. Our sail is, to describe it in the simplest terms, simply a triangular piece of cloth, stretched on a T-shaped frame, carried to windward, but unattached to the body. One of its chief merits is its simplicity. Yet it has other excellent qualities. I know of no other form of sail with which so large a wind surface can be carried with such complete safety. It is a safe sail, because it is unattached to the body; with a little experience one can even drop it upon

the ice if it becomes necessary. In using a sail which is fastened to the body there is always the danger, especially in a gusty wind, when skate sailing is at its best, of one's sail becoming unmanageable.

The frame, which should be spruce or light pine, consists of two pieces. The length of the cross-spar should be about twice the distance from the ground to the arm-pit of the boy as he stands upon skates. Thus, for a boy of sixteen, the cross-spar should be perhaps eight feet long. In order to express myself definitely I shall describe this size of sail throughout, it being understood, of course, that other sizes should be in about the same relative proportion. The thickness of the cross-spar should be one inch, and its width two and a half inches in the middle, tapering toward the ends. By width, in reference to the spars, I mean that dimension which lies in the plane of the sail. The main-spar should be twice the length of the cross-spar, that is, for an eight-foot cross-spar, a sixteen-foot main-spar. The greatest strain on the main-spar is at one-third of the distance from the forward end. Here it should have a width of an inch and a half, tapering back to an inch at the rear end. The thickness at the point of greatest strain should be two inches, tapering slightly backward and forward.

At a point two inches from the main-spar's forward end it is joined to the cross-spar at its middle point by a quarter-inch bolt; a thumb-nut for this is convenient but not necessary. Round corners on the forward half of the main-spar make it more comfortable to handle. The sail proper should be made of heavy unbleached muslin or sheeting, cut of such a size that, after hems have been made all around—one-half inch wide at the end, and one inch on the two long sides—the sail shall be a trifle narrower at the wide end than the length of the cross-spar, and about a foot shorter when stretched than the main-spar. A quarter-inch rope should now be run through the two side hems, a protruding loop about three feet in length being left at the apex of the sail. The ends of the rope, after having been sewed tightly to the cloth at the two angles of the base, are knotted securely to the ends of the cross-yard through holes far enough apart to stretch the base of the sail snugly upon the yard, where it is fastened with tacks. In bolting the cross-yard to the main-spar, the cloth side of the cross yard is outside. The apex of the sail should be neatly and strongly stitched, but not fastened to the rope.

We now come to what may be called the halyards. In spreading the sail, the object to be secured is this: to pull the side ropes taut to the end of the main-spar, and then from the same point to pull the cloth tight upon the ropes. This may be accomplished in many ways, varying with the inclinations and ingenuity of the builder. I will describe what is perhaps the simplest way: About three inches back from the apex of the sail is sewed, by means of several laps of cloth, an enameled iron ring perhaps an inch in diameter. The loop of rope already spoken of is pulled taut, and fastened by being passed through a hole in the end of the main-spar; it is then turned back, passed through the ring, again pulled taut and fastened by being caught over a hook or some such device. One thing more; the sides of your sail will sag too much unless they are stiffened by a sprit. Somewhat forward of the middle point of the sides, the rope is bared of the hem for an inch, the edges of the hem being oversewed to prevent raveling. A piece of hickory or ash one-half inch by

one inch, notched at the ends, is sprung into place. Now your sail is done, I believe. You have taken a day or perhaps two to make it. Five dollars is a fair estimate of the cost of material. If you will loosen the halyards and swing the cross-yard around in line with the main-spar and roll the sail up, we will now go down to the ice for a trial.

The sail is carried on the windward side of the body, the main-spar being held under the arm about three or four feet from the forward end. The lower end of the cross-spar comes a few inches above the ice; the rear end of the main-spar drags. The centre of resistance is, as I have said, one-third of the distance from the forward end. The whole problem of steering is involved with one's relations to this point. If you are going directly before the wind, you should be just at this point. If you are tacking, you should come a little forward. If you would come into the wind, steer closer with your skates and come to the front of the sail, when, of course, all the wind is spilled behind. To come about, the sail is shifted to the other arm by being passed over the head and turned upside down. There is always perfect safety so long as you are able to come forward of the centre of resistance.

Now, if you are ready, let us take a long flight up the river. There is a strong and gusty gale, the kind of wind that makes you love the sport. The hard surface of the ice stretches out before us far and wide, polished and smooth, and ringing, when struck, like a plate of finely tempered steel. We are off. How the wind rushes! But we know you of old, Boreas! Many a time have we wrestled with you upon this glassy arena! We speed away with a swoop, the sharp steel hissing, the wind stinging our faces, the spray from our skates whirling over the surface. Braced with all our strength, we lean far over upon the wind. Yet a stronger gust has seized us, and we are whirled away like leaves.

But here we are at the end of our course, and we rush up into the wind; it howls and roars about us, and the sail shakes and quivers. Again we are off on our wild flight back. There is joy in an ocean-swim, through the surf and out upon the great waves. There is joy in swimming in the brown water of some northern river among great, fragrant logs. I remember moments when tearing over the ice on skates after a "shiny block" seemed the most glorious thing in life. Again, there are memories of long skatings off into the sunset, with fine feelings of freedom and power. Or our skates have led us into quiet bayous, which stretch back into the depths of the solemn forest. We linger to watch the colors in the west through the branches and among the great trunks of the elms. Then, as we turn homeward in the phantom light of the moon, we hear the reverberating cry of the great owls, and the river begins solemnly to boom with the settling down of night.

Tiger Hunting in the Nepaul Terai

EDWARD N. BRADDON....THE SATURDAY REVIEW

It is a cheerful picnic enough, even though the sun be blazing overhead with highly-developed sunstroke power and the heat be some immaterial trifles under 200° Fahrenheit. Who cares for sun and heat? We have earned our lunch and the indulgence of a long draught to celebrate our success and allay the pangs of a parched throat. We know that from this time on till nightfall, having once drunk, we shall have to wet our lips every

few minutes; but what of that? We have bagged our tiger, prudence may go hang! and so we pour forth a libation which is eminently comforting—for the moment. When our pipes are lighted we remount our elephants and start again. We drive a second nullah along its downward course from the forest to the plain, and drive it as thoroughly as may be, but in vain. No creature that we may shoot presents itself, and game of other kind mock us by their undesired appearance. Not far from the point where this nullah has outlet upon the open country is the grass cover that stands as the fourth item upon our programme. This being reached, two "stops" are sent ahead and the line formed in three sections, divided by the two guns that are available for commanding the ground and particularly for preventing a tiger from breaking through and going back unseen or unreported. "Cease general firing" is the order here, and we advance. Of course, game that may not be shot at gets up and breaks away with, as it seems, abnormal frequency. Deer of all sorts, pig and partridge tempt us at every step, but tempt in vain. We who are in the line look forward to nothing but that waving of the grass that means a tiger stealing off. We have no eye or mind for anything save the black-barred coat of the forest monarch; no ear for aught but the trumpeting of an elephant, that may mean tiger afoot, or a gunshot from the stops, that must imply a tiger, bear, or panther seen. But alas! we beat the whole of that grass plain to the last tuft without putting up any of the big game sought. Mildly disappointed, we start upon our three-mile march to the swamp, our fifth item.

There is nothing especially luxurious about elephant-riding, more particularly when the rider is mounted in a howdah. It is an ache-contracting form of exercise, and when one rides thus for an hour or more without any distraction in the way of sport, it is decidedly trying. We have three miles to cover, without any prospect of shikar, for our way is through the forest, where game of any sort may not be looked for within reach of gun or rifle. Between 2 and 3 P. M. we descend from the forest into the plain, a quarter of a mile from the swamp that we are to try for tiger. The swamp lies at the foot of the forest, and along half its length is guarded by a precipitous bank of thirty feet in height. On the side opposite the forest is open country that offers no hiding-place, and we know that we have to give our more serious attention to that densely wooded side whither a tiger, if it leave the swamp, must almost infallibly betake himself. So one certain gun is posted on the height amidst the forest trees to move forward on our right flank and intercept a tiger stealing off from a point too far ahead for the guns in line below to deal with it, and the other three guns keep with the line. These arrangements having been made we start. But we do not advance any distance before difficulties occur to break our ranks up in disorder. There is said to be "fussund" at this end of the swamp, and fussund (*i. e.*, bog) so treacherous that an elephant may sink in it and disappear engulfed in foundationless mud. Not until a subsequent season was I to explode this fallacy by beating right through the thick of it after a wounded tiger; but for the present it serves, and the mahouts, making the most of it, avoid the heavier cover where interlacing rush and sedge make pleasant harborage for tiger. It is idle to press the mahouts into these. They

say "fussund" in reply to all entreaty, and one dare not order an animal to be fussunded when it will cost from £500 to £800 to replace it. We adopt another expedient: we approach these dangerous spots as closely as we can and throw "anars" into the thicket. Sometimes these anars (crude bombs of clay filled with the semi-explosive gunpowder of the Indian bazar) explode mildly, sometimes they fizz out as soon as they reach the water or mud, and sometimes they expire noiselessly in mid-air. But they, or the noise made by those who throw them, will on occasion start a tiger from a lair that no elephant can approach.

No tiger is started by anar or elephant out of the fussund region or from the densest reed, and we are now entering the wider but shorter segment that, shaped like a chemist's retort, ends the swamp. Arrived here, our right flank is swung round, and with it the stop who had guarded the forest line of retreat; our crescent line is now formed to beat what cover remains away from the jungle, so that a tiger being started must either break through the line or take to the open ahead. This is our last cast for the day, and we make our arrangements as perfect as possible. We start forty behemoths in line.

Are they forty quadrupedal animals on shore, or forty barges laboring in a lumpy sea? the uninitiated spectator might ask with good excuse. Now heeling over to larboard, now going over to starboard, those forty blunder and flounder along; now to the one side, now to the other, the unfortunates in howdahs seem to be meditating a downward plunge into the ooze. Howdah-riding is now as difficult as it is ridiculous, and only he who is an expert of many seasons can steady himself and gun under these conditions. But "bon gré, mal gré" we flounder along, and we have penetrated some eighty yards of this final section of the swamp when there is a waving of the heavy reeds ahead and going from us. A waving, did I say? It is the waving—that which tells of a tiger—and a gun (a simple smoothbore) goes up to the shoulder of one of our party and a shot is fired, and a thud and roar tell us that that bullet found its proper billet. But the tiger does not accept the situation with philosophy; it charges the line, and every elephant turns tail, and we who were the hunters are for some minutes hunted; not at any great speed, however, for the heavy ground does not permit of pace. Now a general scrimmage occurs, and the tiger, wounded though it be, is the hero of the occasion; it has bitten the tail of one elephant and clawed a hinder leg of another, and has stood the fire of three of the howdah guns without succumbing. But, valiant though it be, that tiger may not hope to escape. It was unseen when the first shot was fired; and now that the cover is downtrodden in every direction by the elephants, it is seen almost continuously. Shot after shot is fired at it as it charges here and there, and at last it falls and dies.

Hurrah! Once again a day's work has been done, not by any means the best that we have known, but infinitely better than the many days that have seen us tigerless on our return to camp. So may we drink once more while the tiger is being paddled, and set our faces homeward cheerily. It is nearing upon five of the afternoon when we start again campwards, to take such general shooting as may be had en route. The sun has in its decline lost some of its power, and loses more and more as we advance through copse and brake and grass.

IN THE WORLD OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT

Emotional Religion of To-Day

DANGERS OF REVIVALISM.....MINNEAPOLIS TIMES

Emotion is intellectual champagne. It sparkles; it courses through the veins like fire; it stimulates the mind to madness. In all the practical affairs of life men are on their guard against its seductive influence. No man of intelligence would enter upon any venture with his brain befogged with violent feeling. Rather would he seek a quiet moment, when his faculties, sound and alert, dashed with the cold water of caution, might successfully cope with puzzling exigencies. By some strange inconsistency the reverse is true in matters of religion. Emotion dominates that vital realm. It is a part of the religious system of making converts to reduce the subject to a state of helpless emotional intoxication. Tossed by the waves of tempestuous feeling, the wretched soul willingly clutches the "life-line." It has even been found necessary to resort to professional revivalists who, by reason of their oratorical, dramatic, or magnetic power, are able to excite emotion. Just in proportion as they stir the people to a panic or a fever of exaltation is their work counted successful. Upon this popular tide of religious passion hundreds are swept into the church. But the evangelical feat is accomplished without their own volition and without the anchor of reason. In due course of time the ebbing tide of feeling sweeps many of the rescued back to the open sea. The law of extremes makes it necessary for them to undergo a violent reaction before outraged nature can recover her equilibrium. Well for them if they do not sink in the process!

Those who remain safe in the harbor of the church begin another round of excitement. The first stage is one of exaltation—when the soul treads celestial air and believes, in holy rapture, that it has forever left the grosser earth. This feeling, however, is of short duration. Nature cannot long endure the strain. The inevitable complement, despair, envelops the mind, from which it emerges into the rôle of repentance and back to the higher air of ecstasy. Again and again, patiently, constantly, it revolves in this cycle of feeling as long as it keeps the faith. The only alternative is apathy, a conscience deadened with the opiate of assured salvation. The forms and ceremonies and services of the church minister to emotional states. Solemnity, music, stained-glass windows excite the sensibilities and prepare the way for waves of feeling. The very heart of the spiritual life of the church is the prayer meeting, the class meeting, the experience meeting, the Endeavor meeting, and all the other varieties of personal services. Too often they develop into a rendezvous for emotional indulgence. The ego is the centre of interest, and the spirit is one of introspection and self-analysis. Without a blush, without sense of shame, the participants lay bare their hearts in public, dilate upon their faults and virtues, their crosses and their blessings; relate their thoughts and experiences, and even drag their defenseless friends around the arena of the moral dissecting room. It is considered a season of refreshing when many sorrows, sacrifices, and failures are rehearsed and showered with mingled tears and gossip, sympathy and sentiment. The petty conceit, the gross indelicacy, the

groveling indignity form a painful exhibition of the weak, shallow, selfishness of mankind. Is it not monstrous presumption to chatter of self as though the plan of salvation and the scheme of the universe were comprehended in the atom "I"? Is it not a desecration of the Holy of Holies to brawl of the most sacred things in the market place? Is it not revolting blasphemy to address the Deity, the Unnamable by the familiar, belittling terms of human endearment? Oh, for loftier minds to grasp some slightest conception of the majesty of the Infinite and fall in silent awe before the Omnipotent!

"And when thou prayest," said the Great Guide, "thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet." What greater condemnation could there be of the public hysteria of emotional religion? It is a morbid, unwholesome, unnatural indulgence, and Nature punishes excess of feeling as she punishes every other excess. To a sensitive temperament such excitement is dangerous in the extreme. Not only does it result in great nervous strain and terrible moral reaction, but it plays havoc with the mind. Many a case of monomania and even acute insanity attest this fact. Emotionalists need to be inoculated with a little psychological science and much sound sense. They need the doctrine that there is no virtue in emotion "*per se*." Emotion is only fermented moods, and moods are largely the result of bodily conditions. They are not realities. They are melting bubbles, no more to be relied on as spiritual evidences than a will-o'-the-wisp as a guide-post. Feelings are always to be mistrusted and the judgment formed under stress of excitement to be rejected.

The true religious spirit controls feeling and overrides emotion as a staunch and goodly vessel overrides the waves. Piloted by unflinching principle at the helm of will, it never veers in its appointed course toward the unfailing pole star of right.

The Jews and Their Religion

JOSEPHINE LAZARUS..SPIRIT OF JUDAISM (DODD, MEAD & Co.)

Broadly speaking, we come upon three classes of Jews in the community, sometimes sharply defined, and again merging into one another. First, there is the remnant of orthodox Jews, mostly of Spanish and Portuguese descent, but with greatly enlarged contingent now of Russian and Polish immigration, who cling without shadow of turning to the primeval faith, strictly observing the rigid form of the Sabbath, the whole dietary régime, every text of the law, every feast and every fast that commemorates a religious or a national event. If we go into the most modern of their synagogues we shall find it exactly as in the ancient days—the entrance always facing the east; the reader's desk in the middle, with its tall candlesticks; the perpetual lamp burning before the tabernacle where the scrolls of the law are contained, wrapped in their silken mantles and overtopped with their silvery tinkling bells; the men and women seated apart—the women in their upper gallery, the men with covered heads, and over their

shoulders the white and blue-bordered silken scarfs, with fringes knotted according to custom to represent the Hebrew characters of the law; the service entirely in Hebrew, chanted by the reader with response by the congregation, and occasionally a chorus of male voices. No need to question these venerable believers; their faith is as old as Moses, and their code—the one he formulated four thousand years ago—elaborated into a system more complete than anything that has ever been devised—a subtle interweaving of precept and practice so that every action of the life is regulated according to some Levitical command, and every command is externalized into some outward fact and observance. In the eyes of such conformists, Judaism is a sacred trust, at once national, religious and ancestral, to be handed down intact from generation to generation; and the Jews are a special, consecrated race, favored and chosen of God to be the bearers of His Word unto men.

Breaking away from this extreme formalism, with its excessive and difficult minutiae, we find the second class—the reform Jews, who constitute an always increasing body, being constantly recruited from the orthodox ranks. Still following the traditions, observing the seventh day as the Sabbath, the solemn fast, and all the great holidays, they have generally emancipated themselves from much of the ceremonial law, especially the dietary restrictions, and the whole code and practice of life have more scope and freedom. In the synagogue—or temple, as they prefer to call it—the service is still for the most part in Hebrew; but there is an organ and choir, and men and women sit together, the men with uncovered heads. Here again the principles are difficult to define, although somewhat less stable and consistent, and opening the way to the third class, which reveals elements more complex and anomalous, and horizons infinitely larger and more vague.

And in regard to this third class we cannot do better than freely quote from the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by Leroy Beaulieu, whose masterly and comprehensive survey of the whole subject has nowhere been equaled. Rejecting, he says, as effete and outworn, the legal and ritualistic tradition, the Jews of this class fasten upon the race tradition, the Messianic hope, and believe in the destiny of Israel again to give a religion to the world, "but this time a religion without inconvenient customs or unreasonable dogma, without miracles or any mysteries." In this case, however, so radical and complete is the separation from their orthodox co-religionists that the very cornerstone of the one becomes the stumbling-block in the eyes of the others, the obstacle which in all ages has prevented Judaism from arriving at its legitimate and universal supremacy. "Break your chains," say these disciples of progress. "Proclaim the Unity of God, the sanctity of the moral law; and you have a faith human and divine, large and simple enough to satisfy all mankind."

A beautiful dream, says Leroy Beaulieu, and entirely characteristic of the race. But will it truly satisfy anyone—above all, their brethren, the Jews themselves, who look upon their very existence as conditioned upon precisely the things they are asked to give up? Without rites, without dogma and formal cult, can they have a religion at all? he asks; can they have Judaism, at all events? What remains when all outward form and semblance has departed from that which was built and buttressed upon outward form? What substance, what

essence, is left of the Judaic idea, save an abstract and faraway deism, or a humanitarianism more delusive still, leading down the banal sliding-scale of unbelief?

Such a question is fully justified when we see foremost among the ranks of agnosticism, skepticism, and materialism, so large a preponderance of Jews that this, too, is brought in reproach against them. For there is no more noteworthy and singular fact in the whole history of this singular people than the constant and uniform recurrence of the two opposite types—the extremes of idealism and materialism—which the race presents. While their whole existence and survival are based upon a spiritual idea, there is no people whose kingdom is so absolutely of this world, and who are so prone, so apt, so eager, to take advantage of all its opportunities.

In the face of all these contradictions, where, then, shall we find the rallying-point, where the real unity, the central sun which shall illumine not Judaism alone, but all mankind? Not for an instant do we doubt that each of the sects we have described has vitality enough to survive for long years to come; but it can survive only as a sect, with all the limitations and disabilities that the name involves. And the world is breaking free from these narrow lines. Everywhere there are signs of a spiritual awakening and expansion which every religion must meet and fulfill, or be found wanting. Even science leads now to the portals of "The Unknown God." Christianity is undergoing a profound modification, and a divine spark still lingers in Judaism.

But in order to kindle this into a flame, a deeper current is needed, a more glowing impulse, and that quickening breath of the spirit which does not seem to animate modern Jewish life and thought. It is not enough to rehearse the glories of the past, nor to point to names, distinguished though they be in the world of to-day. The need of Israel in the present and its true greatness in the past consist in spiritual leadership. Above the inert mass, the dull crowd of Pharisees and Scribes dwelling within the lifeless body of the Law, have arisen the divinely gifted men, the prophets and seers of the world, who saw God and spoke face to face with him. From Abraham to St. Paul they were men who threw off the idolatries and superstitions of the times, the bondage of the letter, and proclaimed the inner, not the outer, law—the spirit, not the form. For they knew the Presence; "the burden of the valley of vision" lay upon them.

And this is the lack with the Judaism of our day—the inward living voice, the heaven-sent message. Loyal to the word, to the faith and God of their fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, they have nailed the Law up on the doorposts, and bound it as a sign upon the brow and hands, and fringed their garments with it. More than this, they have kept the Commandments, and preserved themselves a pure and moral race. But even as a man may bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and give his body to be burned, and yet may not have charity, so a man may keep the Law and the Commandments and give his body to be burned, and yet not have religion.

"Who is blind but my servant; or deaf as my messenger that I sent? Who is blind as he that is perfect, and blind as the Lord's servant?"

"Seeing many things, but thou observest not; opening the ears, but he heareth not."

For religion is not alone a doing, but a being, a quality of soul, a motive power and principle. It is the hidden force which binds the seen to the unseen, the finite to the infinite, the human to the divine; which solves and fuses the whole nature of man, lifting him beyond the boundaries of time and space, the illusions of matter and sense, into the realm of imperishable being. To enter this realm it is not necessary to pass away from earth, but simply to be freed from earthly considerations and limitations, to rise above earthly prizes and rewards, and to come into spiritual possession; for this is the kingdom of heaven, although we may be still upon earth, we may suffer, and even fall into sin. But, dwelling in darkness and in the shadow of death, we may yet see light and life.

Reincarnation and Immortality

J. EMERY MCLEAN....THE METAPHYSICAL MAGAZINE

Speaking broadly, no argument is required to demonstrate that a supreme principle of Justice and Righteousness is dominant in the universe. It therefore follows that any act in contravention of this principle must ultimately fail of success. Wrongs must be righted—harmony must replace inharmony—or chaos is invited. I cannot undo the self-inflicted injury of my neighbor. He must accomplish it himself; *i.e.*, work out his own salvation. I may, however, teach him how to do it; but beyond this degree of service no act of redemption can possibly extend. We cannot escape the consequences of our misdeeds, for the camera of the mind cannot be cheated. Tormenting recollections can be effaced from an accusing memory in only one way—by a reversal of the conditions which gave them birth. If I steal a sum of money from my neighbor, the only natural method by which I may avoid the effects of the act on my own conscience (and hence on my character) is to return the amount, with interest and a plea for forgiveness. In threescore years and ten a man may commit enough evil deeds to require, perhaps, a dozen lifetimes for their offsetting through acts of an opposite kind. This is the beneficent crucible of experience, beyond which no theological purgatories need be invented. The absolutely equal and just demands of the law of Karma must be satisfied, even though centuries may be consumed in their fulfillment.

How is this result to be accomplished? Again, through a natural law—reincarnation. This is the fundamental doctrine of Hinduism and of most other Eastern religions and philosophies. Likewise, through the unyielding principles of logic, the idea is rapidly forcing its way to the front in Occidental systems of thought. Life is a process of renewal, of effort and changing activities. Stagnation is a myth. The objective world, of which our bodies are a part, is a field for the cultivation of spiritual truth. It is an arena in which spiritual innocence and sensual ignorance contend for supremacy. The success of the former means intellectual and moral advancement, and the ultimate subjugation of the latter. The apparent ascendancy of the animal is a retrograde movement which some optimists describe as a feature of the spiral order of progression.

Part of our mission in this world is to conquer heredity and environment, to assert our spiritual independence and freedom, to rise above the weaknesses of the flesh, to develop the "God within" through the acquirement of knowledge, and in our words and

works to declare the attributes of Deity. One of the most obvious of these attributes is eternal life. This involves the idea of pre-existence. Not even Omnipotence could create anything with one end alone; hence that which has a beginning must have an ending. If man is to endure eternally, he must have always existed—not necessarily as a human being, but as a spiritual entity—as the potentiality of an idea in creative Mind. If anything is immortal it is that which is real. What is reality? Substance. Properly speaking, Deity—the changeless One—is the only reality in the universe. Whatever is cognizable by the illusory senses is changeable; therefore unstable, *i.e.*, unreal. Being limited, it cannot proceed from Infinity. The human mind is of an opposite character, being finite in expression, though not in essence. In the ideal spiritual-man should be found all the attributes of the Creator. Life can only proceed from Life, and must partake of the same characteristics as that from which it sprung. Spontaneity of existence is therefore incompatible with reality.

Antecedent to his incarnation on the material plane, man must have existed elsewhere. He is now embodied in the flesh, however, and some of the objects of his being have already been suggested. He is obviously here for a definite purpose—one which could not have been wrought out under any other conditions. If so, this necessity must apply equally to all members of the race. If the end to be achieved by existence on earth is attainable in a single lifetime, what shall we say of infants who die a few days after birth? What shall we say also to the mothers who bear them only to lose them? It is intimated by theologians that experiences denied us here can be obtained in the next world. Then, why come here at all? If our development as spiritual beings can be secured in the spiritual world, it were worse than folly for even the happiest of men to have lifted the dark curtain of mortality.

It is conceded, even by agnostics, that if death ends all, the human race is the victim of stupendous injustice. Sacrifices for the right were foolish, nobility a mockery, and marriage a crime. Yet to my mind this would involve no greater wrong than the restriction of individuals to but one natural birth. In any single generation there is no such thing as equality of condition, of reward, of inheritance, or of opportunity to progress. God cannot afford to be a respecter of persons, to have "chosen races," or special beneficiaries. Hence, in the nature of things, the only logical and just solution of this historic problem is to grant to everyone a chance to "try again," according to the universal principle of reproduction.

But the law of reincarnation provides more than this. It allows the sinner to retrace his steps by reversing the conditions of his birth. Its penalties are corrective. The "deeds done in the body" must be atoned for by the doer; otherwise his condition remains unchanged. On the other hand, this principle of equity renders to the righteous man the natural rewards of his obedience. It is that which "gives the increase" to honest labor, imparts a delightful feeling of exaltation to those who do good, elevates the meek and lowly, and accounts for the wisdom of the wise. Heaven and hell are states of consciousness, not localities; and they are of man's making, not God's. After all, therefore, the question of the soul's immortality resolves itself into an examination of the nature and attributes of the human mind.

THE REGENT'S WAGER: A RIDE FOR A LIFE*

BY ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH

Boutigo's van—officially styled "The Vivid"—had just issued from the Packhorse Yard, Tregarrick, a leisurely three-quarters of an hour behind its advertised time, and was scaling the acclivity of St. Fimbar's Street in a series of short tacks. Now and then it halted to take up a passenger or a parcel; and on these occasions Boutigo produced a couple of big stones from his hip-pockets and slipped them under the hind-wheels, while we, his patrons within the van, tilted at an angle of fifteen degrees upon cushions of American cloth, sought for new centres of gravity, and earnestly desired the summit.

It was on the summit, where the considerate Boutigo gave us a minute's pause to rearrange ourselves and our belongings, that we slipped into easy and general talk. An old countryman, with an empty poultry-basket on his knees, and a battered top-hat on the back of his head, gave us the cue.

"When Boutigo's father had the accident—that was back in 'fifty-six,' and it broke his leg and two ribs—the van started from close 'pon the knap o' the hill here, and scat itself to bits against the bridge at the foot just two and a half minutes after."

I suggested that this was not very fast for a runaway horse.

"I dessay not," he answered; "but 'twas pretty spry for a van slippin' *backwards*, and the old mare diggin' her toes in all the way to hold it up."

One or two of the passengers grinned at my expense, and the old man pursued:

"But if you want to know how fast a hoss *can* get down St. Fimbar's hill, I reckon you've lost your chance by not axin' Dan'l Best, that died up to the 'Sylum twelve years since; though, poor soul, he'd but one answer for every question from his seven-an'-twentieth year to his end, an' that was, 'One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.'"

"Ah, the poor body! his was a wisht case," a woman observed from the corner furthest from the door.

"Aye, Selina, and fast forgotten, like all the doin's and sufferin's of the men of old time." He reached a hand round his basket, and, touching me on the knee, pointed back on Tregarrick. "There's a wall," he said—and I saw by the direction of his finger that he meant the wall of the county prison—"and beneath that wall's a road, and across that road's a dismal pool, and beyond that pool's a green hillside, with a road athurt it that comes down and crosses by the pool's head. Standin' 'pon that hillside you can see a door in the wall, twenty feet above the ground an' openin' on nothing. Leastways, you could see it once; an' even now, if ye've good eyesight, ye can see where they've bricked it up."

I could, in fact, even at our distance, detect the patch of recent stonework, and knew something of its history.

"Now," the old man continued, "turn your looks to the right and mark the face of Tregarrick town clock. You see it, hey?"—and I had time to read the hour on its dial before Boutigo jolted us over the ridge and out of sight of it. "Well, carry them two things in your

mind, for they mazed Dan'l Best an' murdered his brother Hughie."

And, much as I shall repeat it, he told me this tale, pausing now and again to be corroborated by the woman in the corner. The history, my dear reader, is accurate enough for Boutigo's van.

There lived a young man in Tregarrick in the time of the French War. His name was Dan'l Best, and he had an only brother, Hughie, just three years younger than himself. Their father and mother had died of the smallpox and left them, when quite young children, upon the parish; but old Walters of the Packhorse—he was great-grandfather of the Walters that keeps it now—took a liking to them and employed them, first about his stables, and, in course of time, as postboys. Very good postboys they were, too, till Hughie took to drinking and wenching, and cards and other devil's tricks. Dan'l was always a steady sort; walked with a nice young woman, under-housemaid up to the old Lord Bellarmine's at Castle Cannick, and was saving up to be married, when Hughie robbed the mail.

Hughie robbed the mail out of doubt. He did it up by Tippet's Barrow, just beyond the crossroads where the scarlet gig used to meet the coach and take the mails for Castle Cannick and beyond to Tolquite. Billy Phillips, that drove the gig, was found in the ditch with his mouth gagged, and swore to Hughie's being the man. The Lord Chief Justice, too, summed up dead against him, and the jury didn't even leave the box. And the moral was, "Hughie Best, you're to be taken to the place whence you come from, etcetera, and may the Lord have mercy upon your soul."

You may fancy what a blow this was to Dan'l; for though fine and vexed with Hughie's evil courses, he'd never guessed the worst, nor anything like it. Not a doubt had he, nor could have, that Hughie was guilty; but he went straight from the court to his young woman and said, "I've saved money for us to be married on. There's little chance that I can win Hughie a reprieve; and, whether or no, it will eat all up, or nearly all, my savings. Only he's my one brother. Shall I go?" And she said, "Go, my dear, if I wait ten years for you." So he borrowed a horse for a stage or two, and then hired, and so got to London, on a fool's chase, as it seemed.

The fellow's purpose, of course, was to see King George. But King George, as it happened, was daft just then; and George, his son, reigned in his stead, being called the Prince Regent. Weary days did Dan'l air his heels with one Minister of the Crown after another before he could get to see this same Regent, and 'tis to be supposed that the great city, being new to him, weighed heavy on his spirits. And all the time he had but one plea, that his brother was no more than a boy and hadn't an ounce of vice in his nature—which was well enough beknown to all in Tregarrick, but didn't go down with His Majesty's advisers; while as for the Prince Regent, Dan'l couldn't get to see him till the Wednesday evening that Hughie was to be hanged on the Friday, and then his Royal Highness spoke him neither soft nor hopeful.

* Selected from *The Delectable Duchy*. By "Q." Macmillan & Co.

"The case was clear as God's daylight," said he; "the Lord Chief Justice tells me that the jury didn't even quit the box."

"Your Royal Highness must excuse me," said Dan'l, "but I never shall be able to respect that judge. My opinion of a judge is, he should be like a stickler and see fair play; but this here chap took sides against Hughie from the first. If I was you," he said, "I wouldn't trust him with a Petty Sessions."

Well, you may think how likely this kind of speech was to please the Prince Regent. And I've heard that Dan'l was in the very article of being pitched out, neck and crop, when he heard a regular capruse start up in the antechamber behind him, and a lord-in-waiting, or whatever he's called, comes in and speaks a word very low to the Prince.

"Show him in at once," says he, dropping poor Dan'l's petition upon the table beside him; and in there walks a young officer with his boots soiled with riding, and the sea salt in his hair, like as if he'd just come off a ship, and hands the Prince a big letter. The Prince hardly cast his eye over what was written before he outs with a lusty hurrah, as well he might, for this was the first news of the taking of St. Sebastian.

"Here's news," said he, "to fill the country with bonfires this night."

"Begging your Royal Highness' pardon," answered the officer, pulling out his watch, "but the mail coaches have left St. Martin's Lane—that's where they started from, as I've heard tell—these twenty minutes."

"Damn it!" says Dan'l Best and the Prince Regent, both in one breath.

"Hulloa! Be you here still?" says the Prince, turning sharp round at the sound of Dan'l's voice. "And what be you waiting for?"

"For my brother Hughie's reprieve," says Dan'l.

"Well, but 'tis too late now, anyway," says the Prince.

"I'll bet 'tis not," says Dan'l, "if you'll look slippy and make out the paper."

"You can't do it. 'Tis over 250 miles, and you can't travel ten miles an hour all the way, like a coach."

"It'll reach Tregarrick to-morrow night," said Dan'l, "an' they won't hang Hughie till seven in the morning. So I've an hour or two to spare, and being a postboy myself, I know the ropes."

"Well," says his Royal Highness, "I'm in a very good temper because of this here glorious storming of St. Sebastian. So I'll wager your brother's life you don't get there in time to stop the execution."

"Done with you, O King!" says Dan'l, and the reprieve was made out, quick as lightning.

Well, sir, Dan'l knew the ropes, as he said; and, moreover, I reckon there was a kind of Freemasonry among postboys; and the two together, taken with his knowledge of horseflesh, helped him down the road as never a man was helped before or since. 'Twas striking nine at night when he started out of London with his reprieve in his pocket, and by half-past five in the morning he spied Salisbury spire lifting out of the morning light. There was some hitch here—the first he met—in getting a relay; but by six he was off again, and passed through Exeter early in the afternoon. Down came a heavy rain as the evening drew in, and before he reached Okehampton the roads were like a bog. Here it was that the anguish began, and, of course, to

Dan'l, who found himself for the first time sitting in the chaise instead of in the saddle, 'twas the deuce's own torment to hold himself still, feel the time slipping away, and not be riding and getting every ounce out of the beasts; though, even to *his* eye, the rider in front was no fool. But at Launceston soon after daybreak he met with a misfortune indeed. A lot of folks had driven down overnight to Tregarrick to witness the day's sad doings, and there wasn't a chaise in the town for love or money.

"What do I want with a chaise?" said Dan'l, for of course he was in his own country now, and everybody knew him. "For the love of God, give me a horse that'll take me into Tregarrick before seven and save Hughie's life! Man, I've got a reprieve!"

"Dear lad, is that so?" said the landlord, who had come down, and was standing by the hotel door in nightcap and bedgown. "I thought, maybe, you was hurrying to see the last of your brother. Well, there's but one horse left in the stable, and that's the gray your master sold me two months back; and he's a screw, as you must know. But here's the stable key. Run and take him out yourself, and God go with 'ee!"

None knew better than Dan'l that the gray was a screw. But he ran down to the stable, fetched the beast out, and didn't even wait to shift his halter for a bridle, but caught up the half of a broken mop-handle that lay by the stable door, and with no better riding-whip galloped off bareback down the road towards Tregarrick.

Aye, sir, and he almost won his race in spite of all. The hands of the town clock were close upon seven as he came galloping over the knap of the hill and saw the booths below him and sweet-stalls and standings—for on such days 'twas as good as a fair in Tregarrick—and the crowd under the prison wall. And there, above them, he could see the little open doorway in the wall, and one or two black figures there, and the beam. Just as he saw this the clock struck its first note, and Dan'l, still riding like a madman, let out a scream, and waved the paper over his head; but the distance was too great. Seven times the clapper struck, and with each stroke Dan'l screamed, still riding and keeping his eyes upon that little doorway. But a second or two after the last stroke he dropped his arm suddenly as if a bullet had gone through it, and screamed no more. Less than a minute after, sir, he pulled up by the bridge on the skirt of the crowd and looked round him with a strange, silly smile.

"Neighbors," says he, "I've a-got great news for ye. We've a-taken St. Sebastian, and by all accounts the Frenchies'll be drove out of Spain in less'n week."

There was silence in Boutigo's van for a full minute; and then the old woman spoke in an impatient tone from the corner:

"Well, go on, Sam, and tell the finish to the company."

"Is there more to tell?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," says Sam, leaning forward again and tapping my knee very gently, "there were *two men* condemned at Tregarrick that Assize; and two men put to death that morning. The first to go was a sheep-stealer. Ten minutes after Dan'l saw Hughie, his brother, led forth; and stood there and watched, with the reprieve in his hand. His wits were gone, and he chit-chattered all the time about St. Sebastian."

SOCIETY VERSE: SONG IN A LIGHTER VEIN

For Saynte Valentyn, His Daye....Frank Dempster Sherman

Goe, little Rhyme, & greete Her.
 Goe, tel Her yt I thinke
 Things infinitely sweeter
 Yn I maie put in inke ;
 Ye Musick of ye meter
 Shall linger on, ye Aire
 Ye whiles she turns ye leaves & learns
 Ye Secret hidden there.
 Flye, little Leafe of Paper,
 Flye, merrie-hearted Bird,
 & lett your Fancie shape Her
 Some dear & simple Word,
 Soe sweete it shn't escape Her ;
 & if a Blushe you see
 Steale upp & chase across Her face,
 Return & counsell me.
 Haste, little God ! I send Her,
 By You, ys MS,
 Wch hopeful Love has pennen Her
 Withe quill in Honie dipt ;
 Haste ; bidd Her Heart be tender
 Unto ye lightsome Line
 Where I in maske have come to aske
 To be Her Valentyne !

Hearts....James G. Burnett....Love and Laughter (Putnam's Sons)

They played a game the other night,
 In which I had a part ;
 A game, in which that person wins
 Who does not take a heart.
 I nearly took them all, and lost
 The game, of course, but—well,
 Now, who could win a game of Hearts
 Against a girl like Belle ?
 And though she plays as good a game
 Of Hearts as well could be,
 She also lost, that night, because
 She won my heart from me.

Belinda's Fan....Samuel Minturn Peck....Rhymes and Roses (Stokes)

Waif from days of puffs and patches,
 As it wafts its hint of musk,
 Eerie strains of glees and catches
 Seem to echo through the dusk.
 Powdered dames in satin shimmer,
 Dashing gallants, gay to scan,
 In the ghostly twilight glimmer
 As I wave Belinda's fan.

I can view the lusters flashing
 Down the bright assembly room ;
 I can hear the fountains plashing,
 I can scent the soft perfume.
 Scores of eyes are softly beaming ;
 Let them beam as best they can—
 Who can match the azure gleaming
 Eyes beneath Belinda's fan ?

In the courtliest of dances,
 Fancy limns the fair coquette,
 Thrilling hearts with dimpled glances,
 Gliding through the minuet.
 I can see the beaux a-flutter,
 I can read the plots they plan,
 And the vows they long to utter,
 Whispering o'er Belinda's fan.

Out amid the gusty porches
 Stands Belinda's sedan chair ;

Drowsy lackeys wait with torches
 For the footsteps of the fair ;
 And the gallants, when the revel
 Withers neath the morning ban,
 Wish the dawn were at the devil,
 Bowing o'er Belinda's fan.

Never owned a monarch's sceptre
 Half such power for weal or woe ;
 Venus' girdle never kept her
 Votaries in half the glow ;
 Circe's spel's in magic spoken
 Weakly pale and yield the van ;
 Think of all the gay hearts broken—
 Broken by Belinda's fan.

To Her Silken Shoe.....Pall Mall Gazette

This dainty little silken shoe,
 Which hangs upon my study wall,
 Was once a fairy bark—the crew,
 Five elfin passengers so small
 That, when across the dews they went,
 Scarce were the billowy grasses bent.

And in the hold for merchandise
 Were carried silks of divers hue ;
 White ivory such as kings might prize,
 And marble veined with softest blue :
 My lady's foot, that has no peer
 In either earthly hemisphere.

Ah ! happy little shoe that bore
 A burden light as thistledown,
 Here are you anchored evermore,
 Into a peaceful haven blown ;
 And now and ever shall it be
 That you are honored so by me.

For through the seasons I will wreath
 Your silken sides with fairest flowers,
 Which, with their perfume sweet, shall breathe
 Of summers gone and scented hours,
 When you, in all your pretty pride,
 Upon my lady's service plied.

The Vanishing One....Lawrence K. Bruce....St. Louis Mirror

I hold her image in my heart
 As memory holds a rhyme ;
 She is of Life just such a part
 As of a bell its chime.
 She seems the vast Eternity
 To which I tend, like Time.

She is the embodied Perfectness
 To which th' Imperfect yearns.
 She is the hopeless Hopefulness
 On which all being turns ;
 The ashes unto which Life's fire,
 Glad of extinction, burns.

Her pathway sun-like to the West
 I follow to the East.
 Upon her smile throughout the quest,
 Poor Barmecide, I feast.
 The nearer I approach to her
 Her distance is increased.

She is within me, and without
 She beckons to pursue.
 Now she's Belief and now she's Doubt,
 Near, False ; at distance True !
 Death, will you bring her to my arms,
 And shall I find she's—You ?

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

The Future of the Electric Telegraph

PATRICK B. DELANY....THE ENGINEERING MAGAZINE

It does not require much foresight to realize that the final destiny of the telegraph is to carry all correspondence of any urgency, and that the present method of hand working, with its slow speed and multiplicity of wires, will give place to automatic or machine transmission, high speed, and fewer wires. At present, owing to the expense, the telegraph is used only in cases of urgency, commercial, or social. If a despatch could be sent as cheaply as a letter, the mails would dwindle to a mere miniature of their present bulk. The Morse key, relay, and sounder, with hand transmission, are, and will probably for a long time remain, indispensable for a certain class of business—*i. e.*, broker messages, train orders, and other despatches requiring instantaneous transmission. No automatic system requiring preliminary composing or preparation of messages will ever meet the requirements of the exchanges, between which transactions involving great amounts are made in a few seconds. This much being conceded to the Morse system, it may, on the other hand, be stated that to attempt to limit the use of electrical communication for all classes of work to hand transmission would be dense folly. Every telegrapher knows that the limit of hand transmission has been reached. It is pretty well settled that the telegraph companies cannot go on increasing the number of wires. They themselves admit that in future increase of facilities will have to come either through automatic working or through a further multiplication of circuits derivable from a single wire, and of the latter there is little hope. The British post office recognized the inadequacy of hand telegraphy more than twenty years ago, and put in operation the Wheatstone machine system. Beginning with a speed of about fifty words per minute, the telegraph department, with praiseworthy persistence in the direction of higher speed, has gradually improved the system, until now it is carrying an enormous amount of traffic at speeds ranging from 100 to 400 words per minute, according to distance and the character of the conductor. The system is also worked duplex, but at speeds less than double the simplex speeds.

Now, while the Wheatstone system is a great advance over the hand method for heavy traffic, it can never, in the nature of things, be the telegraph of the future—that is, if the great bulk of correspondence is to be carried by telegraph. The main obstacle in the way is the electro-magnet of the receiver. Giving the Morse and Wheatstone systems full credit, it is my opinion that the system for carrying the mass of correspondence now carried by mail will be one employing automatic transmission, and chemically-prepared paper for reception of signals—a system having no electro-magnets, no armatures or movable parts, no springs or contacts to adjust, and no inertia to overcome, and one that is not thrown out of adjustment by slight changes of the circuit. The chemical plan of recording is based upon electrolysis. The saturated strip of paper forms a part of the circuit, and its sensitiveness for speed is at least twenty times greater than that of any electro-magnetic recorder. Davy is credited with the discovery that the passage of

an electric current through paper moistened with certain chemicals would leave a mark in the track of the scraping finger under which the paper ribbon was drawn. Alexander Bain was the first to use this discovery for recording telegraphic signals. During the past twenty-five years chemical telegraphy has at different times engaged the attention of numerous able inventors.

Recent improvements in the perforating machine, transmitter, and receiving instrument for automatic chemical telegraphy have at last brought this ideal plan of rapid communication to a degree of perfection which cannot fail to bring about sweeping changes in transmission of correspondence in general. Between New York and Philadelphia over a copper wire weighing 300 lbs. to the mile 3,000 words per minute can be recorded perfectly, and, with a copper wire weighing 850 lbs. to the mile, 1,000 words per minute can be carried from New York to Chicago. It is between such large centres and over such long distances that the importance of such an achievement can be appreciated. The field for such a system lies between the present telegraph rate of, for example, 40 cents for ten words from New York to Chicago, and the letter by rail, occupying nearly 30 hours, for two cents. At a speed of 1,000 words per minute over one wire, it is estimated that a 50-word message can be perforated in New York, transmitted automatically, type-written, and dropped in the post-office in Chicago at an actual labor cost of three cents, to which the cost of the stamp must be added. Two wires of the character named, worked to their highest capacity, would carry all the letters now exchanged between New York and Chicago, provided their average length is not more than 50 words, and all messages handled by the telegraph companies as well.

The letter of the future will be dictated to a stenographer, who, instead of type-writing it, will perforate it on a paper tape. This tape will be sent to the telegraph office, where it will be put through the automatic transmitting machine, and in a second or two it will be at its destination. The receiving tape will be delivered direct, and the plain Morse characters will be translated on the type-writing machine by the correspondent's stenographer. Commercial houses having a large business will do their own perforating and translating, thus securing important reductions from the regular tolls. For them the telegraph company will be simply a carrier, having nothing to do with their correspondence but putting it through the machine. Nor will such messages be read by any of the companies' employees, any more than open letters are now read by postal clerks. Speculation as to the future of the electric telegraph would be within extremely narrow bounds if the question of government control was not considered. It may be somewhat remote, but it is hard to avoid the conclusion that the government will not always draw the line as to the vehicles to be employed for carrying its mail. It now uses over 3,000 railway cars on 150,000 miles of road, and keeps 6,000 clerks on the move, traveling in crews 140,000,000 miles a year, during which time 9,000,000,000 pieces of mail matter are handled. About 300 mail cars are wrecked, a dozen clerks killed, and 150 injured during the same period.

The total expense of the postal service is about \$75,000,000 per annum, and the department is not far from self-sustaining. How can so vast a system ignore the difference between railway and electrical speeds? A car travels 40 miles an hour, a current 200,000 miles a second. The automatic chemical telegraph will send a message of 16 words from New York to Chicago every second, and 50 words—about the average of a business letter—in three seconds. If time be reckoned as the basis of value for correspondence, which will appeal most to the business man,—a letter occupying 24 hours in covering 1,000 miles for two cents, or a telegram going the same distance in three seconds for 15 cents? Would not a very large proportion of business communications warrant the extra 13 cents? Could a man using the train mails compete in business with another using the telegraph? Not any more than a man travelling by canal could rival another going by the limited express.

Beyond the Solar System

RANDOLPH S. FOSTER. STUDIES IN THEOLOGY (HUNT & EATON)

Looking up into the heavens, we discover beyond the domain of the solar system, by unaided vision, innumerable other brilliant objects, now known to be worlds. There are, indeed, but about six thousand of them visible to the eye—less than half that number visible from any one point at one time. These are discovered to be absolutely fixed bodies, that is, to maintain unchanged relations to each other and to our solar center. This fact, together with their self-luminous character and vast magnitudes, determine them to be of the order of suns and not planets, and warrants the idea that they, as our sun, are centers of groups of worlds resembling our solar system. Science determines with accuracy that these vast solar centers are distributed at points proximately equidistant over the field of space, the measure of separation being from twenty to thirty million millions of miles. The depth to which the eye carries us is found to be through twelve of these sidereal measures, that is, the remotest star visible to the eye is determined to be about twelve times as far as the one nearest to us by actual measurement. It is found that the light and apparent size of the bodies diminish in the ratios of their distances, until they finally fade out and we find ourselves in a pale milky zone in which no individual objects are discernible, beyond which is darkness. Whether these remoter depths are inhabited by farther away suns and systems the eye fails to tell us—the dim light discoverable beyond is suggestive merely. But let us now return to examine more carefully what we have thus briefly stated.

The area described by the penetrating power of the eye is seen to be a sphere the radius of which is, say, 360,000,000,000,000 to 500,000,000,000,000 miles. This, of course, transcends all power of conception; illustration may aid us. Light, at a speed of 12,000,000 miles in a minute, would traverse the radius in 80 years or less, or the diameter of the sphere, in about 160 years; but a velocity of 12,000,000 miles a minute simply stuns us and conveys no idea. Let us return to the locomotive, and fixing the rate of motion at 38 miles in an hour, or 1,000,000 miles in three years, we do understand the rate of motion. Our journey is from our sun outward to the rims of the visible universe. By a former calculation in describing the solar system we found that at the above rate of speed,

without stopping for a moment, we should pass beyond our outer boundary, the orbit of Neptune, in about 8,000 years, and now, pursuing our journey, we should reach our nearest solar neighbor in about 60,000,000 to 100,000,000 years, and at the end of about 1,080,000,000 years should reach the outer boundary of the visible universe.

But as yet we have but contemplated the universe as given to the eye. Until within a recent period that would seem to have been the whole extent. That other and incomparable heavens existed and would at some future time be revealed scarcely entered the dreams of men. But the diligent research which finally disclosed what those visible heavens were, developed the fact that out beyond there were still greater wonders awaiting discovery. There were stray hints in unexplained phenomena. The eye had exhausted its power, but genius, unsatisfied, busied itself with invention. The lens, in part by a happy accident, was discovered. It was found to be able to double them thousand-fold to the eye which God had given. In addition to magnifying and making more plain and beautiful the visible heavens, and thus aiding in deciphering them, it was found to have another more important power, that of extending the vision, penetrating into new and more distant regions of space. The result was the discovery of a new universe so much more wonderful than the old that the old dwindled into insignificance. To the six thousand suns it added millions. Out beyond the dim stars of the sixth magnitude which aforesome were supposed to be the frontiers of the universe it brought to view phalanx upon phalanx, galaxy upon galaxy, rank behind rank whose light had required half a million years to pass the mighty interval. The Milky Way cast away its cloud robes and flamed into a score of million suns, and yet on and on were piled unresolved nebulae of still more distant outposts of creation.

Of the stars of the first magnitude, which include all the brightest and supposedly the nearest stars in the heavens, there are about twenty. Of this number Sirius is so incomparably the brightest as almost to constitute a class itself. The stars of the second class are those in which there is one distinct step downward from the brilliancy of those of the first magnitude. The brighter stars in the constellation of the Great Bear (the Dipper) may be taken as examples. In the entire heavens we have about sixty-five stars of the second magnitude. Immediately below the second magnitude we have the stars of the third magnitude to the number of 190. Next come the stars of the fourth, 425; the fifth, 1,100; and so on down to the sixth, 3,200, which complete the stars visible to the naked eye. In stars of telescopic magnitude we have the seventh, to the number of about 13,000, while the eighth has 40,000, and the ninth 142,000.

It will thus be seen that the number of stars increases when we approach the lower magnitude, and when we come to those magnitudes below the ninth the number speedily reaches from thousands into millions. The minutest stars visible in powerful telescopes are usually stated to be of the fourteenth or fifteenth magnitude, while in the very greatest instruments magnitudes two or three steps lower can be observed, or to the eighteenth magnitude.

Thus it appears that as we penetrate the heavens from

one magnitude or depth to another the wider disc or area of vision increases the number of stars at the rate of about threefold. Were that the exact as it is the proximate ratio, the number of stars discernible at the greatest depth yet reached by the most powerful instrument would be the enormous sum of about one thousand seven hundred and twenty-one millions two hundred and twenty-one thousand two hundred (1,721,221,200). But actual count-up to the stars of the ninth magnitude shows the increase to be much greater as we penetrate to the deeper depths. It is estimated that there are stars visible to the eye whose light has required one hundred and twenty years to reach us. A telescope which penetrates six thousand times that depth would still see a star of the first magnitude were it carried back to that distant point. It thus appears that we reach stars whose light has been tens, perhaps hundreds of thousands of years reaching our planet.

Chalmers says: "What is seen may be as nothing to what is unseen; for what is seen is limited by the range of our instruments. What is unseen has no limits; and though all which the eye of man can take in or his fancy can grasp were swept away, there might still remain as ample a field over which the Divinity may expatiate, and which he may have peopled with innumerable worlds. If the whole visible creation were to disappear it would leave a solitude behind it, but to the infinite mind, that can take in the whole system of nature, this solitude might be nothing—a small, unoccupied point in the immensity which surrounds it, and which he may have filled with the wonders of his omnipotence. Though this earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divine has inscribed on it were to be put out forever, an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and of population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? A mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and majesty. Though this earth and these heavens were to disappear there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them, and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendor and variety by the destruction of our planet as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf."

Microbes that Feed Mankind

RENE BACHE.....TIMES-DEMOCRAT

The most important subject discussed at the recent meeting of the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists in Washington was a new discovery which may fairly be termed sensational. This discovery relates to a species of microbe which actually makes plants grow. In it has been found the mysterious agent by whose aid all things vegetable are enabled to absorb nitrogen, which is their chief food. Without its assistance plant life would disappear entirely from the earth, and, in consequence, animal life, including mankind, would perish likewise. Yet this beneficent micro-organism is so small that it can only be seen when magnified 800 diameters. It is a bacterium and a micrococcus—that is to say, shaped like a little ball. An experiment

is now being made in the breeding of these microbes by Prof. Wiley, of the chemistry division of the Department of Agriculture. They multiply at an enormous rate when furnished with proper food, and to produce them in indefinite quantities is easy. Their business in life is to absorb nitrogen from the soil and from the air and to transform it into nitric acid. In this shape it is taken up by the tissues of the plants, which are not able to consume the nitrogen in the crude. Recently a trial was made with a field of several acres, in Florida, on which nothing would grow. Analysis proved that the soil was very rich in nitrogen, but none of the micrococci were present. So a small amount of stable manure was applied thinly to the surface of the ground, and lo! a wonderful crop was the result.

The secret of it was that stable manure is full of these peculiar bacteria. The latter went to work at once upon the nitrogen lying idle in the hitherto barren soil and transformed it into available plant food. It has long been known that stable manure contained very little plant food, and so until now its great efficiency as a fertilizer has been a mystery. The day may yet arrive when the farmer will apply a solution of microbes instead of a fertilizer to his soil. Obviously, such a method would only be tried in cases where the bacteria were found to be lacking. Without the help of microbes of this species plants will die in the richest soil. With their assistance certain kinds of plants are able to absorb and utilize the nitrogen in the atmosphere. This is most particularly true of the peas, beans, clover and other leguminous plants. Farmers have long known that there was no better way to enrich a field than to plant it with clover, or beans, or peas. The reason why is simply that micro-organisms of the sort described infest these plants in great numbers. Living in the rootlets, they ply the trade of agricultural chemists on a small scale, but most efficiently. Their colonies are marked by little excrescences or pimples on the roots. They are the manufacturers of nitric acid. They do not live in the roots of cereals—hence the desirability of rotating corn with clover.

In furnishing nitrogen to the soil, the farmer is supplying stuff for the microbes to work on. It has been stated already that nitrogen is the most valuable of plant foods. It is also the most expensive, costing from 16 to 18 cents a pound. Sometimes it is applied to the land in the shape of waste from packing establishments and abattoirs—scraps of intestines, etc., which are boiled to get out the oil, and finally dried and ground. At the slaughter-houses nothing is wasted. Every drop of blood is saved, to be dried and ground. Dried blood is the best of all materials for yielding nitrogen. It may be said, in a rough way, that nitrogen makes the flesh of all plants, while phosphoric acid makes the fat.

One important object of the Association of Official Agricultural Chemists is to teach the farmers what kind of fertilizers to employ. Mr. Hayseed may be using nitrogen when what he really requires for his land is potash, which is comparatively cheap. All of the potash utilized in this country comes from a single mine at Strassfurt, in Germany. The deposits in that locality had their origin thousands of years ago in a sea, the waters of which gradually receded, leaving lakes that retained communication with the ocean by small channels. As the waters of these lakes evaporated, they were constantly replenished through the channels. This

continued for a long period, until the salts of potash, brought into the lakes by streams, were deposited in beds of great thickness. Potash deposits are commonly found associated with deposits of rock salt. Of the latter, vast beds exist in New York, Kansas, Michigan, and other parts of the United States, and stores of valuable fertilizers may yet be discovered on this continent, geologists think. All of the members of the association hold official places as chemists under the Federal Government or in the States. The immediate cause of the formation of their organization was a series of disputes between makers of fertilizers and the consumers as to the quality of the merchandise. The analyses given by the manufacturers were apt to be false, and there was no authority to which such questions could be referred for settlement. Now the strife has ceased, because all analyses are made under conditions prescribed by the official chemists, who are attached to agricultural experiment stations, agricultural colleges, and State boards of agriculture. They have control over the manufacture and sale of fertilizers in many States, and the makers must have licenses. If their goods fail to come up to the mark, the dealers are excluded from the market. It is estimated that in this way \$50,000,000 annually are saved to the farmers.

The Department of Agriculture exhibits, at Atlanta, a series of three models illustrating the ruin of farms by the wanton destruction of forests. The models are 10 feet square, and they represent a farm—the same farm in each case—through which runs a winding stream. In the first model the arable lands on the slopes of the hills have been denuded of soil to a great extent by floods, due to the wiping away of trees from the hill-tops. The second model shows that the farmer has realized the cause of his trouble, and has planted new forests on the tops of the hills. In the third model the forests have covered the hill-tops again, and the denuded slopes have regained their covering of soil. The fields are laughing with a bountiful harvest, and the increased prosperity of the farmer is denoted by the fact that he has built himself a new house, using the old one for a barn. Of course, the rivers are continually carrying vast quantities of soil from the land to the sea, and this can be prevented only in a small measure. But it is not wholly lost. The ocean is a great sorting ground in which all such material is winnowed and separated into its component elements. The carbonate of lime is deposited in beds, or, through the medium of animal life, is transformed into coral formations or into shells. Phosphoric acid is likewise sifted out into phosphate deposits, or passed into the bodies of marine animals. These and other valuable substances are thus conserved and put into a shape in which they may be returned sooner or later to the use of man.

It is worth while to mention some of the ways pointed out through the researches of agricultural chemists in which these waste products are restored. One is disposed to look upon the sea as devoid of vegetal life, but the gardens of the ocean are no less fully stocked with economic plants than the gardens of the land. The various seaweeds are constantly separating valuable materials from the waters and placing them again in available shape for employment by man. In the green state seaweed is equal to stall manure, and farmers pay five cents a bushel for it. It was used as a fertilizer as early as the fourth century, and its importance for this

purpose has been recognized more and more in modern days. In 1885 \$65,000 worth of seaweeds was used in Rhode Island, while the value of all other commercial fertilizers utilized in that State was only \$164,000. Many varieties of sea grass are used for filling mattresses and cushions. Other species are burned, and their ashes are employed for the manufacture of soda, iodine and bromine. The gelatinous parts of seaweeds become very hard and elastic on being dried, and have been molded into all sorts of forms as substitutes for horn and shell in making handles for knives, files and other tools. In the Techno-Chemical Receipt Book, on page 177, may be found recipes for making artificial ebony from charcoal obtained from seaweeds; also for making leather, soap and glue. Directions, too, are given for the manufacture of transparent seaweed leather, opaque seaweed leather and other interesting articles.

The animals of the ocean likewise collect the valuable materials and convert them into such shapes as to be useful to man. The fishes of the sea collect especially the two great elements of plant food, nitrogen and phosphorous. Oysters and other shell fishes gather not only large quantities of phosphorous and nitrogen, but also carbonate of lime. In fishing districts the fish waste serves as a precious fertilizing material. Some fishes are taken, as the menhaden, chiefly for their fertilizing value. As long ago as 1875 the value of nitrogen derived from the menhaden was estimated at about \$2,000,000. In 1878 200,000 tons of menhaden were captured between Cape Henry and the Bay of Fundy. The oil is first extracted from the fish for commercial purposes, and afterwards the residue is dried and ground and sold to farmers. This utilization of waste is a most important fact in the world's development and one Malthus did not consider.

It is believed that the vast phosphate deposits of Florida are of animal origin. Ages ago that peninsula was under water. On the bottom and swimming about were millions of mollusks. The shells which they left behind when they died formed banks of lime. Eventually these banks were uplifted above the surface of the ocean, and upon them seabirds in vast numbers made their home, depositing their droppings for century after century. Rain dissolved the droppings, causing the manure to infiltrate the shelly substance. Bird manure contains a large percentage of phosphoric acid. This acid transformed the limy material into phosphate of lime. In streams of Western Florida are found phosphate deposits composed largely of the bones of mastodons, megatheriums, elephants, manatees, musk rats and horses. The rainwater which descends upon the earth is not pure. It brings to the soil a certain amount of valuable plant food. Not only does it absorb and hold in solution ammonia and nitric acid, which may perhaps be formed by electrical discharges in the air, but it also collects and brings with it vast quantities of meteoric dust, containing fertilizing principles. Prof. Wiley, to whom the writer is indebted for much of his information, says that, with the aid of scientific agriculture and the help of the agricultural chemist, a thousand million people will not so crowd the United States as to make Malthus more than a pleasing theorist. The death of humanity is not to come from starvation, but from freezing, and many a geologic epoch will come and go before this planet dies of cold.

DOLLIE GOES TO THE SUN: PRISCILLA'S TRAGEDY

BY ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH

A selected reading from *The Years that the Locust Hath Eaten*. By Annie E. Holdsworth. Macmillan & Co. Priscilla Momerie, the heroine of this story of modern London, lives with her husband and her child, Dollie, in a great apartment house known as Regent's Buildings. Upon her devolves the duty of keeping the household alive through her literary work. Her husband, Dustane, is an egotistic prig who takes himself very seriously. He has a thin veneer of selfish cordiality and hypocritical sweetness over his coldness like a glacier covered with roses. He is attempting to reconstruct the universe with a great work on the New Religion, one of the modern revelations that point out the weak spots in the Sermon on the Mount, and give short cuts to Paradise by a homemade system of philosophy—one of those systems whose one redeeming virtue is that they cannot be realized. In the meantime, Priscilla bears the burden of responsibility, while the new Mohammed hugs to himself the consolation of an acquired paralysis that fits well into his martyr rôle and is a constant eloquent defense for his inactivity. His literary work amounts to nothing—in aim, in method, in object, and in progress. Dollie, the little child, is pining away through lack of light, food, exercise and care. Malden, mentioned in this reading, is a loyal friend to Priscilla; he loves her in his heart and there he keeps his secret, and in his conversation with Gertrude and Miss Cardrew has no patience with Dustane.

"I never heard you unkind before," said Gertrude. "I think it is terrible to see him lying there working at his book; eager, hopeful—never tired, never impatient."

"If he were a man he would work at something else," said Malden.

"How can he? What is there for a helpless paralytic to do?"

Miss Cardrew's white front bobbed about, showing her indignation.

"He could undertake tuition by correspondence; he could get reviewing to do, write literary articles; he could learn to make baskets like the blind old fellow downstairs; he could sit on the pavement with a tin can on his chest and a placard inviting charity. It would be more dignified than his present position." Malden got up and paced about angrily.

"Mr. Malden, you shock me—indeed you do! You forget that Mr. Momerie is giving to the world a new religion."

"And what good will his new religion do the world when he has given it? What is his new religion but the old religion, minus love? It is like the man to have left out the greatest thing of all. He builds his arch without a keystone. He sends his balloon among the stars. There is no god in the car—nothing but gas."

"If he were a humbug, don't you think a woman like Priscilla would have found it out long ago?" said Gertrude, hesitatingly. "Look how devoted she is. I wanted her to come to tea to-day, but just because he said he would miss her, she wouldn't come."

"She goes nowhere," said Miss Cardrew; "her devotion and self-sacrifice are beautiful. But she has her reward in being privileged to serve such a man."

"A privilege, indeed!" Malden echoed.

"Ah, yes, indeed it is so! If he had not our dear Priscilla, there is nothing I should esteem more highly than to be permitted to take him to some sheltered spot and watch over him while he finished his work."

"Finished, Miss Cardrew! He has not even begun it yet, confound him!"

"Oh, I assure you, Mr. Malden, I saw the first page

myself. It was beautifully written, 'The New Religion, by Dustane Momerie,' in Old English characters. 'Begun November 3d, 1891.' That was the date of his marriage. He has such pretty ideas."

"And what else?" asked Malden.

"There was nothing else; the page was blank; but knowing the man, we know what will follow."

And so the tragedy acted itself out;—the sordid little tragedy that is enacted every moment of the year on the London boards. The tragedy of life and death. It was Priscilla who took the leading part in the grim play at No. 30 Regent's Buildings, who saw most clearly the meaning of the tragedy. She had awakened after the first act. Now, scene by scene, she watched the developments clustering round the principal characters—the strong woman bound for life to a weakling, a faint outline of a man. The pathos and pity of it were not lessened for her because she knew that the same tragedy was being played out in the lives round her on many a household hearth. Her sad eyes read failure on every page of her life.

She was writing now for any market. She brought forth stories that were agony and humiliation to her; poor, pitiful romances that had not a drop of red blood in their rickety bodies; anaemic little creatures that were not stillborn only because they had learned to adapt themselves to their life conditions. She brought forth these children of her pen in shame; they were illegitimate offsprings fathered by want. She had laid down the pride of life—youth and health, joy and hope had already gone—that the child she loved might live. It was for Dollie that she was working. She had blinded her eyes and told herself that the child throve; but her heart wore no bandages; and as the summer came on, making the white cheeks more waxen and transparent, all her cry was to take the child away out of the heat into the country.

She told Dustane of the necessity. He met her more than half-way and talked royally of the holiday they would have when his book came out.

She turned from him in bitterness. How many times might Dollie die before that immortal myth came to their help!

And still she was growing more tolerant of Dustane. The baby gave her a new view of him, showing kind traits in his disposition. He was tender, gentle as a woman, with more than a woman's patience. His love for Dollie appealed to her. He was never tired of having the child beside him. He said it was better for her to lie sucking his finger than to sprawl neglected on the mat. Priscilla quieted her jealousy. It made her task easier to know that Dollie was being looked after while she scrubbed and cleaned and cooked and wrote. She had less of Dollie, but Dustane no longer hurt her by his neglect of the child, and she drew nearer to him. She might yet love her child's father, she thought wistfully. She could not take the baby's fingers in hers without touching his hand. In the rare moments of idleness, when Dustane would not give up Dollie, she brought her hassock close to

the sofa and leaned her head beside Dollie—Dustane's head was on the same pillow. And they had a subject in common now. Dustane began to talk less about his great work and more about Dollie. Priscilla listened happily to the dreams he wove around the child. She could have gazed for hours on the rosy future he painted. There was nothing unreal or fanciful in these visions. . . . Who should inherit the Kingdom of Heaven, if not her baby? . . . Of such was the Kingdom. . . .

Dustane was really wonderfully patient and cheerful. "Priscilla's lark" the little spinster called him. The only time he grumbled was when Priscilla carried Dollie downstairs and, with many tremors, laid her on Jimmy Gibson's knee, where he sat sunning himself on the doorstep. But Priscilla let him grumble. She yielded to his slightest whim where she was concerned, but she would not sacrifice her baby. She, at least, should not be a victim. After the first day she was not afraid of trusting Jimmy with the baby.

Every day Dustane grumbled about the arrangement. He was nervous about the child, he said. Priscilla told him he was growing fussy—but she loved him for it.

Her spirits were coming back. Though she did not acknowledge it, it made her work lighter to give up the child to Dustane; and the half-hours on the doorstep brought a faint rose to Dollie's cheek and a glow of hope to the mother's heart. The new interest between Dustane and herself was a promise of still better things.

One thing lay heavy on Priscilla's heart. Dustane would not allow her to take Dollie to St. Pancras to be baptized. The rector had visited them. But when Dustane spoke of his New Religion Mr. Groves had listened disapprovingly. Finally, he had rebuked the man's iconoclasm. Dustane might call the ancient faith an image and destroy it. But the old truths were of gold, and the image was made in the likeness of God. This new religion of his was no religion at all, but a vague and formless philosophy. And it would be better for Dustane that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and he should be cast into the depths of the sea, than be allowed to give to the world a hollow mockery of truth.

Dustane was mortally offended, and Mr. Groves came no more to No. 30 Regent's Buildings. But when Priscilla spoke of her wish that Dollie should be baptized, he reminded her that she had been content with his decision as to their marriage at the registrar's. That silenced her; but she resolved that Dollie should have her name given to her in church when they went to the country. That trip to the country was coming within measuring distance. She had had unexpected good fortune in being asked to write a serial for *High Life*.

It would be hurried work; the manuscript must be in the publisher's hands by the end of July, but it would be paid for on delivery. The price was twenty pounds. It was wealth to Priscilla. Working early and late, for months she had not earned more than thirty shillings a week. This would more than pay for Dollie's trip to the sun. They would remove to some village near and spend a month out-of-doors. She could go on with her writing. Dustane and Dollie would lie under the trees while she worked.

Hope came back to Priscilla's heart and life to her face. She was a different person from the weary woman who had sat in Malden's studio. Since Dollie had been born she had never been so happy.

Her pen flew over the paper. She had no time to give to her friends; but they saw her bright face and the light came to more than one heart in Regent's Buildings.

Dustane was as excited as she over the serial. It held a whole universe of possibilities in it. Twenty pounds! But it took more time than Priscilla had expected. Sixty thousand words, and she had only fifteen days longer! But she rode her hack recklessly. Dollie's hands held the whip.

It was Dustane who told her he thought the little thing could not be well. She was always quiet and pale, but he thought her face had a gray shadow on it to-day.

Priscilla snatched up the child, devouring it with her eyes. She saw nothing wrong and gave her back to Dustane; but her work came to a standstill. She could not write. Dollie's white face was on every page.

At last she could bear it no longer; every moment was of value. To-morrow the story must be in the hands of the editor. She must save time by giving up an hour to her fears.

In an hour she had returned from Dr. Barker's, joyful in her great relief. She took off the shawl in which she had wrapped Dollie and laid her again on the sofa.

"Nothing wrong at all! Teething!" she cried, rapturously. "My little Dollie is going to have some little white teeth. She is beginning to be a great girl. She will have to try and grow fat and rosy."

She sat down to her manuscript, working the better for the break. "One more day, and my Dollie will go to the sun," she sang.

She was writing all that night, but could not overtake the end of the story, and the next morning Dollie was fretful. Her wail went to Priscilla's heart. She took her on her knee, nursing her as she wrote. "My Dollie will soon be better. She is going to the sun," she whispered, happily.

In a fever of excitement she began the last chapter. She could not stop to eat.

Miss Cardrew came in and gave Dustane his lunch, stepping gingerly on tiptoe so as not to disturb Priscilla. She was going out of town for the afternoon; the heat tried her. At two o'clock Priscilla threw down her pen, lifted the child and sang her new song joyfully.

"My Dolly is going to the sun!"

She would not stay for food, though Miss Cardrew had left a tray ready for her before she went away. She would go to the office, receive her check, cash it before the bank closed at four, come home, pack up, and "To-morrow, to-morrow, my Dollie shall go to the sun."

She laid her down beside Dustane, kissed the little white face, and the waxen hands.

Then she hurried away. Her errand would not take her long. Her feet sped, her face smiled. She would have liked to shout her happy secret. The moan of the great sea was silenced by that chime of bells "My Dollie is going to the sun."

Dustane lay on the sofa where she had left him; his writing materials on one side, Dollie on the other, sleeping quietly. In an hour she would awake, Priscilla had said, but she herself would be back by that time.

"An hour for my work," Dustane had remarked as she left him. He turned from his child to his notes, and fingered them discontentedly. They were not what he wanted; and how could he get others, unable as he

was to go to the British Museum Library, or to buy books? He looked them over lazily, and the impotence of inaction settled down upon him. It was growing pleasant to him, however, this fruitless dallying with the writing that excused his idleness. He liked it better than the thought of coaching pupils.

He turned over his memoranda for the tenth chapter: The Position of Women among the Jews.

"Take a few of the types among women of the Old Testament. There was Sara, merely the childbearer. Sons were the great need of those times; sons to fight, to protect the cattle, to feed them; sons to increase and multiply that the heathen might be overpowered. The social problem of that time was the struggle between the Jews and their heathen neighbors; and hence the importance of women. Then how it developed! Miriam, the prophetess, the singer who inspired the army; Deborah, a singer, too, and a judge, yet also a mother in Israel; and Jael, who bought forty years of peace with one stroke of a hammer. Then, in the prosperous years, her place is changed and we have her in domestic love, as in the case of Michal for David. Her position sinks lower in his passion for Bathsheba; and lower again in the harems of Solomon.

"That was largely the position of women at the beginning of this century, and, with all their efforts, they have scarcely bettered it. What, indeed, is their place in the social questions of to-day? If they are not wives, they are nothing. Look at Priscilla, for instance; an abnormal creature except in her domestic relations——"

Dollie stirred uneasily and choked a little, but he did not hear.

"And yet," he went on, "she has no destiny apart from her life with me. Dollie should take a higher place than that in history. I must train her into being the typical woman of the day."

Dollie choked again, turned, stretched a rigid little arm towards Dustane, but he was too absorbed in his subject to notice her.

"What does the age want? A son-bearer? Yes! We must have sons. Yes. And a prophetess who shall have the vision of truth upon her eyeballs, and shall proclaim it to the ignorant, struggling people. We must have a Deborah who shall lead them to their just inheritance, a Jael who shall strike——"

A loud wail, a sob of agony, broke upon Dustane's words. He turned quickly and saw a gray cloud upon Dollie's face; he saw her limbs twitch and writhe strangely.

He put his hand on her head, patting her softly, but he could not quiet her.

"I am afraid she is ill," he said, anxiously. "And I am helpless. If I could call Malden now, or Mrs. Gibson."

He rapped on the wall. There was no answer. The child grew worse.

"It looks like convulsions," he said, getting pale. "If she should die. . . . I must call someone. . . . Mrs. Markham! . . . Malden! . . . Miss Cardrew!" he shouted.

He waited. The shadow on Dollie's face had passed from gray to black. He sprang up from his sofa and rushed to the door. Then suddenly he remembered that he had not walked for months. With the memory his helplessness returned and he fell to the floor.

He was almost relieved to find himself lying on the

matting; it proved that he was still paralyzed. He was not anxious to end his life of inaction. He had grown accustomed to its monotony; and as an invalid author he filled a more important place in his world than would be given to an unsuccessful tutor.

After all it was a good thing no one had seen him walk. He must get back to the couch and see what could be done for the child. He dragged himself to the sofa and bent towards the baby. She was quiet now, her color was more natural.

Pshaw! What a fool he had been—frightened at nothing! She would be all right till her mother returned.

He lay down again beside her and became absorbed in himself, and in the thought of what his recovery would mean.

After a time he glanced at the child. How still she lay, and how pale her face had grown! He put out his hand and touched her softly. Dollie was dead.

There was only an empty horror in his mind, as he lay there with the silent little figure beside him; he must bear its dumb reproach. The last hour had been charged with a rush of sensations, with fear and dread, love for his child, and with his own strong love for himself. And sweeping down upon that love came a fierce shaft of light striking him to the very earth.

Beside him was Death, cold and still and terrible; within was Light—strong, compelling; he saw himself the coward, the hypocrite, the abject slave of vanity, idleness, deceit.

His soul lay bare in the white clearness of that flash, and he loathed the ugly sight. He might have saved the child.

As the light forked and died, the words filled his ears with deafening thunder. He might have saved the child. He shrank down, covering his ears and face.

Priscilla took a hansom from the bank, laughing gayly at the luxury she had purchased. It was not for herself that she was extravagant; though now that her work was done she remembered the sleepless night, the long fast.

Regent's Buildings looked deadly seen from the hansom. The place was always dull in the afternoon, when the children were at school—the elders at their school, too. Coming in from the glare and heat outside, the silence struck Priscilla with a chill.

In the hall she threw off her hat and pressed into the room singing gayly, "My Dollie is going to the sun! My Dollie is going to the sun!"

Dustane was lying curled up, his face to the wall. He reminded her of a leaf shriveled by storm. He did not look round as usual to tell her Dollie was asleep, and she must not take her. The child would not disturb his work. She was a nice little thing.

She stooped and lifted her baby, wondering at the strange heaviness in the little body. She stumbled to a chair and sat down, pressing her face against the baby's face. The cold set her shivering—laid ice upon her heart. She gazed at the child with eyes of terror. Her lips moved, but no sound came. Her teeth chattered. She laughed, shrilly. "My Dollie is going to the sun."

"For God's sake, hush, Priscilla! Don't you see the child is dead!"

She stopped her awful mirth and raised her head. "Did you kill my little baby, Dustane?"

The words fell involuntarily from her lips. She could not tell why she asked the question. But it lashed Dustane into a fury.

"Kill the little thing—I? I? Why did you go? Why did you leave her? I told you she was ill. You went on writing. You let your child die for a miserable twenty pounds! It is you that killed her!"

"I—killed—Dollie?"

"Yes, you! You, with your confounded writing. The child never had a chance, even before she was born. A pretty mother you have been! How was she to live shut up here all day, while you wrote? I told you yesterday she was ill; did you stop? Write, write, write—all night, all day! You need not have left her just now—but you must get your damned money! Why did you leave me to see her die?"

Priscilla crushed the child to her bosom. "If I had been here my baby would not have died." She lifted her head with a jerking motion. Her voice was calm.

"Don't I tell you so? Isn't that what I am saying? My God! to lie helpless, and the child in convulsions!"

"I think, Dustane, in your place," her voice rang strangely even and dispassionate after his uncontrolled fury, "I would have called Mr. Malden. He would not have let Dollie die."

"Called? I shouted myself hoarse! I tried to knock on the wall. No one heard me—and the little thing—the little thing——"

"I think I will go away now, Dustane." She spoke wearily.

She stood up, tall and pale. A patch of color stained each cheek, her lips were purple, showing the white teeth. She held the child to her bosom, smiling.

Dustane put his hands over his eyes. "What do you look like that for? What are you smiling at? Have you no heart? Yes, go away. You drive me mad. I can't bear to see you."

She went into the kitchen and sat gazing at Dolly with eyes that remembered. She was living over again the happiness of that Sunday afternoon when she had shown her baby to her friends. There had been warmth of love and flowers around her. The lark had sung in the window, though it was November.

The kitchen was bare to-day—naked boards, bare dresser, fireless grate. Outside the heat was stifling. Inside Dolly was ice in her arms.

"It's like mother's little byby, wot died."

She felt again the child's voice, a knife in her heart. It clashed against that song of Dolly going to the sun. Had she killed her little baby? Was it she who had been cold, then—like this.

There were voices in the next room. She could hear them: Dustane's shrill and pitiful—Malden's hoarse answers.

By and by he came in. He shivered as he saw Priscilla and the child. This was what he had painted—this woman with Calvary in her eye, gazing on her dead. Her eyes clung to the pity on his face. She smiled that strange smile.

He knelt down beside her and took Dolly's little hand, stroking it softly.

"I think you loved my little baby," she whispered.

"My dear! My dear!"

He laid his head down on her knee beside the child's, and his grief went to Priscilla's heart, but she did not cry. She touched his hair, soothing him.

All night long she sat there holding the child. Dustane had gone to bed, but her friends could not leave her; they were in the sitting-room—Gertrude, Mrs. Markham, Miss Cardrew, Malden; they kept a sorrowful watch with her, though Priscilla wanted no one but Dolly.

"Now, my dear, have a sup of tea, do! And give me the little thing. You shouldn't take on like this. It's time she was laid out decent, little heart!"

The morning had come.

Priscilla lifted her heavy eyes to Mrs. Markham, but she held Dolly closer.

"I hadn't time to hold her when she wanted me; now I have three days, three whole days—three days and three nights in the heart of the earth—with Dolly."

But even those three days were denied her.

They were taking Dolly to Frodsham.

"I should like her to lie in the sun," Priscilla said, "under the south wall, close beside my own mother. It won't be so lonely."

Miss Cardrew and Malden were going to Frodsham with her. Gertrude would stop with Dustane.

It was Malden who took Dolly from Priscilla at the last, and laid the baby in the white cradle of death.

Miss Cardrew drew her away to put on cloak and hat. They all gathered in the sitting-room round the little coffin.

Dustane had turned his head aside; Mrs. Markham had gone out to weep over her dead.

Through the open window came the sounds of a barrel organ and the clash of chimes from St. Pancras'. Someone was being married.

Malden drew down the window, but the notes would not be silenced. "Sing," he whispered to Gertrude.

Her lips opened, and a fugitive line from the Elijah came, borne on the chimes.

"And He shall give thee thy heart's desires . . .
And He shall give thee——"

Her voice broke and failed.

Malden carried Dolly up the main street of Frodsham, past the window where the three Miss Speights stood, not recognizing Priscilla; past the shop with the name Momerie still over the door; past the shuttered Rectory into the churchyard.

The sexton met them under the lych-gate. The Rector had gone abroad, and the curate never read the service over an unbaptized infant. But everything else was ready.

"My poor, poor darling!" Miss Cardrew's tears flowed.

"It doesn't matter," said Priscilla. "Dolly will lie in the sun."

They stood watching the little mound grow—so fast—so fast. There was a wreath of Alpine roses on the grave beside it. Then Malden put his arm in Priscilla's, but she drew away, looking back.

They turned again, and stood where the grass had been flattened down by the little feet that had never pressed earth before.

"I should like to say a prayer over Dolly," she whispered, "but I can't remember; I can't remember." She pressed her hands over her eyes; then she looked up. "The grace of Our Lord Jesus Christ . . . the love of God . . . and . . . and . . . Oh, what comes after?"

"The life everlasting, Amen," sobbed Miss Cardrew.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Margaret Catchpole....Maud Walpole....London Spectator

A Suffolk girl transported for horse stealing

“Would ye have the heart for a fearsome deed,
Margaret?

Could ye ride all night at dare-devil speed?
Would your hand not flinch, nor your cheek grow pale,
Nor your wits be numbed, nor your courage fail,
If ye rode by night through the fog and the gale?

“ Could ye take a horse from a neighbor's roof?
Could ye put his speed to a deadly proof?
The coastguard's pitch-black horse could ye take,
And ride him all night for your lover's sake,
Till the stars grow faint and the dawn awake?

“ Would ye lend your hand to a lawless plan?
Could ye brave the anger of God and man?
Could ye bind his girths and hold your breath?
For women are weak, as the Scripture saith,
And the price of a stolen horse is death.”

She said: “ For your sake I have dared and done,
I have climbed the cliff by the failing moon,
I have brought you news of a planned surprise,
I have braved the Law, and the Law's Excise,
Just to hear you praise the light in my eyes.

“ I have hauled your kegs to a hidden place
While the storm-wind blew the hair in my face,
I have rowed your boat against wind and tide,
I have risked my life, and subdued my pride,
And fear is not known to a smuggler's bride,
And true as truth for your sake I'll ride.”

“ The coastguard's horse is as black as sin,
Margaret!

None but his master can hold him in;
Ye'll need cool nerves and a steady hand
If ye'll ride him safe down the heath to the sand
Where the huge waves thunder against the land.

“ If ye'll ride him safe past the shore and the heath,
Be wary and firm, for ye'll ride with Death;
God'll scarcely heed where a thief may tread.”
And he kissed her face; but she laughed and said,
“ Then maybe the Devil will help instead ! ”

The darkness covered the sea with its pall,
And the black horse neighed as he left his stall;
The coastguard turned in his sleep at the sound,
And dreamed he was riding on smuggler's ground
By the jagged rocks where the sea sweeps round.

The coastguard dreamed, but he did not wake,
Though her heart gave a leap for her lover's sake.
She led out the horse from the stable warm,
She tightened his girths with her strong young arm—
May all brave spirits keep her from harm!

The black night hung like a bird on the wave,
And the slow moon rose like a ghost from the grave;
She sprang on his back by a fallen stone;
The wild wind piped and the sea made moan,
And they two swept into the night alone.

She patted his neck, and she spoke him fair;
Who much would win must have heart to dare!
They turned down the hill by the churchyard gate,
They crossed the road and the swollen spate;
And she urged him on, for the hour was late.

The moon shone white as the face of the dead,
And his four feet slipped in the river-bed;

They crossed the stream at the fording-place,
She urged him on and he quickened his pace,
And the water splashed up against her face.

No need had she now his steps to goad,
For he knew that his feet had left the road;
He trod the firm, light sand of the heath,
And he snuffed up the brine with snorting breath;
Sit him steady now, or you'll ride to your death,

Margaret!

She leaned o'er his neck, and she slackened his rein
And he flew like a bird o'er the heathery plain;
Strange shadows waved with the waving trees,
Strange voices shrieked with the shrieking breeze,
But little she recked of things like these!

Faster and faster yet did she ride,
And wild things rode at her horse's side,
The moon rode fast through a sea of gray,
And the swift stars fled down the Milky Way,
And the great black shadows that earthward lay.

She drew not rein nor paused for breath,
For she rode for Life, and was chased by Death!
All night she rode with the sweeping tide,
With her Love and her Doom on either side,
Till the whole world joined in that headlong ride,

Margaret!

The Song of the Gun.....New York Tribune

The furnace was white with steel a-light,
When my new-born spirit came
In a molten flood of the war-god's blood,
In a passion of fire and flame.

I looked o'er the deep from a lofty steep
With a strong heart full of pride;
Like a king alone on his stately throne
Whose word no man denied.

My thunder spoke from the battle smoke,
When the waves ran crimson red,
And heroes died by my iron side,
Till the foreign foemen fled.

The sentence of death was in my breath,
And many a ship went down—
Oh, the gun is lord of the feeble sword,
And greater is his renown.

Now the long grass hides my rusty sides,
And round me the children play;
But I dream by night of a last great fight,
Ere the trump of the Judgment Day.

For men must fight in the cause of right,
Till the time when war shall cease;
And the song of the gun will ne'er be done
Till the dawn of lasting peace.

The Pilgrim Cranes....Lord de Tabley....London Illustrated News

Written shortly before Lord de Tabley's death.

The pilgrim cranes are moving to their south,
The clouds are herded pale and rolling slow.
Our flower is withered in the warm wind's mouth,
Whereby the gentle waters always flow.

The cloud-fire wanes beyond the lighted trees.
The sudden glory leaves the mountain dome.
Sleep into night, old anguish mine, and cease
To listen for a step that will not come.

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Judge Albion W. Tourgee has undertaken a crusade against books with uncut leaves, which he pronounces "a senseless and snobbish fad."

Another "genius" has just been discovered in Paris in the person of one Reepmaker, a Dutch novelist.

A large quantity of Gibbon's unpublished correspondence with his stepmother and with Lord Sheffield and other friends will appear in the forthcoming edition of the six original versions of his autobiography. The present Earl of Sheffield has written a preface for the work.

William Waldorf Astor employed a scholar from the British Museum to trace his genealogy and get him a legitimate crest. After two years of study in European archives he traced the descent, beyond all doubt, to an ancient family of Spanish grandes, where the desired crest was obtained.

An interesting figure is removed from Madrid by the death of the dramatic poet, José Marco. His principal pieces, *El Sol de Invierno* (The Winter Sun), *La Feria de las Mujeres* (The Women Market), and *Roberto el Diablo* (Robert the Devil), have enjoyed a great popularity among the theatregoers of Spain, and much regret is felt at his death.

Prof. Archibald Geikie, the distinguished British geologist, is coming to the United States soon on a lecturing tour.

Colonel J. H. Benton has learned through recent discoveries in the library of the British Museum that the first books printed on the American continent were made in the City of Mexico.

According to Hamilton W. Mabie, *The Scarlet Letter* and *Pembroke* are the best American novels.

A verse of Hood's *Song of the Shirt*, cut out for typographical reasons by Mark Lemon, is given by Mr. Spielmann in his *History of Punch*. It reads:

Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Work, work, work,
Like an engine that works by steam,
A mere machine of iron and wood,
That toils for Mammon's sake,
Without a brain to ponder and craze,
Or a heart to feel—and break.

Some of Prof. Richard T. Ely's works on sociological questions have been translated into Japanese. And his book, *The Outlines of Economics*, has been printed in raised characters for the use of the blind.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, the poetess, is described as "a light, blue-eyed girl, delicate as a wild rose, elusive as thistledown." Miss Guiney has both Irish and French blood in her veins.

F. C. Burnand (editor of *Punch*) was for years in the Jesuit convent at Bayswater, and was admitted to minor orders, tonsured and invested with cassock and beretta.

Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer recently received from Buckingham Palace a gratifying letter by order of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, in acceptance of a copy of Mrs. Farmer's historical romance, *The Doom of the Holy City; Christ and Caesar*. Queen Victoria is

especially interested in works relating to Palestine and Jerusalem, and Mrs. Farmer's stirring story of the destruction of Jerusalem cannot fail to obtain flattering recognition in all countries where Christianity has made known the wondrous history of the Temple and the Cross.

Mrs. Rudyard Kipling attends to all of her husband's correspondence, and carefully guards him against would-be intruders. He is said to be the most unapproachable literary man in the world.

John Ormsby, the author of the excellent translation of *Don Quixote*, published a few years ago, has just died in England. He was an ardent student of Spanish literature and Spanish history, and his translation of the *Pomoema del Cid* will, with the *Quixote*, cause him to be gratefully remembered for many a day by readers who know no tongue save English.

H. W. J. Ham, the Georgia newspaper man who coined the term "snolly-goster," which strikes Southern people as being very funny, has gone into the lecture business and is making \$10,000 a year.

Dr. Cæsar Lombroso, the great authority on criminology, has been convicted of literary piracy and fined 2,500 francs.

The name of Mr. Howells' new novel—the only long piece of work which will appear from his pen during 1896—is *The Landlord of the Lion's Head*.

In Mr. William Watson's new volume of poems, one of the finest, and the one to which Scottish readers will certainly turn most readily, is that called *The Tomb of Burns*.

James Annand, late editor of the *Newcastle Leader*, rose from the blacksmith's forge to the editorial chair. He learned Latin and higher mathematics while shoeing horses, and his experiences in London journalism formed the basis of Barrie's romance, *When a Man's Single*.

Dean Stanley's letters, now being prepared for publication by the dean's biographer, will make, says the *Westminster Review*, one of the most interesting of forthcoming books.

Dr. Frederick Wines, the authority on criminology, has been appointed lecturer on social classes and social evils in Harvard University.

Professor John Fiske reiterates his belief in the truthfulness of the story of Pocahontas and John Smith. He says the latter's life was surely saved by the former, and that it cannot be doubted by anyone who will take the trouble to investigate it.

Bill Arp, in *The Sunny South*, says of Lee's School History of the United States, published by B. F. Johnson Pub. Co., of Richmond, Va.: "Thirty-four years have passed, and this generation is just beginning to understand what the war was about. Northern histories have been so partial and one-sided, that the young folks have been surprised and astonished that our people fought so hard and so long with so little to fight for. But the truth is gradually dawning upon the nation. Southern histories have been written and introduced into Southern schools, and our children are becoming

our defenders. I see that Mrs. Susan Pendleton Lee, the gifted daughter of General Pendleton, has written a history of the United States, and has, without reserve, told the story of the late Civil War, and the United Confederate Veterans, in their great meeting at Houston, have as fearlessly indorsed it."

William Watson writes of Alfred Austin, the new poet laureate: "He seems, among modern poets, especially and saliently English, in the sense in which most of our best singers, from Chaucer onward, have been English."

Professor Mommsen intends soon to visit Rome, and to stay there for three months at the least. He has informed a friend that he wishes to put a finishing touch to certain works which he hopes to publish soon, and that some important researches in the library and archives of the Vatican are necessary to their completion.

Max O'Rell says that it was in the streets of Buda Pesth and in the drawing-rooms of Dublin he found the finest and the most beautiful types of womanhood.

In the new biography of John Stuart Blackie, the Scotch professor records in his correspondence his impression of Tennyson, whom he visited at Freshwater in 1864. "Head Jovian, eye dark, pale face, black, flowing locks, like a Spanish ship captain or a captain of Italian brigands—something not at all common and not the least English"—such is the impression the poet made on the professor.

A. T. Quiller-Couch, the novelist, is an enthusiastic yachtsman, being one of the leading spirits in the Fowey Yacht Club.

Rose Kingsley, daughter of Charles Kingsley, is coming across the sea to lecture on French art of this century and on Warwickshire localisms in Shakespeare's plays and poems, and other subjects of art and letters.

Isabella Bird Bishop is regarded as one of the most valuable members of the Royal Geographical Society. Being skillful as a photographer and a descriptive writer, she has sent home to England from the Orient much novel and interesting material from remote regions of China, Thibet, and Persia. She was one of the first women to see the Koreans face to face, and several times she narrowly escaped death among Asian tribes.

Prof. Edward S. Bemis, who recently left the University of Chicago, will become an associate editor of *The Bibliotheca Sacra* in January.

Conover Duff, who has posed as the author of *The Master Knot and Another Story*, published in the Holt Buckram Series, has been discovered. He is no less than the figurehead which has concealed, until very recently, a trio of young Cleveland people—Laura Gaylord, Florence Little and Edward Cady, who wrote the two tales in collaboration.

A Goethe museum has been established at Sessenheim, near Strassburg, where Goethe, as a student, won the affections of his first love, Friederike Brion. One of the principal promoters was Ulrike von Levetzow, now 92 years old, and a Stiftsdame, but who, as an 18-year-old girl, turned the head of the septuagenarian poet and caused him to write his *Trilogie der Leidenschaft*.

The London Publishers' Circular gives this paragraph of just praise to an author of whom American literature may well be proud: "For ourselves we very much

doubt if anything better than Miss Murfree's works has been produced in America during the present generation. She makes, perhaps, a little too much of her mountains, her skies and her sunsets, but her mountainers are superb. Moreover, her stories are pervaded by a delicious humor, a quality as rare as it is welcome. In *The Clouds* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the strongest book that has come across the Atlantic for at least ten years."

The late Eugene Field was preparing for the press his *Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac* when death came.

A list of books for girls and women and their clubs is an immense help, by way of suggestion, for libraries, and supplies a crying need. There are more than 2,000 classified books in the list, also lists of publishers, authors and periodicals. This catalogue is invaluable, and every head of a family should have a copy of it.

The new Hebrew Bible and the new English translation of it are under way and will be published in 1897. Prof. Haupt, of the Oriental Department of Johns Hopkins University, is editor-in-chief of this great text.

Viscount Robert Tortera de Lafare announces in Paris that he will soon begin the publication of a newspaper to which a number of spirits will contribute. Among the contributors he mentions Dante, Spinoza, Auguste Comte, Hypatia, Marcus Aurelius and St. Cecilia.

The Rev. Baring-Gould, the novelist, lecturer and historian, is a keen antiquary. One who knows him writes, that "he wallows in it. You should see him on Dartmoor with his shovels and wheelbarrows, unearthing some forgotten domicile, and then you would see the real man. Give him an old church register and he'll spin you yarns about it by the hour."

The late Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen was once asked why he didn't simplify the spelling of his name, so as to make it less perplexing for the average American. The inquirer was informed that it was a fine Norwegian name in the first place, and secondly, that it was worth a good many dollars to its possessor as a distinctive trade-mark for his literary wares.

Katherine Lee Bates, who has just issued through the Lothrop Publishing Company a new edition of her beautiful *Wedding-Day Book*, is the well-known Professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, and a lady of wide reading and broad culture. She is author and compiler of other books, all of which are justly popular.

A conspicuous victim of literary ambition appears in the personality of Lieutenant Kraft, of the German Army, who has been deprived of his rank because his book entitled *Brilliant Misery* caused talk distasteful to the Emperor.

George Saintsbury has completed his volume on *Nineteenth Century Literature*, which contains some of his best work.

Owen Wister did not begin his working life as a writer of fiction. He was as a Harvard student specially devoted to music, and accomplished a great deal in the study as his graduation record shows. He even undertook a musical career, and made some preparation for it during a visit in Europe; but he soon gave up the idea—fortunately for the readers of his clever Western sketches.

BOOK LIST—WHAT TO READ; WHERE TO FIND IT

Artistic, Dramatic, and Musical

Considerations on Painting: Lectures at Metropolitan Museum by J. La Farge: Macmillan, 12mo, buck.	\$1 25
Figure Drawing and Composition: R. G. Hatton: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, illustrated.....	3 00
Glass Painting; An Instruction in the Different Kinds of this Art: Anna Siedenburg: Bruno Hessling, pap.	75
Macaire: Robt. Louis Stevenson and Wm. Ernest Henley: Stone & Kimball, cloth.....	1 00
Picture Posters; A Short History of the Illustrated Placard: C. Hiatt: Macmillan & Co., cloth.....	4 00
The Art of Velasquez; A Critical Study: R. A. M. Stevenson: Macmillan & Co., hf. vellum, 4to.....	18 00
The Comedy of As You like It: William Shakespeare: American Book Co., boards.....	20
The Reader's Shakespeare: David Charles Bell: Funk & Wagnalls Co., cloth.....	1 50
The Science of Drawing in Art: Aimée Osborne Moore: Ginn & Co., cloth.....	

Biographical and Reminiscent

André Chénier: Louie R. Heller: Home Book Co., cloth, illustrated.....	1 25
Benjamin Jowett, Master of Balliol; a Personal Memoir: Hon. Lionel Tollemache: Edward Arnold, buck.	1 00
Charles Lyell and Modern Geology: T. G. Bonney: Century Science Series: Macmillan & Co. 12mo, clo.	1 25
John Hare, Comedian: T. Edgar Pemberton: George Routledge & Sons, paper.....	50
Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888: Collected by Geo. W. E. Russell: Macmillan & Co., 2 vols.....	3 00
Memoirs of an Artist: An Autobiography: Charles Gounod: Rand, McNally & Co., artistic clo. binding.	1 25
The Lives of Cornelius Nepos: Ed. by Thomas B. Lindsay: American Book Co., cloth.....	1 10

Educational Questions

Bilder aus der Deutschen Litteratur: J. Keller: American Book Co., cloth.....	75
Herr Omnia: Heinrich Seidel: American Book Co., boards.....	25
Latin Lessons: E. W. Coy: American Book Co., cloth.....	1 00
Stories from Aulus Gellius: Charles Knapp, Ph. D.: American Book Co., paper.....	30
The First Greek Book: Clarence W. Gleason and Caroline Stone Atherton: American Book Co., cloth..	1 00
The Songs and Music of Frederick Froebel's Mother Play: Prepared by Susan E. Blow: Appleton, clo., ill.	1 50
Träumereien: Richard von Dolmann-Leander: American Book Co., boards.....	35

Essays and Miscellanies

Chafing Dish Delicacies: Helen Louise Johnson: Table Talk Pub. Co., Philadelphia.....	
Common Sense in the Household: Marion Harland: Chas. Scribner's Sons, cloth.....	1 50
Essays on Special Topics: Lady Cook: The Universal Pub. Co., paper.....	1 2
Lakewood: Mary Harriett Norris: Frederick A. Stokes Co., cloth, illustrated.....	1 00
Scottish Folk-Lore: Rev. Duncan Anderson, M. A.: J. Selwin Tait & Sons, cloth.....	
Seventh Annual Report of the Statistics of Railways: Wash'n Government Printing Office, cloth.....	
The Boston Charades: Herbert Ingalls: Lee and Shepard, cloth.....	1 00
The Sketch Book: Washington Irving: David McKay, cloth, illustrated.....	

Fiction of the Month

A Blameless Woman: John Strange Winter: The International News Co., cloth.....	
A Jesuit of To-Day: Orange McNeill: J. Selwin Tait & Sons, cloth.....	
A Start in Life: Honoré de Balzac: Trans. by Miss K. P. Wormeley: Roberts Bros., 12mo, half Russia.	1 50
Antipas, Son of Chuza: Louise Seymour Houghton: Anson D. F. Randolph, cloth, illustrated.....	1 50
Auld Lang Syne: W. Clark Russell: Rand, McNally & Co., paper.....	
Aunt Billy: Alyn Yates Keith: Lee & Shepard, cloth.....	1 25
Beatrix: Honoré de Balzac: Trans. by Katherine Prescott Wormeley: Roberts Brothers, cloth.....	1 50
Black Spirits and White: Ralph Adams Cram: Stone & Kimball, cloth.....	
Eve's Ransom: George Gissing: D. Appleton & Co., paper.....	50
In Old New England: Hezekiah Butterworth: D. Appleton & Co., paper.....	50
Masterpieces of German Fiction: Heyse and others: Laird & Lee, buckram.....	75
Maurice Tierney: Charles Lever: Little, Brown & Co., cloth, illustrated.....	2 50
Money to Loan on all Collaterals: Minnie Lawson: The Excelsior Pub. Co., paper.....	25
Mrs. Musgrave and her Husband: Richard Marsh: D. Appleton & Co., paper.....	50
My Honey: Roberts Brothers, cloth.....	1 00
Nikanor: Henry Greville: Globe Library, Rand, McNally & Co., paper.....	50
Novels by Eminent Hands: William Makepeace Thackeray: G. P. Putnam's Sons, suede.....	1 75
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ETIDORHPA: A QUAINT AND CURIOUS VOLUME*

A REVIEW BY W. H. VENABLE

The book, *Etidorhpæ*; or, *The End of Earth*, piques curiosity by its cabalistic title and by the promise of its table of contents. There is a mysterious novelty about the volume, a certain Eleusinian secrecy, that challenges the reader to examine, with care, its fifty-two chapters, with preface, prologue and epilogue.

The origin, history and purport of the publication are somewhat enigmatically set forth, in a pleasing preface by Prof. J. U. Lloyd, a scientific writer, whose pharmaceutical treatises are widely known and highly valued on both sides of the Atlantic. What motive, practical or speculative, prevailed upon this eminent specialist and successful man of affairs, to induce him to assume the labor and expense of publishing *Etidorhpæ*, can best be conjectured by those who are able to read between the lines of the peculiar story which is issued under his auspices. Whatever may be his design in putting the volume forth, at his own risk, and in elegant form, we venture to predict that in subject matter, style and illustrations, the book will strike many readers as being quaint, original and suggestive—a product unique in letters. And notwithstanding the reticence of Prof. Lloyd, we cannot resist the suspicion that, through the ingenious disguises which are wrapped around the persons and incidents of the book in question, his own invention inspires the whole. This, however, is only a guess.

It is not easy, within the limits of a short review, to convey an adequate conception of what the book is like. In fact, *The End of Earth* is not like any other book. The charm of adventure, the excitement of romance, the stimulating heat of controversy, the keen pursuit of scientific truth, the glow of moral enthusiasm, are all found in its pages. The book may be described as a sort of philosophical fiction, containing much exact scientific truth, many bold theories, and much ingenious speculation on the nature and destiny of man. The author (or reputed authors) takes issue with accepted modern authorities on many subjects, attacking not a few of the primary concepts of prevailing science and faith. The occult and esoteric character of the discussions adds a strange fascination to them. There is in the book a mixture of alchemical lore and modern theosophy. We can hardly classify, by ordinary rules, a work so unusual in form and purpose, so discursive in subject matter, so unconventional in its appeals to reason, religion and morality. Burns premised that one of his impromptus might "perhaps turn out a song, perhaps turn out a sermon." This discourse, mainly narrative, starts off like a personal history, grows into a marvelous story of preternatural adventure, and, as it proceeds, becomes the vehicle for conveying all sorts of observations on earth and man, on time and eternity, on nature and revelation, on destiny and duty. The direct teaching of the book, in so far as it aims to influence conduct, is always lofty and pure. Not a line seems to have been written with a frivolous purpose. There is a Scotch sternness and severity of conscience in it.

The main interest of this story centres in a weird, mysterious personage, endowed with extraordinary faculties, who appears suddenly, somewhat like the Ancient Mariner, and reads an astonishing manuscript to one Llewellyn Drury, a rather skeptical inquirer into occult subjects pertaining to both matter and mind. The venerable sage, who does not reveal his true name, but who is conceived to be identical with a historically noted character who, more than half a century ago, was supposed to have been kidnapped and concealed by members of a mystic fraternity for revealing the secrets of their order, tells, in conversation and by writing, his own marvelous adventures, discoveries and sufferings in the course of an enforced long journey, the greater part of which was not on, but within, the crust of the earth. By a strange subterranean guide, who can see without eyes, the old man was conducted through deep caverns, illuminated by a radiance unlike that of the upper world; he wanders in enchanting forests of fungi; loses his weight by entering a plane where gravitation ceases; explores a wonderful lake by means of a more wonderful boat; discovers the physical causes of volcanos and artesian wells; reaches a condition of elements in which, though he ceases to breathe and his heart stops beating, he yet lives in blissful ease; and finally, after many temptations, fears and ecstasies, is permitted to take a glimpse of the great Beyond, from *The End of Earth*.

The reading of the manuscript is interrupted by occasional conversations, interludes and episodes, for the purpose of introducing various queries, discussions and monologues, covering many topics of vital interest in science, ethics and religion. Much accurate information is given in regard to geology, botany, chemistry and physics. The nature of force and motion is considered. There is a very curious and suggestive digression on *The Food of Man*, and four powerful chapters are devoted to *Human Drinks*, and the horrible vice of intoxication. Incidentally, the subject of biology is treated with extraordinary spirit and vigor. The outcome of the entire composition seems to be to prophesy the infinite development which awaits the application of better and truer, and especially more spiritual, methods to the study of science. The book is a protest against materialism, and a bold, perhaps audacious, venture to point out a better and more fruitful mode of interpreting nature's laws in the world of matter and mind. However, the author is by no means dogmatic; and the discursive character of the narrative gives scope for ample play of mind, in fields of fact and fancy. The performance leaves us in doubt as to where experience ends and imagination begins. We are disposed to conclude that in this production we have many of the positive beliefs, many conjectures, and some half-playful hypotheses of a thinking student, well read in general science, and profoundly desirous of aiding the truth and promoting the happiness of society. We cannot close this sketch without referring with admiration to the strikingly appropriate illustrations with which it abounds. These are chiefly from original designs by the accomplished artist, J. Augustus Knapp, who has added much to the value of an interesting volume.

* *Etidorhpæ*; or, *The End of Earth*. A Strange History of a Mysterious Being, and the Account of a Remarkable Journey, as Communicated in Manuscript to Llewellyn Drury, who promised to print the same, but finally evaded the responsibility, which was assumed by John Uri Lloyd. With many illustrations by J. Augustus Knapp. Author's Edition, Limited.

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THE AMERICAN POCKETBOOK: UNCLE SAM'S BANKS

BY HON. HENRY W. CANNON

A selected reading from *Banking and Currency*. By Hon. Henry W. Cannon, of Chase National Bank. This reading is taken from *The Union College Practical Lectures* (Butterfield Course), Vol. I., published by F. Tennyson Neely. The thirteen lectures are clear, practical talks on vital topics of national interest. The authors of the lectures are Gen. P. S. Michie, Ex.-Gov. Alex. H. Rice, Lieut.-Col. John W. Clous, Hon. Fred. W. Seward, Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, Montgomery Schuyler, Albon Man, Gen. W. A. Hammond, Ex.-Gov. Alonzo B. Cornell, Andrew Carnegie, Hon. Henry W. Cannon, Col. Francis V. Greene, and Thomas L. James. The renewed financial trouble of our Government and its seeming inability to solve the gold problem makes this article specially timely.

There are in existence at the present time 3,798 National banks, with a capital of \$683,748,120, and although the number of banks operating under general laws or special charters of the various States is somewhat greater than the National banks (there being in existence at the present time 3,963 State institutions in the banking business), the superiority of the National system is, in many respects, unquestioned.

The issuing of currency by the Government has been criticised on the theory that it is a dangerous prerogative and that no legislation can provide for a Government issue of money which will be flexible enough for business requirements. It is well known that the issue of paper currency was begun by our Government soon after the commencement of our Civil War. In 1862-63 Congress authorized an issue of \$450,000,000 of legal-tender notes, which substantially amounted to a forced loan upon the people. These notes were used by the Government to carry on the war, and over \$449,000,000 of them were outstanding on the third day of February, 1864. They were gradually retired until May 31st, 1878, when there remained outstanding of the original issue \$346,681,016, and this is the amount of the original legal-tender notes now outstanding, the validity of their use as money having, in the meantime, been sustained by a decision of the United States Supreme Court. The Government has, for the convenience of the people, provided for the issue of other paper currency. We have in circulation gold certificates, silver certificates, and Treasury notes. Gold certificates represent gold coin deposited with the Treasurer of the United States, which is held in trust for the holder of the certificate. They are substantially a warehouse receipt for gold coin, which is not in any way considered an asset of the Government, and is available at all times for redemption of certificates represented by it. Similar certificates are issued for silver dollars.

Under existing statutes the United States is conducting its business on a gold basis. The unit or standard of value in this country is the gold dollar, 25.8 grains in weight, and possessing a fineness of nine-tenths; but we have in use in the United States a large amount of legal-tender silver money, consisting of dollars 412.5 grains in weight and nine-tenths fine. Our people are not inconvenienced by the bulkiness of silver coin, as these dollars are in use principally through silver certificates heretofore mentioned. It is estimated by the Director of the Mint that we have in use in this country, including the coin and bullion held by the Treasury, upward of six hundred million dollars in gold. We

have coined under the act of 1878 four hundred and twenty millions of silver dollars, which form a part of our currency system, and are either in use as coin or by their representatives. We have also issued upward of one hundred and fifty-three million dollars of Treasury notes, based on silver under the act of 1890. The five hundred and seventy-three million dollars of circulation based on silver, and the three hundred and forty-six million dollars of legal-tender notes heretofore mentioned, which are in use by our people, are all maintained on a gold basis and interchangeable at par, in spite of the fact that the gold value of silver during the past twenty years has fallen enormously. The question as to whether or not the United States should continue to use large amounts of silver currency has been discussed in Congress for the past fifteen years, and the matter became so serious that the President called a special session of Congress for August 7th last, which resulted in the repeal of the Silver Purchase Act.

It is not my intention to rehearse the history of the fall in the gold value of silver during the past twenty years further than to say that, starting with the demonetization of silver by Germany, growing out of the legislation of 1871-73, the mints of Europe have been closed, one after another, against silver coinage, until at this time not a silver coin of full debt-paying power is struck on the Continent of Europe. For nearly a century prior to 1875 the relative value of silver to gold in purchasing power in the commerce of the world remained practically constant at about fifteen and one-half to one. During this period the mints of most of the countries of Europe were open to the free minting of silver coin of full debt-paying power. Since 1873, in the brief period of twenty years, and with the mints of Europe closed to the coinage of silver, its commercial value, as measured by gold, has depreciated over forty-five per cent. in spite of the efforts of the United States, acting in monetary isolation among the great commercial nations, to use silver as a money metal. The action of the Latin Union, in 1876, in discontinuing silver coinage broke the link between gold and silver, which had apparently kept the price of the former, as measured by the latter, constant at about the legal ratio, and when this link was broken the silver market was opened to the influences of all the factors which go to affect the price of a commodity. The Government of the United States, with its natural and accumulated wealth, with its large stock of gold and silver, has used every effort to increase the use of silver throughout the world, but of late years has found no responsive voice in Europe to its appeal for its enlarged use as money. And as the principal nations of Europe apparently distrust silver as currency and have made gold their sole legal-tender money, the United States, believing it impossible to alone fix and maintain a ratio between gold and silver for all the world, has gone out of the market as purchaser of silver for currency purposes and closed its mints to silver coinage, and hereafter proposes to use the white metal for subsidiary coinage only; and it is impossible to predict what will be the future of silver as a money metal.

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From March number of "Romance"



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THE BATTLEFIELD

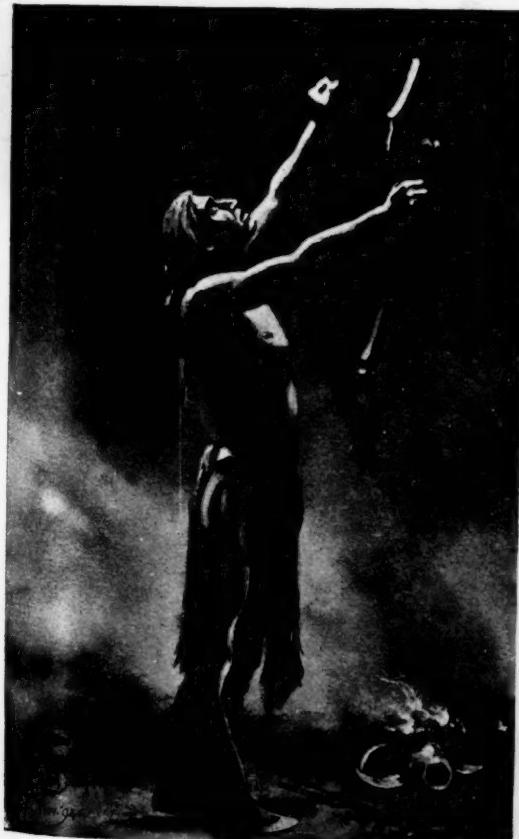
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FEEDING THE SPIRIT OF THE BUFFALO

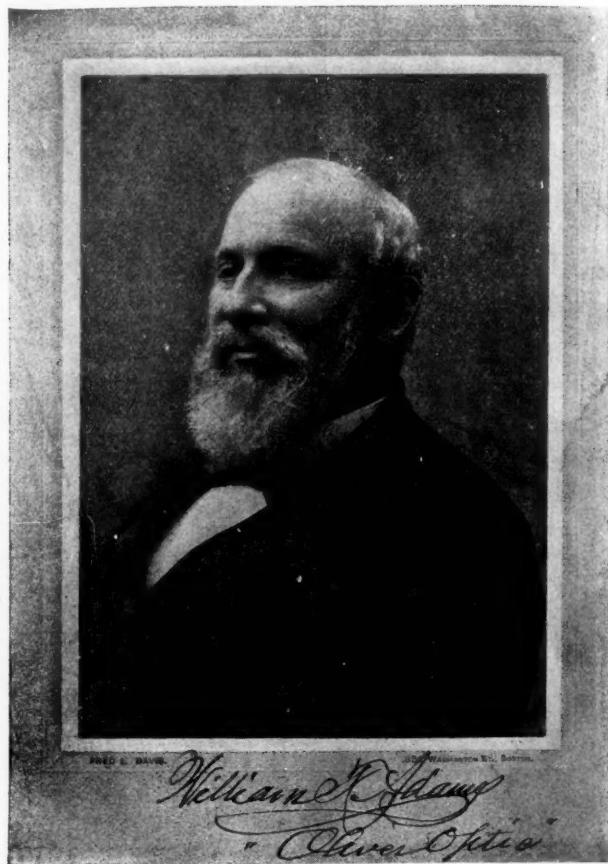
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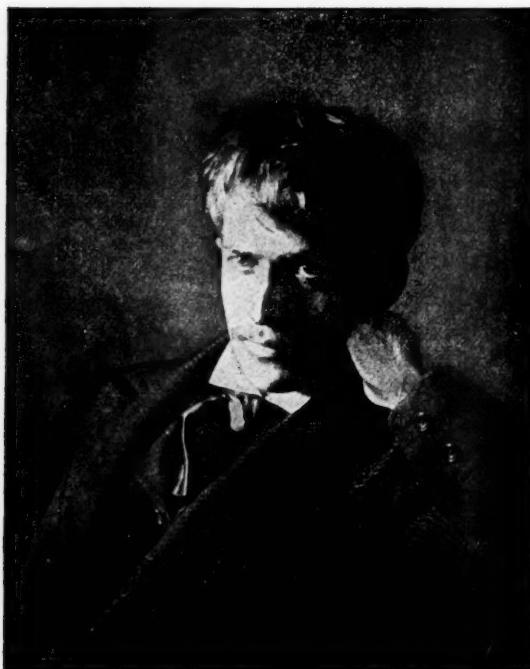
EDWARD S. VAN ZILE

Author of "The Manhattaners." Courtesy of Lovell, Coryell & Co.



WILLIAM T. ADAMS (OLIVER OPTIC)
William T. Adams
Oliver Optic

From Frank Leslie's "Pleasant Hours." Courtesy of Frank Leslie's Pub. House



STEPHEN CRANE

From "The Bookman." Courtesy of Dodd, Mead & Co.
(See "The Red Badge of Courage," page 190.)



EDWARD W. BOK

Author of "Successward." Courtesy of The Ladies Home Journal. (See "Gossip of Authors.")